

# *Bondmaids of Ramswold*



*Simon Grail*

# BONDMAIDS OF RAMSWOLD

by

Simon Grail

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## CHAPTER ONE

The harsh roar of quad bike engines filled their ears as April and Niki pounded over the hillside. The four machines careened after them, narrowly avoiding the trees, their drivers shouting wildly at each other to head their pray off this way and that in between swigging down mouthfuls of lager and tossing empty cans aside.

Ahead of the two girls a jagged wall of honey-coloured limestone thrust up through the curving brow of the hill. Inexorably they were being driven towards it. It was too high to climb...there was no way round. A cold hand clenched at April's racing heart. They were trapped! No... there amongst the rocks was a dark cleft she had not noticed at first in her panic. Crouching down she saw a faint spark of daylight in its heart.

April shucked off her backpack. 'In there!' she yelled, dropping to her hands and knees. 'They can't follow...'

Niki dropped her own pack and scrambled after April as she squeezed through the crack with the drunken obscene threats of their pursuers ringing in their ears.

The cleft was narrower and deeper than April had thought and she had to push hard to force her way through. Its rough edges tore at her clothes but there was no turning back now. They had to escape... to be anywhere else but here! There was one terrible moment of constriction when she couldn't breathe and thought she was stuck, but with a shove from Niki on her rear and a desperate heave she was through.

Suddenly the cleft was opening up and she was scrambling out of the far end with Niki at her heels. But there was no level ground at the other end of the cleft and their exit became an ungainly slither down a steep wooded slope that ended with them sprawled by a small pool.

They were gasping for breath, lathered in sweat, smeared with leaf mould, scratched and filthy, but at least there was no longer sight or sound of their pursuers. They'd made it, they'd escaped, and for a minute they just lay on their backs recovering gratefully.

Although dishevelled, their walking gear of shorts, vest-tops and ankle boots revealed that they were both attractive young women. April had shoulder length straight dark hair, slightly olive skin, a straight narrow nose, deep brown eyes and a wide mouth. A full bust emphasised her shapely figure. Niki was slightly slimmer in build, with a long mane of curling honey-blonde hair tied back in a ponytail. Her eyes were blue, her nose a little broader than April's and her lips naturally red, full and pouting. Both girls were twenty-three. They'd been good friends for a couple of years since joining the same insurance company and were currently without steady partners, which in part explained their present situation.

Niki sat up, wiped her face with the back of her hand, grimacing as she saw her torn nails, then turned to look at April.

'Next time, right, when you suggest doing the Cotswold Way on foot because its eco-friendly, healthy, low carbon and all that shit, you can stuff it! I'm flying away somewhere where there's plenty of sand and sea and I'm going to eat and drink too much and maybe get unhealthily suntanned, but all the time I'll be thinking at least I'm not being chased over the hills by a pack of fucking drunken quad-bikers!'

April forced a smile. 'I think I'll join you.'

They both laughed, happy to play down the very real terror they had felt only minutes before.

April levered herself upright, wincing as she moved her bruised back, and looked around. The limestone crag was steeper seen from this side of the hill, meandering off left and right until it was hidden by the treetops. Through a gap in the tree line before

them they could glimpse part of the broad expanse of the Vale of Evesham bisected by the winding course of the Avon.

‘So what now?’ Niki asked.

‘Well I’m not going back up there to pick up my pack while that lot are still around,’ April said, taking her cell phone from her pocket. ‘I’m going to call the police and tell them about those idiots before they really hurt somebody.’

‘I am really hurt!’ Niki insisted. ‘Look at my nails... uggh...and what have I got in my hair?’

But although April’s phone seemed undamaged, there was no signal.

‘My phone’s in my pack,’ Niki said, ‘and I’m not going back up there to fetch it either. Those nutters can have it if they want. I suppose we’re lucky we’ve still got our cards and money. So where to next? Where’s the map?’

‘In the side pocket of my pack,’ April admitted, getting carefully to her feet. ‘But if we keep heading downhill we’ll come to the A46 eventually and then find somewhere we can call from.’

