



The Quarry Slaves Chapter 4



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

THE QUARRY SLAVES

CHAPTER 4

Simon Grail

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Chapter Four

The quarry sweltered under the hot summer sun, holding the heat in its crumbling bowl of white chalk.

Even though she was almost totally naked, Bethany still sweated as she huddled down on all fours in the shade of a laurel bush. Her hair was damp and saliva dribbled from the corners of the mouth which bulged with the red rubber ball gag stuffed within it. Except for a pair of protective goggles and a set of rubber and steel slave cuffs and collar, she wore only sandals and work gloves.

Her sandals were the reason Bethany was on all fours. Even if she had dared to stand up she could not have done so. The heels of what had originally been a quite ordinary pair of leather sandals had been built up with layers of cork to form wedge soles which tilted her feet so far forward that standing was almost impossible. And so she was confined to making desperate scrambling dashes from one spot of cover to the next like an animal, which was of course entirely appropriate.

The usually open expanse of quarry floor had been transformed to suit the requirements of their latest “guest”. The day before Jay and Gary had industriously harvested several dozen shrubs and saplings from the slopes of the hillside above the quarry and thrown them down over its rim where they had then fitted them with simple feet of crossed wooden battens so they could stand upright. These had been set out about the quarry to form a miniature wooded hunting ground. Their guest was of course the hunter and Bethany and Maria were of course his prey.

Bethany looked about her anxiously. The hunt been running for over fifteen minutes now and she was surprised they had been able to evade the hunter for so long. Jay and Gary’s home-made wood was surprisingly dense. But where was Maria? Obeying their instructions they had separated when they had been let out into the stalking ground so as to give their hunter the fun and excitement of tracking them down individually. But even though

Bethany knew it made sense she longed for Maria's reassuring presence. She was always so brave and determined...

Suddenly Bethany heard the sounds of scrabbling motion from the other side of the quarry followed by the flat thumps of a compressed air gun firing several shots in rapid succession and then Maria's gag-muffled shriek of pain.

'Got you, my beauty!' Bethany heard a man shout out in satisfaction.

Maria squealed again and grunted and then went quiet.

Bethany shuddered despite the heat, feeling another surge of guilt and despair course through her. How ever many times Maria forgave her, she could not forget that it was all her fault that they were trapped in this nightmare. How could they go on like this? But they had no choice...

'Over here, boys,' the hunter called out, his words echoing about the quarry. 'I have a fine prize for you to carry back to the camp...'

'We're coming Sir,' Gary's voice came in reply.

Bethany kept her head down as she heard Jay and Gary pushing their way through the thicket of bushes. There was a few minutes muffled activity and then the boys departed again with Maria. Her lover had been captured. Now there was just her...

Bethany scuttled away between the bushes, her bare sweaty buttocks bobbing and her naked breasts bouncing and jiggling under her as she bounded along awkwardly on her wedge heels. She was trying to circle round the back of the quarry in the shadows cast by its high rear wall and the stand of birch trees that fringed it. Of course she knew she could not escape the hunter in the end but instinct made her try to postpone the terrible inevitable moment of capture as long as possible. Also she knew that Danvers would punish them if they failed to give their hunter the "good sport" he had no doubt paid so highly for.

It was cooler at the back of the quarry where the sun hardly ever

reached. Crouching down behind a birch trunk Bethany tried to spot the hunter moving about in the artificial forest. If she could get behind him then perhaps she could make it all the way round to the back of the slave shed to one side of the hunting ground. She was not permitted to enter it to hide but she could use it as more cover.

Even as she trembled with fear and anticipation Bethany became aware of how hard her nipples were and the slick hot slippery feeling between the lips of her vulva. There was a terrible excitement at being stalked and knowing what fate awaited her after her capture. It thrilled her even as it deepened her sense of despair. How she wished she was not afflicted like this but she could not help it.

The quarry was still except for the faint buzzing of flies. There was no sign of the hunter. It was now or never. Bethany readied herself to scuttle off again with her head down and bottom up...

Phut!

A dart had sped out of the cover of the bushes and stuck in the pale soft flesh of her right buttock cheek. The hunter had been tracking her all the time!

‘Awww...!’ Bethany shrieked about her gag as she felt the pain of the dart being lost in a cold numbness which spread through her gluteus muscles. Desperately she scrambled clumsily away on all fours, her right leg already beginning to drag.

Phut, phut, phut!

Three more shots rang out from the bushes and she whimpered as she felt the stinging stab of the darts striking her right thigh, chest and shoulder.

Bethany fell to the ground as one side of her body began to go numb. But still she tried to scabble on with her remaining good arm and leg, trying to crawl away like a wounded animal would, the rough chalk floor of the quarry floor scraping her breasts and thighs.

The hunter burst out of the bushes and his footsteps rang out on the chalk as he pounded across to her, covering her with his rifle.

He was a lean greying man perhaps in his fifties with a handlebar moustache which spread out beneath the khaki bandanna mask that covered his eyes. He was wearing a sola topee and a khaki hunting jacket and matching shorts.

‘You’ve let me a merry dance, but I got you in the end, my beauty,’ he growled in satisfaction. At close range he fired a fifth dart into her left buttock and a sixth into her left shoulder. Bethany squealed about her gag and then moaned as she felt the numbness spreading through her other side. After a moment the hunter bent down and pulled the local anaesthetic darts out of her body. Then he rolled her onto her back with a shove of his boot. He prodded her breasts with the muzzle of his gun, digging its tip in deeply until she whimpered in pain.

He chuckled at her response. ‘You can still feel them, can’t you?’

Then he dragged the barrel downwards and churned it in her vulval slot. Bethany’s eyes filled with tears and she whimpered again but of course she could not protest. Even if she had been free to speak it would have been futile. She was here to suffer for his amusement...

‘And your pussy’s still working fine,’ he confirmed. He stood up. ‘Over here by the trees...’ he called out loudly, waving his hand in the air.

‘Coming, Sir...’ Gary replied.

In a minute Jay and Gary emerged from the bushes carrying a pair of sturdy wooden poles between them, which had been built to the hunter’s specifications. The poles were fastened together about fifty centimetres from one end by a heavy metal pin set in holes drilled through the poles so that they rested in parallel and could pivot freely about each other. Ropes dangled from the pin joint and the further ends of the poles.

‘Nice catch, Sir,’ Gary said obsequiously, admiring Bethany’s helpless, twitching body.

The hunter preened his moustache.

Grinning down at her limp body, the boys pulled Bethany's wrists together in front of her and clipped her cuffs together. Then they hooked her bound wrists over the pinned joint in the poles and then use the dangling ropes to tie them in place. Then they stretched her legs out and tied the rope dangling from the upper pole end to the tethering ring fastened to her left ankle cuff, and then the one from the lower pole end to her right cuff.