The tiny pool was perfectly clear so they bathed their cuts and cleaned themselves up as best they could. Then they set off down the hill following a faint path that ran beside the trickle of a stream that ran out of the pool.

The air was fresh and warm and the lush woods were full of birdsong and buzzing insects. If it hadn’t been for their frightening encounter it would have been a perfect day, April thought. She supposed it could have been worse.

After about twenty minutes of steady descent the ground began to level out. The rivulet joined a slightly larger stream that ran off to the right while their path merged with a narrow rough farm

track. The woods ended at the edge of a line of small fields, planted with a variety of crops and divided up by fences and hedges. A church tower rose in the distance beyond another belt of copses and hedgerows. In one of the fields they saw four youngish men bent over digging out potatoes. The gate of the field was open so April and Niki walked through it and up to the labourers.

‘Excuse me,’ April called out. ‘We’re a bit lost. Can you help us?’

The four youths glanced up in surprise. They were dressed in baggy trousers, laced about their calves and loose smock tops. Beside them was a wooden handcart half loaded with freshly dug potatoes.

‘More eco-nuts...’ Niki muttered under her breath.

The four had taken a few steps forward and were looking them up and down in apparent amazement. April smoothed her ruffled hair. Even if they were a little dishevelled, surely they didn’t look that strange. ‘Have you got a phone we could borrow?’ she asked.

‘Or a bath?’ Niki added hopefully.

‘Where you from?’ one of the young men demanded suspiciously. He had an unruly mop of dark hair and the shadow of a moustache on his upper lip. He might have been seventeen or eighteen, but it was hard to tell under the grime. His companions all looked much the same age.

‘Well we’re from London,’ April said, surprised by the question. ‘But we’re on a hiking holiday. We were up there on the other side of the hill when we were chased by some idiots on quad bikes and lost all our gear. So we want to report it to the police.’

This did not elicit the expected sympathetic response. Instead a sandy-haired lad said slowly: ‘What’re... po-lice?’

‘They’re weirdos...’ Niki whispered through her clenched teeth.

There was something very strange about the way they were staring at them, April thought, almost as though they were freshly landed Martians. ‘Look, don’t worry about a phone. Just tell us where we can get a bus to Evesham... or Tewkesbury.’

‘Never heard of none of them places,’ a curly-haired one said with a scowl. ‘This here’s Ramswold land.’

‘Sorry, I’ve never heard of it,’ April replied. ‘We lost our map so we don’t know where we are exactly.’

‘Yokelville central...’ Niki muttered.

The dark-haired youth spoke up again but now with excitement in his voice. ‘Did you hear what she said? They’re from the farland over the hill! They’re furriners! Outsiders!’

The surprise faded from his companions’ faces as if some great realization had dawned. They began to advance on April and Niki, raising their forks menacingly.

Niki backed away, tugging at April’s sleeve. ‘Well, we’ll just be going, then. Sorry to have bothered you...’

They turned and ran but the lads were quicker, getting between them and the gate, surrounding them and jabbing their forks, their eyes alive with nervous excitement. The ring closed about them and April and Niki were forced down onto their knees in the dirt, clinging together in a frightened huddle.

‘You stay there!’ the dark-haired boy commanded. ‘Don’t you try any of your furriner tricks. ‘Wilf!’ he said to the blond-haired lad, ‘you run like the devil and find old Gurney. Tell him we’ve caught a pair of outsider women!’



Wilf dropped his fork and sped off through the gate. The others kept their own implements held at the ready while staring at April and Niki in fearful fascination, as though wanting to look more closely but frightened they might catch something.

April tried to keep her voice steady. 'Look, I don't know who you think we are, but we're not foreigners. We're from London!'

'And what's that, then?' dark-hair said suspiciously. 'Some farlander place beyond the hills?'

'You've never heard of London?' Niki exclaimed, shrill with disbelief. 'It's only a hundred bloody miles away! Where have you been living all your lives?'

'Nethervale of course,' curly said, as if there was no other possibility.

'And ... this is Nethervale?' April asked.

'If you have to ask that proves you're furriners!' sandy-hair declared triumphantly.

'But this is the Vale of Evesham,' April protested.

'No more of that talk!' dark hair said, jabbing his fork meaningfully. 'You just shut your mouths until the tipstaff gets here. You can tell him your story and he'll have plenty of questions for you as well.' He chuckled. 'And he'll make sure you tell him the truth back!'

'This is a fucking nightmare!' Niki muttered.

April found it hard to disagree. Of course there must be some sensible explanation. Some sort of back to nature eco-community that she'd never heard of or maybe it was all an historical recreation? They were just taking it a bit too far that was all...

As they waited April heard curly ask dark-hair: 'They look pretty. Do you think they're, you know, normal women underneath like the others?'

'You never can tell with furriners. They come in all sorts. And they carry all kind of strange devices with them. Don't let them touch you...'

It must have been almost fifteen minutes before Wilf returned with the tipstaff puffing along in his wake. He was a large man perhaps in his late forties, dressed in knee britches, a blue frock coat and a tricorn hat. He had a leather satchel slung over his shoulder and carried a wooden staff capped with an ornamented brass crest of some sort. A long leather strap with a wooden handle hung from his belt.

'You see, Mr Gurney,' Wilf was saying excitedly. 'Furriner women, like I told you!'

Gurney mopped his brow with a large handkerchief as he circled round April and Niki, looking them up and down. 'Seems like you were right, lad,' he conceded.

'Looks like you've caught a couple of prime specimens.'

'They says they're from somewhere called Lon-don,' dark hair volunteered.

'Oh, do they now?'

April was fed up with being talked about as though she was not there. 'Now look, we've done nothing wrong. We were chased by some drunken quad-bikers and we lost out gear. We were only trying to report it but I couldn't get a signal...' she pulled her phone from her pocket thumbing it on as she did so. It beeped into life and the screen lit up.

The lads and Gurney all took a step back in alarm.

‘You put that thing down, girl!’ Gurney shouted.

April dropped the phone in surprise. Gurney prodded it aside with the butt of his staff. ‘You got any more of them furriner things with you? Turn out your pockets. Now!’

Bemused and increasingly frightened, they obeyed. Gurney prodded the assorted purses, handkerchiefs and combs suspiciously.

‘Look, we’re not dangerous,’ April said. ‘I don’t know what you’re all doing here but we’re no part of it and I think it’s gone far enough, OK? We just want to get to a phone or find a taxi — ’

‘You speak when you’re spoken to, girly!’ Gurney snapped, silencing her. ‘You’re not going anywhere. Now your clothes: get them off... boots and all!’

‘What?’ Niki exclaimed as April blinked at him in disbelief.

‘You heard me!’

‘You must be fucking mad!’ Niki replied. ‘I’m not stripping for some pervert in fancy dress! You can take your stupid game and — aww!’

Gurney had unhooked the long strap from his belt and swiped it across Niki’s back. As she doubled over in pain and shock April instinctively put her arms round her only to receive a swipe across her shoulders as well.

Gurney glowered down at the two startled young women. ‘There be no more backtalk from either of you! I’m the sheriff’s officer for this parish and it’s my duty to examine outsiders for any dangerous or seditious items likely to disturb the peace. These furriner clothes look highly suspect to me, so get ‘em off...’ he raised the strap again ‘...or else!’

Shocked and cowed, knowing in their guts that further protest was futile, April and Niki stood and with clumsy fingers stripped off their clothes right down to their boots. It did not take long. While Gurney examined each piece of discarded clothing suspiciously the boys gazed with undisguised approval at what was revealed. Bulges began to show under their loose trousers.

Large brown erect nipples capped April's full breasts. Her navel was deep and smooth, her hips wide and her bottom cheeks well rounded. A closely shorn mat of dark curls framed her pubic cleft, from out of which the paler crinkled tongue of her inner labia peeped impudently.