Crouching down the boys placed the ends of the poles onto their shoulders and then stood up, lifting Bethany between them so that she dangled from her wrists and ankles beneath the pole like some slaughtered animal in a big game hunt. With Bethany swaying between them the boys made their way back through the tangle of bushes that scraped and slapped at Bethany's naked flanks and sides, with the hunter marching along behind them with his rifle slung across his shoulders.

They emerged from the far side of this makeshift jungle before the slave shed. They carried Bethany up onto its veranda and through its middle doorway.

In the slave shed's large central room a mock hunting camp had been set up. Jay and Gary had brought more bushes in and arranged them in a ring about a square of green tarpaulin which now covered the middle of the floor. A folding canvass camping chair had been set out facing two sets of three waist high metal posts with U-shaped metal strap hoops bolted to their upper ends. The poles were arranged in two triangles and were slotted into concrete block bases to hold them upright

Maria hung within one set of these posts. She had been bound to a set of poles identical to Bethany's, except that they had now been rotated about their swivel pin joint so their longer lengths had opened up wide, parting Maria's legs with them. The ends of these had been hung over the lower pair of posts hoops while the remaining post, which formed the apex of the triangle, supported the pole hinge joint over which her cuffs hung. As they entered the room Maria's wide-spread bare brown thighs and naked crotch appeared to welcome them.

Gary and Jay positioned Bethany over the second set of posts, swivelling the polls from which she dangled apart so that her legs were spread. Then they slotted the pole ends into the post hoops so that Bethany dangled between the posts with her bottom hanging down next to Maria. Maria turned her head and tried to smile at Bethany round her ball gagged lips. Bethany smiled back. There were a few scratches on Maria's sides but otherwise she did not look as if she had been hurt. At least they were together again, Bethany thought.

‘We’ll leave you to enjoy your prizes, Sir,’ Gary said. And he and Jay left the room.

The hunter put down his gun, took off his hat and walked about his two naked prizes, examining them from every angle. They could only gaze back up at him mutely; acutely aware as they did so of their nipples standing stiffly upright. He saw their response and chuckled.

‘All women secretly enjoy being hunted,’ he declared.

He stepped between Maria's wide-spread thighs and reached up into her groin to test the state of her vulva. She snivelled and squirmed her hips. The hunter brought his hand away wet with her juices. He raised his fingertips to his nose and sniffed appreciatively. Then he did the same to Bethany. She whimpered and twitched feebly, but with her hips and shoulders still numbed she could do nothing to prevent him feeling her intimately.

‘A nice juicy pair of pussy cats you are,’ he declared. ‘But now I want to hear you purring...’

From behind the ring of bushes he brought out two lap trays filled with a layer of freshly cut bramble stems taped across them. The trays had folding legs which he opened up and then positioned beneath Maria and Bethany's dangling buttocks. They whimpered as their bottoms brushed against the rows of bramble prickles and they strained their muscles and lifted themselves up clear of them. The effect of the darts was wearing off on Maria and she was able to lift her brown buttocks clear of the tray. But Bethany's body was still half numbed and she could hardly move, so that her

pale bottom scraped over the bramble prickles. She was dimly aware of the pain penetrating the anaesthesia, but feared more the damage she was doing to herself. She whimpered pitifully.

The hunter laughed at their efforts. He opened the front of his shorts and freed a straining erection which he massaged as he walked around their trembling squirming bodies. Then he took up something else from between the bushes. It was a long handled spanking paddle.

He stood between their dangling bodies with his cock jutting out before him and swung the paddle down across them left and then right, smacking it into their breasts and stomachs and then up between their splayed legs into their defenceless pussy clefts. The crisp cracks of rubber on flesh echoed about the room. The two women jerked and flinched, sobbing and whimpering as they swung beneath their poles. Their bare buttocks bounced up and down as they slithered across the bramble trays. The sharp spines pricked and cut them until drips and smears of blood covered their backsides.

The relentless onslaught of pricks and smacks became too much and they lost control of their bladders and sprayed jets of hot pee out across the plastic covered floor, sobbing feebly in shame as they did so.

The hunter laughed at their humiliation. 'You're just like little animals, aren't you? They soil themselves when they're frightened or lose control...'

Bethany and Maria twisted their heads about to look at each other through red, tear-filled eyes. They knew what they had to do to spare themselves any more pain and humiliation. Frantically they lifted their hips not to escape the bramble trays but in offering to their captor, spreading their thighs as wide as they could to expose their wet, pulsing hot clefts. At the same time they make pitiful throaty pleading sounds about their gags. They felt sickened and ashamed and desperately aroused.

'Oh, so you're asking me to screw those pussy holes of yours if I take the trays away?' the hunter asked.

They nodded frantically.

‘Do you beg for a good hard fucking?’

They nodded again.

With his boot he pushed the trays out from beneath their bottoms. Trembling with relief they sagged down limply from their ropes again, their bloody bottoms now clearly visible beneath them.

‘Now which of you fine specimens should I have first?’ he mused. ‘I think the brown one...’ He rubbed the tip of his boot into Maria’s dripping cleft. ‘Yes, you look juicy enough. But how do I get you to try your hardest to please me? I know...’

He picked up Bethany’s bramble tray, turned it over and laid it across her chest so it that rested on her bare breasts. Bethany yelped and whimpered and flinched helplessly at the sudden pain, which only made her suspended body sway and the tray wobble, driving the dozens of bramble prickles deeper into her soft globes. Perversely her hard nipples seem to pulse and stand-up even harder, digging themselves into the upturned tray.

‘Now if you want your friend’s tits to have that taken off them as soon as possible, you’re going to work your damndest to please me, aren’t you?’ the hunter said to Maria.

Maria nodded in desperation and lifted her hips again in invitation.

The hunter knelt between her dangling splayed legs and thrust his cock deep up into her. Maria winced as the fronts of his flies ground against her sore pricked and smacked buttocks, but nevertheless squeezed on him and sucked on him with her sheath.

And then the thing that had lurked beneath their summer nightmare happened again. Out of revulsion came an intense sense of swelling excitement and dizzying anticipation. Her loins filled with hot liquid lust and she felt herself beginning to devour his thrusting cock. She was only doing this for Bethany, she told herself. She could hear her whimpers beside her and feel the heat of her body and smell her helpless arousal. She did not love this man, but in some twisted way she loved what he was forcing her to do

and feel. It was the only escape left for her...