Niki's smaller pinker nipples were even more prominent against her paler skin, perfectly in proportion to her neater, higher breasts. Her waist was tight, stomach flat, navel a deep slot. Her pubic curls were the colour of dark honey. Like April's they had been trimmed back from the bikini line, so they hid little of her mound.

When they were totally naked they instinctively squeezed their thighs together while their hands moved across their breasts and pubes. Gurney said sharply: 'None of that! You won't try to hide nothing from me. Lads: hold them fast so I can have a proper look at them!'

Eagerly the boys took hold of an arm apiece and pulled them out straight so they could no longer shield themselves from the men's gaze.

Gurney walked round April and Niki's outstretched and trembling forms prodding them with the butt of his staff. He lifted their breasts, dimpled their backsides, probed between their bottom cheeks and drew the ferrule of his staff through their pubic clefts, making them squirm in utter shame. To April's horror she found the combination of exposure and physical stimulation before so many strange and frankly lustful eyes a freakish turn-on. Her nipples were standing up. So to, she noticed out of the corner of her eye, were

Niki's. The boys were grinning even more broadly at the sight. Please let this end, she thought!

'Hmm... usual ratty outsider girl response,' Gurney said with a smirk, observing their unwilling display. 'No doubt about what you are, but I don't see you've anything else to hide. Now, where did you say you were from again? And when you answer I want to hear some proper respect!'

'London... sir,' April said meekly.

'And you don't claim to come from anywhere in Nethervale?'

'No... sir. We've never heard of it before, sir.'

'So you admit to being outsiders... yes?'

'I... suppose we must be, sir.' April bit her lip, fearful of the strap, and added: 'Please sir, may we have our clothes back now?'

Gurney chuckled. 'You've admitted you're outsiders and we don't allow outsider girls to wear clothes in Nethervale anymore than we do outcasts. And this isn't over yet, not by a long chalk. Do you think I'm just going to let you wander about with your funny furriner ways disturbing the peace? I've got to take you to the lockup. There's a sessions tomorrow and you can be properly assessed, recorded and marked. Now, hold them still a minute...'

From his satchel he took out two sets of handcuffs formed of a pair of flat metal bars with semi-circular hoped ends held together by a heavy central screw, a pair of choke chain leashes and finally straps strung with ball gags.

The sight of the sinister ironware was too much for April, and she began to tug at the boys' restraining hands. Niki was shaking her head wildly. 'No, this is crazy!' she screamed. 'You can't do this to us!'

‘Oh yes I can, girly!’ Gurney said. ‘And what did I tell you about speaking out of turn? Looks like you need a lesson in proper behaviour. Bend her over, lads...’

They twisted Niki’s arms round and pushed her head and shoulders down so she bent forward with her bottom sticking out. She squirmed feebly between them but she could not pull free of their hard strong hands. Gurney took out his strap, positioned himself and slashed the leather across her pale smooth bottom so that the cracks rang out across the field mingling with Niki’s shrill cries of pain, making her flesh jump and shiver. April watched her friend’s suffering in helpless numbing disbelief. This could not be happening...

Gurney stayed his hand. Niki’s bottom ceased to writhe, her legs gave way and she sagged to the ground between the boys holding her. An angry blush was blossoming over her twitching buttocks.

The farm lads laughed at her collapse. Gurney grinned. ‘That’s more like it! Now your turn, girl...’

The boys holding April bent her over in the same way and Gurney wielded the terrible strap across her buttocks. Thwack, thwack, thwack! She screamed with the full force of her lungs. She’d never felt such pain before. In her whole life she’d never been spanked or even slapped. Now it felt as if she was on fire. She’d die!

The pain ceased and April found herself on her knees in the dirt with her arms still firmly clasped by the pair of boys at her side. Her bottom was pulsing and throbbing with waves of pain. Her chest ached from screaming, her face was wet with tears. She could not get a grip on what had happened. All that she knew was that it was no dream or game but all too horribly real.

Niki had been pulled back up onto her knees beside April. Her woebegone face was tear-streaked. Fearfully they both looked up at Gurney.