Maria jerked wildly and shrieked as she came. And even as she floated in the midst of a tumult of delight, she felt the hunter spurting inside her. Then he bowed forward across her and let his face rest on her hot breasts while he recovered.

Still dizzy from her orgasm Maria knew what the hunter was going to do next even before he did it.

After he had recovered and pulled out of her, he took the terrible bramble tray off Bethany's lovely breasts as he had promised, leaving them pricked and bloody, and then set it down across her own heavy brown globes.

Maria whimpered a bit on her gag, feeling her plump brown nipples stuck through with prickles, but she accepted the pain as necessary.

The hunter moved sideways until he was facing Bethany's upstretched legs. 'Now you're going to make me come again, aren't you?' he asked Bethany. As if to encourage her he reached out and slapped his palm across the underside of Maria's dangling, bloody buttocks. The sudden pain made Maria jerk uncontrollably, rocking the terrible bramble tray across her breasts.

Bethany nodded and whimpered and opened her legs wide.

The hunter took up position between them, took hold of her hips and thrust his cock deep into her, carrying her lover's juices with it...

Later that evening, after the hunter had left satisfied and doubly spent and Gary and Jay had cleaned them up, Maria and Bethany lay exhausted in their cage bed in the little slave room next door. Guiltily Bethany kissed Maria's breasts gently. After being cleaned and treated with healing cream it was obvious that the scratches and pricks they bore were quite superficial, but Bethany still felt guilty.

‘I tried to cum for him as soon as I could, you know that,’ she told Maria.

‘I know that,’ Maria assured her. ‘What about your tits?’ And she stroked her fingers across Bethany’s sore breasts, against the pale flesh of which the scratches and pricks she had suffered stood out even more starkly than on her own.

‘Oh, that’s nothing,’ Bethany lied, trying not to wince.

‘We know what this is doing to us,’ Maria said. ‘We’re getting turned on by pain. That’s what makes us cum so intensely.’

‘I know,’ Betty sobbed. ‘I wish I could fight it.’

‘Then we’d just suffer more real pain. I think we’re going to have to live with it at least until the summer is over.’

‘You really think we can last that long?’

‘We have to do.’

They heard voices outside and then Danvers came in, closely shadowed by Gary and Jay. He looked down at them. ‘How are your tits and bums doing?’ he asked.

Obediently they presented their breasts and then their bottoms to him through the bars. He felt their hot flesh.

‘These will heal soon enough,’ he declared. ‘Well worth it for the money they earned today. Our hunter was very satisfied with you. He’d like to have you again later in the summer and he’s going to be sure to recommend you to his friends. So well done...’

Maria and Bethany dutifully bobbed their heads. ‘Thank you, Sir,’ they said meekly. For obvious reasons they could not get quite as enthusiastic about that prospect as he was.

‘Yes, the bookings are pouring in,’ Danvers continued, rubbing his

hands together heartily. 'In fact I've got you booked out tomorrow at separate addresses.'

Maria and Bethany sat up in their cage startled.

'Alone, Sir?' Bethany asked anxiously.

'Yes, I've got a pair of single clients who only want a girl each. It'll be a good day to try you out solo. But don't let me down. You've already got a reputation to maintain, remember that.'

'Yes, Sir,' they said.

'Now you be sure to call your families this evening and tell them what a fine time you're having working on my estate.'

'Yes Sir,' they promised miserably.

Half an hour later, after their phones had briefly been returned to them so they could ring their families to assure them they were having a wonderful time working for Danvers, Maria and Bethany were kneeling across the outside of their bed cage with their arms stretched across it and wrist cuffs tied to the bars. Their sore breasts were squeezed through the cage top and dangled beneath them. Gary and Jay were kneeling between their spread legs with their cocks pumping away enthusiastically inside their greased rears. As the hunter had not taken advantage of them that way, they thought they had better keep those orifices exercised. Maria and Bethany groaned and winced beneath them.

Over the weeks of their slave service in the quarry, Maria and Bethany had become accustomed to having their rear passages used like this, especially by Jay and Garry. As far as it was possible they had become used to the feel of their cocks inside them and found it easiest to draw what pleasure they could from their presence, letting their pussies express their illicit arousal by dribbling down their legs. After all they had nothing left to hide from the young men who had first enslaved them. But their bottoms were still

sore and every thrust made them wince.

As they enjoyed themselves inside Bethany and Maria's rectums, the boys informed them, in between thrusts: 'We'll use the dog cages to carry you in Maria's car tomorrow,' Gary grunted. 'These new customers don't live too far apart so we can drop you both off in the morning and pick you up in the afternoon. You'll have hoods on so you won't know where they live. What they show you once you're there is up to them...'

'But like Mr Danvers says, you've got to promise you going to keep them happy even if we're not there to keep an eye on you,' Jay added.

'Yeah, you behave just as if you were still here in the quarry,' Gary said. 'Because we like our new jobs and don't want to lose them.'

'So if we hear you aren't trying hard enough, then we're going to give you such a seeing to that having your tits and bums pricked by brambles will seem like a treat, got that?'

'Yes, Master,' Maria and Bethany gasped wretchedly.

They did not sleep well that night, partly from lingering pain and partly from fear of what they would face tomorrow. The prospect of being apart from each other for several hours was frightening.

'I don't know if I can do this without you there,' Bethany said miserably.

'You've got to, just like I've got to,' Maria reminded her. 'Don't fight what ever you feel. I'm sure these people will be just the same as everyone else who's had us. Basically they want us to hate what they do but cum anyway. That's what makes them feel powerful.'

'I'll try, Bethany promised.

'And afterwards we'll tell each other everything, so it will be like we have shared it, all right?'

Feeling a little better, Bethany nodded.

The hood was pulled off Bethany's head and she blinked in the light, looking about her anxiously, her heart thudding...

Earlier that morning, wearing her high heels, hooded, gagged, hobbled and with her wrists cuffed behind her, she had been loaded into a dog cage in the back of the car next to Maria. Then they had travelled for perhaps half an hour until stopping again.

'This is your next client's place,' Gary had told Bethany as he took her out of her cage and led her blindly across some gravel. A bell was rung and a door opened. Her nipples stiffened as she wondered who might be watching her.

She heard Gary say: 'Here she is, Sir...' as he handed over her leash. There was only a male grunt in reply.

This new man who had charge of her led her inside and up a flight of what felt like long large stairs, and then up a second flight and along a corridor before turning sideways into a room. She had heard the door locked behind her. There was a slight rustle of fabric and then her hood was pulled off...

The room had a sloping ceiling suggesting it was tucked under a roof. It was lit by a curtained dormer window. A man's bathrobe hung on a hook on the back of its single door. Its floor consisted of bare boards and the only item of furniture, apart from a large cupboard in one corner, was a large brass bed with a bare mattress wrapped in black plastic sheeting. There were chains and cuffs hanging from the corner posts of the bed which made her stomach begin to knot up in fear. There was also some odd fitting attached to the foot-rail of the bed, but she did not have enough time to examine it closely.

The man who had hired the use of her body for the day was wearing a black domino mask and nothing else. He was perhaps in his late thirties with

a brush of short trimmed blonde thinning hair and was quite muscular in a lean way, suggesting he took regular exercise. A heavy penis and ball sack hung between his legs. His shaft was already swelling and rising. He took hold of Bethany by the chin, twisting her head from side to side so he could examine her from all angles. Then he slapped her breasts and pinched her nipples until she whimpered. He drove stiff fingers up into her vagina and twisted them about experimentally. Then he nodded.

‘You’ll do,’ he said in a gravelly voice. And those were the only words he spoke to her.

Taking hold of her by her hair, he led across to the bed and threw her down onto its crackling black plastic on her back. He unclipped her hobble chain, spread her legs wide and hooked sprung chains to her ankle cuffs. Then he undid her wrist cuffs and stretched her arms up to the top corners of the bed and fastened them in the same way.

For a moment he stared down at her spread naked body hungrily and she saw his cock twitch and stiffen a little more. Then he bent over the devices clamped to the rails at the foot of the bed between her wide-spread chained ankles. Now she could see that it was an electric motor connected to some sort of expanding rod with a fearsome greased dildo on the end of that. Alarmingly it had three prongs a little like a trident.

The middle prong was what she was coming to think of as a regular black rubber ribbed dildo but very thick and long. The lower prong, curving up underneath it, was slightly slimmer version of this. The upper prong was thinner and curved slightly downwards and ended in a vertical rubber spur wheel.

She gulped about her ball gag at the sight of it, even as she felt her pussy pulsing and growing wetter in terrible anticipation.

Her captor extended the rod up the bed towards her groin until it penetrated her. The larger middle dildo slid up into her vagina. The lower dildo went into her anus, forcing her sphincter wide until her rectum swallowed it down. She felt both shafts move inside her, making her lower belly bulge from beneath. The upper prong with its spur wheel ran up through

her cleft until it jabbed into the hooded fleshy button of her clitoris, which was being pushed up from below by the pressure of the other dildos.

The masked man bent over her groin to study the positioning of this triple dildo carefully, as if to be sure it was exactly to his liking. Then he pressed a switch on the casing of the motor and it hummed into life. The dildo shaft began to pump back and forth, driving its three prongs into Bethany with relentless force.

The motion made her lower belly rise and fall and her pubic lips gape and contract rhythmically, while the anal dildo pumped in and out of her rear, making her bottom bulge about it. The spur wheel ran up and down through her wet cleft, teasing the soft flesh of her vulval valley which was gaping beneath it. She winced as it jabbed into her swelling and hardening clitoris, making tears trickle out of the corners of her eyes. As if in sympathy she felt her juices being forced out of her bulging pussy and dripping down her cleft and onto the pumping shaft of the anal dildo, adding her natural lubrication to its grease.

The man watched this from moment and then, apparently satisfied, clambered onto the bed and straddled Bethany's body, facing her head with his knees resting on either side of her chest just below her armpits. His bare buttocks pressed down onto her stomach while his stiff cock pointed up between her trembling breasts.

He took hold of her breasts and kneaded them, squeezing and twisting them until she whimpered. He pinched and stretched her nipples and then let them snap back again. Then he slapped them hard from side to side, making her fleshy globes rebound from each other and forcing more tears from her eyes.

Bethany hated being used like this, but the relentless stimulation of her clitoris, vagina and anus were confusing her thoughts. She was being used so callously for his pleasure and yet there was a terrible dark thrill in it, which if she wanted to survive she had no choice but to accept....

The man hunched over her and began to masturbate, rubbing his cock frantically. He scooped her breasts together to form a channel between them

through which he thrust his shaft so that she saw its head emerging from between them like a snake striking out at her. Then with a grunt and a sigh his hot semen spurted across her face.

She felt so filthy. This was awful. He wasn't even inside her...

And then her hips bucked and she squeezed desperately on the pumping three pronged dildo as an orgasm exploded in her loins.

Maria knelt beside a white garden chair and table set out on a neatly manicured circle of lawn. Roses and climbing plants covered the walls of a closed garden overlooked only by a few distant treetops and the back of an ivy covered cottage.

A slender woman in a pale, slightly old-fashioned summer dress was seated in the chair fussing over some tea things set out on the table. She wore a white lace mask over her eyes and she was perhaps in her late forties or early fifties.

'Now, drink up your milk like a good girl,' the woman said, as if she might be talking to a cat, setting a saucer of milk down on the grass in front of Maria.

Awkwardly Maria shuffled her legs apart and bent over so she could reach the saucer. Her gag and hobble chain had been removed but her wrists were still cuffed behind her back. In this posture she exposed her buttock cleft, anus and the plump swell of her vulva to the lady in white.

As Maria lapped messily at the milk, she felt the woman's cool hand slide between her thighs and begin to play with her pussy.

'You are such a lovely brown girl,' she said, half to herself and half to Maria. 'Sturdy but nicely proportioned. Such firm thighs and strong buttocks...'

She might be talking about some animal in a pet show. The woman's

fingers slid further up into Maria's cleft. Maria shuddered, feeling her juices beginning to flow, but she held her posture while she lapped at the milk.

‘Ahhh... you are so nice and hot and wet. That shows how healthy you are to respond like that so quickly...’

Maria felt herself begin to slobber over her milk as the sensations in her loins grew stronger. Her bare dangling breasts felt hot and heavy and her hard nipples brushed the cool grass. Well, there were worse ways to cum, she supposed. If it kept the woman happy she would come over her hand all day long...

Then the hand was withdrawn and replaced by the soft moist sensation of a cupcake being rubbed into Maria's cleft.

‘That's right; you put your own glaze on this like a good girl... Yes... now sit up!’

Maria sat back on their heels and raised her head alertly, licking her milky lips.

‘Open wide...’

Maria obeyed, trying not to choke as the woman pushed the cupcake, now moistened by own juices, into Maria's mouth.

As Maria chewed and swallowed it down, the woman smiled and patted her hair.

‘Ahhh... you're eating it all down... good...’ then her tone changed subtly ‘... even though you had just made it so dirty with your pussy juices. That shows you're also a wanton little creature whose nature must be properly controlled...’