‘As a reward for catching them so smartly,’ Gurney said generously to the attendant lads, ‘you can tup the pair of them. It’s clear they’re self-willed little furrin tarts who need some breaking in, so don’t be gentle.’

The boys’ faces lit up. ‘Cor, thanks Mister Gurney!’

Eagerly they began dragging April and Niki over onto the narrow verge of rough grass at the edge of the field. Niki was moaning incoherently while April could not believe what had just been said. Did “tup” mean what she thought it did?

As Gurney looked on approvingly the lads threw them down on their backs in the shade of the hedge. The grass was a sudden shocking cool balm against their burning buttocks. Their arms were pulled up above their heads with wrists together and forks were driven across them and deep into the ground, pinning them down. Their legs were kicked wide apart, exposing their rich treasures.

‘Keep ‘em like that!’ dark-hair warned them.

‘Two of them and four of us,’ curly said. ‘Who goes first?’

The lads played an urgent game of rock-paper-scissors while standing over the spread legs of their prizes. Dark hair and sandy won.

The winning pair took their pleasure, ripping down their own trousers and plunging into the valley of April and Niki’s thighs, sinking their hard cocks into the honey pots at their junctions. They thudded into them vigorously, uncaring of the girls’ comfort, riding them hard, slapping and mauling their breasts and biting their hard nipples in rough delight. April and Niki grunted and whimpered under the onslaught, too dazed to resist. The boys smelt of smelt of earth and sweat...

Like all young men they came too quickly, spurting hotly deep inside their captives’ vaginas. The pair had hardly caught their

breaths before Wilf and curly were pulling them aside to have their turn. They wiped their friends' sperm from April and Niki's reddened pubes with handfuls of grass before ramming their own rampant erections inside to refill the fleshy voids so recently vacated.

Again it was over so quickly, leaving April and Niki sprawled limply on the grass, trembling and crying softly, too fearful to close their legs, their matted pubes gaping and oozing pale dribbles of sperm. The cruel realization penetrated April's stunned mind that, to heap torment upon her misery, she had been perversely aroused by the animal vigour of her violation and yet left unfulfilled and needy. Meanwhile their four young dominators, flush-faced and beaming foolishly, pulled their trousers back on.

'Well done, lads,' Gurney said. 'I think that's knocked the fight out of them.'

The boys pulled the forks out of the ground, freeing April and Niki's wrists. Gurney stood over them and prodded their stomachs with his staff butt until they blinked away their tears and looked him fearfully in the eye.

'This is how it is, right,' he told them gravely. 'As long as I present you in court at the proper time I can do what I want with you. Nobody cares if your cunny slots are reamed and arses red, see? You're outsider girls who've come uninvited into Nethervale. Now you have to abide by our laws. They say you're worth a little more consideration than the beasts in the field, but not by much.' He thudded his staff into the grass, making them flinch. 'Now on your feet or I'll give you such a wallop you won't be able to sit down for a month!'

Shakily they got to their feet, their legs feeling like rubber, painfully aware of the boys' grinning faces as they witnessed the shameful state to which they had been reduced by their efforts. Sperm and juices began to trickle down their thighs.



They did not resist as Gurney cuffed, gagged and leashed them. The terrible demonstration had served its purpose. They knew their place in Nethervale now. He gathered their clothes and possessions up into a bundle and then tugged on their leashes. 'Now, you come with me...'

And meekly, fearfully they trailed after him like docile animals as he led them out of the gate and down the lane to Ramswold. Behind them the boys resumed their digging, chattering excitedly about how they had captured and tugged two exotic outsider women.

## CHAPTER TWO

Ramswold was a small market town. Its high street was a mix of honey-coloured Cotswold stone with half-timbered houses, a few reaching three stories high. Most were small shops with display windows, some bow-fronted. There were no clear expanses of plate glass though; all had lattices of transoms and mullions holding many small panes of rather rippled greenish glass.