She took up a cane from the other side of the chair where Maria had not noticed it resting. Before she could respond the woman slashed it across her heavy engorged breasts and hard nipples, making them leap and jump. Maria shrieked and yelped and fell over backwards onto the grass.

The woman got up and stood over her, still slashing at Maria's breasts with her cane until she curled up on the grass sobbing.

Then the woman prodded Maria onto her back with a delicate sandaled foot, which for a moment rested threateningly across her throat.

'Stay just like that, you filthy girl,' she snapped.

She hitched up her dress to expose her bare shaven pink groin and then straddled Maria and squatted over her face, sitting down on her and enveloping her in the warm folds of her skirt. Maria half choked as the woman began grinding her bare lavender-scented crotch across her nose and mouth, rocking herself back and forwards as she did so.

'Not let me feel your tongue inside me like a good dirty little brown animal,' she commanded sternly.

And Maria obeyed...

That night, secure in their cage bed again, Maria and Bethany told each other what they had experienced that day with their respective anonymous users, sympathising with each other's ordeals, noting their odd similarities and kissing those parts on their lovers' bodies which seemed to have suffered the most.

When they were done, and feeling deliciously hot and slippery, Maria summed it up: 'Well, I suppose it could have been worse.'

'But there are such strange people out there!' Bethany said.

'I know, and probably we'll meet more of them. But we'll survive. Just keep telling yourself: this will all end in September.'

'I know,' Bethany agreed, 'but I still feel happier and safer when I'm with you.'

Maria kissed her reassuringly. 'And I just want to be with you. But we

have to accept things as they are for now. I did hear the boys talking in the car when they were bringing me back before they collected you. They said they'd got a quarry booking tomorrow so I suppose we'll be serving together.'

'Good,' Bethany said, and then shivered. 'I wonder who it will be and what they'll do to us.'

'I don't know, but they said something about laying tracks...'

The miniature green and gold train rattled along the tracks that had been laid out in a meandering loop about the quarry floor.

The model train was large enough for its driver, dressed in blue coveralls with a matching blue mask and peaked cap, to sit on a seat on its tender and work its intricate brass controls. He seemed to be enjoying himself

Maria and Bethany were having less fun. But then they were serving as the train's engine.

Bethany was in front and Maria was behind arranged in tandem. They were hunched over as if resting on all fours, except that their weight was taken by padded bars pressed against their sternums and down their bodies to the lower bellies, to which they were firmly strapped. Large metal hose clip rings extended from the sides of these supporting bars and had been screwed tight about their breasts, holding them in place so they did not swing or bob about too far. It made them feel even more contained within the body of the engine, being confined and shaped by its design and function.

Their wrist and ankle cuffs were hooked to a complex arrangement of sliding rods and gears, like the driving and coupling rods that connected the wheels of old-fashioned steam trains, but with their muscles serving in place of pistons and cylinders. There was no firebox and boiler, just the heat and energy of their bodies. The train driver sitting behind them and looking across their bare backs and naked haunches worked his controls and they responded to his commands. They were living engines intimately connected

to the mechanism about them.

Their gags had been removed and replaced by small metal funnels strapped across their lips, their tapering inner ends holding their tongues down so they could not speak but allowing them to suck in air.

Maria's nose was almost touching Bethany's pussy, so she could see how she was controlled even as she felt the same devices attached to her own groin. Their driver had explained it in a few words. It was very simple.

There was a dildo rod lodged in Bethany's bottom with two spiked prongs on either side which were pressed against her buttocks. The more it was extended forward the faster they had to work their arms and legs to drive the train. If it was pulled back until its bulbous head was pressed against the inside of her sphincter, making it bulge, then they had to slow down. But it was not all stick. There was a carrot well in the form of metal dildos which were pressed up into the folds of Bethany and Maria's pussies and connected to the wheels of the train, so that they vibrated with their motion. The faster they went the more they buzzed and teased them. The drips of their excitement ran down their thighs and the shafts of the stimulating dildos and dripped onto the track beneath them.

In one other respect Bethany was secured within the frame of the train differently to Maria. A vertical plate of green enamelled metal into folding halves with a plate-sized hole its centre had been closed about her neck so that her head appeared isolated at the front of the train, almost as if she was the actual face of a living engine.

'Now you're Bethany the Green Engine,' their driver had chuckled as he closed it about her neck.

And so they rattled about the quarry, sweating and straining to haul their masterful driver and his train. Their shoulders, thighs and buttocks rolled as they pumped them back and forth. Sweat trickle down their bodies and dripped off their noses and pussies and the tips of their dangling bound breasts.

Soon they became disorientated and were no longer sure they were

women but part of a real train travelling through the countryside. Some of the fake bushes which had been brought in for the hunt had been used again as trackside decorations, which enhanced this illusion. A length of the track also ran in front of the veranda of the slave shed as if it was a station.

They picked up loads of chalk and small logs of wood in their train's freight wagon and transported about the quarry. The bottom prongs jabbed into them as they struggled to haul this extra weight. But in compensation their pussy rods seemed to buzz even more intensely. And so, inevitably, they came; spraying their juices out over the rails beneath them and, in Bethany's case, over Maria's face behind her.

As if in celebration the driver pulled another lever and another control device was activated beneath their strapped bodies, driving pin-tipped rods into the undersides of their clamped breasts. Obediently they shrieked out like living steam whistles through their mouths funnels.

The driver regularly fed them water to replace that which they had lost through sweat, slotting feeding straws through their mouth funnels and squeezing it into them from plastic water bottles. They gulped it down greedily. They also were given permission to relieve themselves, their pee forming pools beneath the track, watched intently by their driver as they did so. Afterwards he wiped their pussies clean with a rag.

By the time they reached the end of what felt like a very long day they were utterly exhausted.

It was then, with them still strapped to the engine frame, that the driver stood over them, straddling their sweating bodies. He pulled the control rods out of their rectums and wiped the blood from their buttocks, and then, unhurriedly, took each of them up the rear.

'That was so bizarre and freaky!' Bethany confessed to Maria that night as they lay numbed and aching in their bed. 'And a bit frightening...'

'I know,' and Maria said. 'But we can't avoid it so we've just got to

accept it. We just have to keep going for another seven weeks. Just accept everything that happens and enjoy it if you can and cry if you must but don't let it beat you.'

Bethany gave a kind of manic giggle. 'Don't let it beat me! But that's all they want to do to us! Beat us and smack us and tie us up and treat us like sex toys!'

'That's what they enjoy,' Maria said. 'That's what they're paying for.'

'I know and it's awful...' she groaned '...except when it's amazing!'

'We agreed we wouldn't fight that. We'd come if we wanted to. You came to day...' she forced a chuckle '...I know because you practically did it in my face!'

'Sorry, was that terrible?'

'No, just kinky.'

'I couldn't help it. I can understand doing that when we're together and I can feel you and touch you and smell and taste you when it's happening. Even in the old screw shack beds when we were side by side and I could still see and hear you that was not so bad. But like the other day when I'm miles away from you it still happened. And Gary said we're going out again tomorrow and I'm worried about how I'll react. Getting excited that way with strange men screwing me feels as if I'm being... unfaithful to you.'

Maria kissed and hugged her. 'It's not being unfaithful, it's surviving! And I want you to do whatever you have to when you're not with me to survive, even if you have to do it with cocks, understand? Don't feel guilty about anything. And when all this is over we'll be stronger for it, you'll see...'

The cellar she was confined in had a brick floor, whitewashed walls and

heavy black timber ceiling beams.

Of course Maria had no idea where it was situated. Presumably it belonged to one or other of the two rather paunchy middle-aged men stripped to the waist and wearing black leather executioner hoods who were eagerly tormenting her. The flies of their leather trousers were open wide so that their cocks and ball sacks protruded through them. Their blue-veined penises bobbed stiffly in a high state of excitement.

Following her own advice she did not try to resist or to pretend to be brave. Above all she did not give in to guilt. She tried to put concerns for Bethany out of her mind and concentrated on her own responses, trying to find whatever pleasure she could in her ordeal. They wanted to see her suffer so she would suffer most attractively. For a few hours they could do what they wanted with her body and imagine they had broken her will. But her spirit would never be broken and her love would not be polluted or distorted...

She was bent over in a right angle at the hips so that her waist could pass through a rubber padded hole cut in the centre of a vertical rectangular board spit horizontally across the middle, which ran through channels cut into the sides of a pair of sturdy supporting posts. Maria's arms were twisted at her shoulders and pulled up and back and her cuffs were hooked to rings in the top corners of this face of the board. A sprung chain running down from the top of the board to the back ring of her collar lifted her head up. This left her breasts dangling freely. Lead weights had been clipped to them with large crocodile clips, stretching her nipples out into painful fleshy cones.

On the other side of the big board her legs were spread wide and ankle cuffs were clipped to the insides of the board frame's splayed supporting feet. She kept her bottom raised high because another sprung chain ran down from the top of the board to her buttock cleft where a large hook had been dug into her anus.

The two hooded men circled round her beating her enthusiastically with spanking paddles.

Her buttocks pinched in as the paddles smacked against their smooth

brown contours and her stretched breasts bobbed and swayed, so that the weights beneath them swung like pendulums and smacked against each other. A paddle swung up between her spread thighs and smacked into her pussy mouth. It came away wet with her juices. Under the relentless hail of blows Maria jerked and twisted against her chains, making the board shake and rattle. She yelped and cried and champed on the big rubber hooks the men had forced between her back teeth, stretching the sides of her mouth and baring her teeth so it looked as if she was grinning manically. These did not prevent her screaming aloud and her cries echoed back from the cellar walls. Yet even as she cried she could feel the insides of her thighs wet with her juices which had been beaten out of her sore simmering pussy.

Her outpourings had not gone unnoticed.

‘Now we’ve got her blubbering at both ends,’ the hooded men standing behind her said, rubbing his finger through her slippery slot.

‘They all blub in the end...’ his companion confirmed, peering closely at her red eyes, tear-streaked face and burning cheeks. ‘It shows they’re nicely tenderised...’

They rested their arms and came round the board to stand together in front of her head. One of them reached out and grasped a handful of Maria’s hair and pulled her lolling head up to look at them.

‘Now girl, what we want to know is do you want us to keep beating you or have you anything better to offer us?’

She told them what they wanted to hear, her words distorted by the hooks in the sides of her mouth. ‘Please screw me sirs... please... I can’t take any more... I’ll please you... I’ve got a lovely hot pussy and I can suck you off was well... just don’t hurt me any more...’

‘Well, since you ask so nicely, girl...’

And so one of them went round to stand between her spread legs while the other took hold of fistfuls of her hair in both hands and they ground their middle-aged penises into her from each end, skewering her between

them. Their thrusts set the frame shaking and her nipple weights swinging. And as Maria choked and sucked and squeezed on them she thought: Don't feel guilty, Bethany. Don't worry about what I'd think. Do what you have to...

From what she could see of it, Bethany was in a large, comfortable and perfectly ordinary sitting room. It was true its heavy curtains were pulled across even though it was bright sunlight outside but there was nothing to suggest that its owner, or at least the person using it for today, regularly hired slave girls for her amusement.

Except of course for the modified chair in which Bethany was confined.

It was a big old upright wooden framed chair with heavy armrests and carved barley sugar twist legs and paw-like feet and a large gap between its padded seat and back. From underneath the back of the chair a sort of padded tray had been extended which supported Bethany's head and shoulders.

Bethany had been resting on this tray when she had been pushed through the gap between the back of the chair and its seat with her legs raised. This meant they had to double up and over until her knees were almost touching her shoulders. Her legs were raised up the back of the chair above her head and her ankle cuffs were hooked to its sides. This left her torso from the undersides of her breasts down, her taut buttocks, bulging pubic mound and thighs as far as the backs of her knees, protruding on the other side of the chair back and resting on its seat. Her arms had also been pulled through the gap beside her hips and her wrists were cuffed to the front supporting posts of the chair's armrests. A tight sausage roll of cushion had been wedged under her doubled over hips to help brace them firmly.

Viewed from the front it appeared that her headless torso was almost like a fleshy cushion in its own right resting on the chair seat between its armrests. And sure enough somebody was seated upon it, although impaled might have been a better word. A double-headed dildo had been pushed into Bethany's up-tilted vagina so that it jutted upwards almost vertically from her

gaping cleft where it was lodged inside another vagina.

Bethany's mistress for the day was young naked woman wearing only an elaborate Venetian mask over the upper part of her face. From what Bethany had seen her she appeared very pretty, perhaps twenty-five years old, with a fine well toned body. From what she felt as her smooth buttocks rested against the undersides of Bethany thighs and their mutually impaled bare pussies rubbed together, she was hot and succulent. From what she heard of her speak she seemed utterly untroubled by what she was doing...

'Oh yes... yes... you are really very lovely and soft and warm...' the woman sighed as she squirmed her bottom about, grinding herself against Bethany's groin, making her groan under her weight which pressed down onto her spine and hip bones.

'I must recommend you to my friends... what an unusual business name to go by... the quarry slaves... it's almost artisan but it is very distinctive... and there's another one paired with you isn't there? Maybe I'll have her next week... is she as juicy as you... I hope so... ohhh... yes... yes!

She shuddered as she came; bouncing up and down on Bethany's bottom as she churned the dildo into Bethany's vagina, while her expelled juices dribbled down into Bethany's gaping cleft.

When she recovered from her orgasm, the woman pulled her pussy off the impaling dildo, leaving it wet and twitching as it jutted out of Bethany's aching pussy, and then walked round to the back of the chair.

'Now I want to see how well you can give tongue,' she said as she pulled out Bethany's gag and settled herself down on the Bethany's face, enveloping her mouth and nose in her sticky hot cleft until only Bethany's eyes remained visible between her thighs as they peered up over the woman's tightly cropped golden curls. She reached behind her as she settled herself between Bethany's raised legs and clasped and squeezed Bethany's breasts hard.

'Now I know you're going to try your hardest to please me, aren't you?'

Bethany whimpered and nodded and thrust her tongue up into her pussy...

That night alone in their cage bed again, Maria and Bethany related their stories, sympathised with each other's suffering, kissed those places which had been particularly abused and then tried to sleep.

‘Another day gone,’ Maria said encouragingly. ‘And tomorrow we’re being hired out together.’

‘That’ll be nice...’ Bethany said sleepily.

Bethany and Maria were secured within freestanding upright rectangular frames of polished tubular metal, which were set against the walls of a large room on either side of an expensive dinner table in its centre.

Before them a dozen guests chatted amiably together while enjoying a variety of clearly exquisitely presented dishes, which were brought into the room by a relay of impeccably dressed waiters. Whether this was a room in a private house hosting a party with catering or some dining club Maria and Bethany could not tell from the expensive restrained decor and probably would never know. Their hoods had only been removed once they had been secured and no doubt would be replaced before they were removed again.

The waiting staff hardly spared Maria and Bethany passing glance, as if such sights were perfectly normal here — wherever “here” was. The guests acknowledge them in a more languid fashion, not showing any surprise at their presence but more a kind of polite and critical amusement. Occasionally they smiled at their suffering.

The frames had sprung hooks in the corners which held the two women tautly spread-eagled. Neck braces been added to their collars to keep their heads up. From the cross bars of the frames above their heads pairs of sprung wire rope nooses dangled. These had been adjusted and pulled tight

about the roots of Maria and Bethany's breasts, making them bulge and lift like fleshy mushrooms. From the sides of the frame pairs of electrodes on coiled cables were looped across and clipped to their nipples.

Rising up from the middle of the base bars of the frames between their spread feet were adjustable sprung rods with large clear plastic dildos on their ends illuminated by internal LED lights, which changed colour in a regular sequence. These were of course plugged up into their vaginas for half their lengths, with the remainder of their shafts flickering and pulsing between their thighs.

This was stimulation enough even if they had been permitted to hang quietly within their frames, but of course that would not have been entertaining.

The electrodes stung their nipples every few seconds, controlled by some concealed timing system. This made them jerk and bounce within their frames, their motions amplified by the springs from which they were strung. This caused the dildos to pump in and out of their pussies, making their bellies bulge and labia suck on them, their lights illuminating the wet, dripping, ribbed pink interiors of their front passage ways.

Under this onslaught on their most sensitive organs Bethany and Maria vented forth helpless yelps, moans and sobs, which were reduced to an acceptable background level of murmured suffering by the silver metal balls that had been pushed into their mouths. They made their cheeks bulge and caused them to dribble from the corners of their mouths onto their bound and bulging breasts.

It was impossible for Maria and Bethany, after weeks of slavery, not to respond to such relentless stimulation. By the time the dessert was being served at the table they must have had half a dozen orgasms each, spraying their juices out over their impaling glowing dildos. When they did so some of the diners laughed mildly and pointed out details of their display of naked passion to their friends. Then they resumed their previous conversation.

When the last course was finished the diners got up and went through to some other room with hardly a second glance at Maria and Bethany's limp

and aching bodies, leaving the exhausted women staring at each other in wonder, disbelief and a strange sense of betrayal. Was that it, they thought? Apparently they had been hired by a host so rich and ostentatious they could afford to buy the use of a couple of slave girls for an evening just as decorations and then not even bother to screw them.

They felt absurdly insulted.

After such an experience it was almost a relief to be honestly screwed that night by Gary and Jay while bent across their bed cage. Although the young men also had other things on their minds and were as distracted as it was possible for them to be while their cocks were buried to their roots in Bethany and Maria's hot clinging backsides...

'I saw Bob and Joss down at The Lion yesterday,' Gary grunted as he pumped into Bethany. 'They were wondering what we were still doing in the quarry and how we came to be working for Danvers.'

'You didn't tell them what it was all about?'

'Of course I didn't. I just said it was for secure vehicle and plant storage.'

'I saw Phil as well the other day,' Jay said. 'He'd seen Maria's car on the road when we were taking them on a booking and wondered if they were still around here.'

'Maybe we shouldn't be using it.'

'It's handy. And nobody can see what we carrying in the back with the cages covered.'

'You didn't tell them the girls were working as posh slaves for Danvers?'

'Of course I didn't,' Jay said. He gave a chuckle. 'Anyway, they couldn't afford them now...'

Maria and Bethany twisted their heads round to look at each other. That was true. They had become very select commodities, far beyond the modest pockets of the young men who had screwed them so enthusiastically in their first week as quarry slaves.

The hot summer weather had eventually brought forth a cloudburst to break the monotony. Outside the quarry floor filled with puddles. Fortunately the carpeted central room of the slave shack provided all the space their latest tormentor required to amuse himself with them.

He was a man in a black shirt and black jeans wearing a devil mask. He carried a braided leather whip with bare wires woven into it and a battery and control unit in its handle and he had an appropriately wicked sense of humour.

With their arms cuffed behind their backs and hobble chains linking their ankles so they could not climb off, Bethany and Maria were positioned facing each other and straddled over either end of a long polished wooden beam a little like the exercise beams gymnasts performed on, but with certain special extra fittings. The upper surface of the beam had an end-to-end slot in which containing vertical rubber pronged wheels, like hundreds of questing fingers. The sides of the beam were covered with flat silvery electrode plates and LED bulbs. Posts rose up at the ends of the beam supporting cross bars from which dangled chains and sprung cords with clips on their ends.

The devil man draped long bungee cords with crocodile clip ends over their shoulders and fastened them to their nipples. 'Now let's see how you two pretty sluts can dance,' he said. He picked up the remote controller for the power feed to the beam's electrodes and pressed a button.

Maria and Bethany shrieked as the electrodes pressed against their inner thighs sparked and crackled with electricity, with the lights flashing beside them to indicate their relative power. The lights were most intense at the ends of the beam and less so towards its centre.

‘You’ll find it less painful in the middle...’ the man told them.

Desperately they shuffled and waddled forward towards the middle of the beam to escape the pain. This of course ground their groins over the pronged rubber wheels set in the top of the beam which slid into their vulvas as they turned, poking at the mouths of their vaginas and teasing their clitorises. As they approached the middle of the beam the slack on their breast cords was taken up and suddenly they grew taut, yanking their nipples painfully upwards towards their collar bones and stretching their breasts after them. The girls shrieked again in pain, straining to move forward against the pain in their thighs but fearful of damaging their nipples and distracted by the teasing of the rotating spur wheels.

The man pressed another button and the gradient of power was reversed. Sobbing in pain the girls frantically slid themselves backwards to the ends of the beam to escape the terrible stinging pain.

He pressed the button again and the power reversed once more.

And so for several minutes he sent them frantically stumbling forward and back along the beam, cackling with laughter as he did so. Soon the churning spur wheels had stimulated their pussies into helpless outpouring which lathered their pubic hair and thighs, only intensifying the continual shocks they were receiving. The rubber matting under the beam became stained with drips of fallen juices.

‘If you can reach each other to kiss then I’ll turn it off,’ he told them.

Desperately, Maria and Bethany struggled forward, ignoring the spur wheels and the shocks in their thighs and the yanking of the elastic cords on their nipples. All they could see was each other. With their nipples feeling as if they were about to be torn from their breasts they met in the middle of the beam and leaned forward and kissed passionately.

The devil man cut the power off but their lips remained locked together, their stretched throbbing breasts pressed against each other apparently oblivious to the pain of the bungee clips. It felt so good to be like this and for a moment nothing else mattered...

‘Oh, so you really love each other, do you?’ the devil man said. ‘Interesting. Let’s see how love endures pain...’

He brought out a pair of bamboo canes and two belts. He unclipped their throbbing nipples from the bungee clips and then buckled the belts about their waists. He clipped their left wrist cuffs to hooks on the back of the belts and freed their right arms. Then he put the bamboo canes into their right hands.

‘Now you’re going to cane each other’s tits for me or else you suffer,’ he told them.

They looked at him in horror and then shook their heads.

‘No... please don’t make us do this, Sir...’ Maria began to say.

‘I paid for you and now you will damn well do what I tell you!’ he snarled and pressed a button on the controller.

They both yelped as the electrode plates under their groins flashed and crackled with stabbing hot and cold electric needles.

‘Cane each other or it gets worse!’ he threatened.

Sobbing and jerking wildly as their legs kicked about uncontrollably, with tears streaming down their cheeks, they shook their heads.

He turned up the intensity of the power until they were screaming. Bethany lost control of her bladder and peed over the pronged wheel that was digging away inside her pussy. Both of them were convulsing in pain.

Then Maria pushed her breasts forward and shrieked at Bethany: ‘Cane me... Cane me!’

Sobbing, Bethany stumbled forward and swiped half blind at Maria, cutting her breasts with the bamboo.

‘Now you see to her!’ the devil man cried.

Trembling in pain and despair, Maria swiped her cane across Bethany's breasts, making them leap and her lover wail as livid red stripes appeared across them.

'Now you kiss again while you cane each other's backsides!' the devil man commanded.

Dripping with tears they stumbled towards the middle of the beam, feeling the spur wheels churning in their streaming sex mouths as they did so, and pressed their shaking bodies together. Their bloodied breasts mashed against each other as their lips met. Their jerking hips ground together and their pubic curls merged into each other. With their free hands they reached behind each other's back and swung their canes across their sweating, frantically clenching buttocks, again and again.

'You see you can do it when you try...' The devil man laughed.

Overloaded with pain and fear intimate stimulation they suddenly felt their loins burst.

With incoherent shrieks of passion and despair they came, soaking each other's groins with an outpouring of juices. Then they collapsed against each other, wracked with tears and guilt, while the devil man laughed at their naked shame.

That night in bed Bethany cried on Maria's shoulder.

'I thought I could take this,' she sobbed. 'I was doing what you said... Not feeling guilty... cuming when I could. But I can't be made to hurt you again. Not by somebody like that... that devil! We've got to tell the boys... tell Danvers we won't... we can't!'

Maria hugged her back, close to tears herself, feeling their hot sore breasts pressing together. But that pain was nothing compared with the agony she felt within her. 'I know... that was awful. I can't do that again either.'

‘I think I can take being hurt... and even seeing you being hurt and used in the same way, as long as we can cum together at the same time to help make it bearable,’ Bethany said, trying to make the perverse sound reasonable. ‘That’s somebody else’s doing. Sometimes it’s even exciting in a weird way. But not making me hurt you just to amuse somebody else. That’s too much! It’s wrong!’

‘We’ll tell them tomorrow,’ Maria promised. ‘We’ll make it a rule that they have to tell the clients we won’t do anything like that to each other again.’

‘But do think they’ll agree? We must be making Danvers a lot of money. What if he just says we’ve got to do it or else he’ll show our families the photographs?’

Maria took a deep breath: ‘Then... well, we’ll just have to think of something else...’

Then they clung together in silence, realising once again how totally helpless they were to control their strange lives as summer slaves. And there was still a month and a half to go. A prospect that had become just about bearable and almost predictable was now a minefield of doubt and fear once more.

It was the dead of night when something roused them from their restless sleep.

‘What was that?’ Bethany whispered in Maria’s ear. ‘Was it that fox again?’

‘I didn’t think so...’ Maria said.

A board on the veranda outside their room creaked. Then there came the snap of metal as a lock was forced. The door of the slave room swung open and brilliant torch beams dazzled them as they cowered in their cage.

‘Here they are!’ somebody growled in a low urgent voice.

It was not that of Danvers, Jay or Gary.

They had the vague impression of three or four dark shapes advancing upon them. One was holding large bolt cutters. They clipped through the haft of the padlock holding their cage door shut and it was pulled it open.

Maria and Bethany shouted and screamed in fear and kicked out as the men reached in and cut the chains linking their collars to the cage side. Then they dragged them out onto the floor, holding them down despite their struggles. The men stuffed knotted rags into the women’s mouths to stifle their cries and then twisted their arms up behind them and bound their wrist cuffs together. Their flailing legs were knelt on and also tied about the knees and ankles. Then the men pulled hoods over their heads.

Helpless once again, Maria and Bethany were lifted off the floor and thrown over strong shoulders and then carried off into the night.

To be concluded...

Table of Contents

[CHAPTER 4](#)
[Chapter Four](#)