Up and down the street people went about their business of the day. Men wore varied types of frock coats with tall hats, while the women dressed in long straight ankle-length dresses with high waists, bonnets and puffy sleeves. Amongst them were a few labourer types in stained smocks and leggings. It felt vaguely late eighteenth or early nineteenth century while not exactly matching anything April had ever seen before.

April had been taking all these details in out of the corner of her eye while appearing to stare fixedly at Gurney's boots and path ahead. She was trying to distract herself from the hateful memory of what had been done to her not fifteen minutes earlier. Specifically she was trying not to think of the "R" word and everything that went with it and the sick fear knotting her stomach about what was to come. Yet she was in a way calmer than she could have believed possible in the circumstances. She was simply not being allowed to dwell on it by force of events and by everybody else's indifference to her or Niki's suffering. That was brutal but she simply had no choice. Now she was attempting to preserve her fragile equilibrium by trying to make sense of what was going on about her.

There was also of course a practical reason to look down. She was desperate not to stumble and tug the lash and choke herself and maybe earn another blow from Gurney's terrible strap. With her bottom still pulsing and stinging with heat she would have done almost anything to avoid that. Was her fear of pain worse than the fear of the R-thing? Perhaps it was.

Keeping her eyes lowered also avoided making eye contact with anybody around her. How could she look at them in her current state with whipped bottom, flushed and swollen pussy and wet thighs on blatant display? They would know what had happened and she would see they knew and the shame would cut in and she was afraid she would lose that thin veneer of composure. So she held her gaze fixed downward, keeping in step as best she could with Niki at her shoulder, who seemed to be bearing up reasonably well, and tried to pretend she was invisible.

It was quite futile of course. She could feel the eyes upon her and sense the turning heads as Gurney led them along warm stone-flagged pavements. A few passers-by nodded to him and he tipped his hat politely in return. They looked April and Niki over with interest, as one might when encountering two naked, gagged, leashed and handcuffed young women. Interest... but not surprise. The reasons for this were equally apparent in the street about them, and they kept dragging April's eyes up from the pavement in sheer disbelief.

A smartly dressed woman was consulting a list in her hand while idly leading a blonde girl along at her heel on the end of a leash. The slave wore only a bridle-like array of straps over her head holding in a bit-gag, a silver collar and dainty soft shoes with low heels. Her arms were held down at her sides and strapped to a wicker basket she carried rather like a backpack. A purple bow in her hair matched the ribbons in her mistress's bonnet.

A man, evidently a chimney sweep from the soot on his clothes, passed them leading a naked leashed black girl after him. She was loaded down with his bundle of rods, brushes and dustsheets strapped across her shoulders. Neatly lettered in white paint across the brown skin of her breasts, belly and back were the words: "Jos. Bott, SWEEP, 2 Knock Lane." She was both his beast of burden and living advertisement.

With a clatter of wheels a small two-wheeled farm cart made its way slowly along the high street, its driver perched on the single

seat idly flicking his carriage whip across the backs of his team, which comprised four naked women harnessed to the central shaft by arrays of straps and buckles. Across their shoulders lay horse collars, evidently designed to fit their bodies. Their sturdy thighs and buttocks swelled as they propelled the vehicle along the road. A small detail caught April's horrified yet fascinated gaze. On their feet they wore leather ankle boots with wooden soles cut into high-heeled wedges, which clopped softly on the cobbles. The shoe soles were heavily ribbed. The angle and tread must help with traction as they leaned forward into their harness.

The cart passed by again without anyone appearing to take special notice. It had to be an everyday sight. How long would it take to refine details of harness and footwear like that to fit the human female frame? Why hadn't she seen any male slaves yet? What was this place?

Gurney paused in front of a larger building set back a little way from the road.

The carving above its entrance proclaimed it to be Ramswold Assembly Rooms built in 1898. To one side of the entrance pathway was a flagged area containing a set of stocks and a sloping ramp that led up to a raised stone platform on which stood a small stone block. Opposite this was a structure resembling the small roof set over a church lytch gate, supported by heavy black timbers at either end but open to the sides.

'I just wanted you to see where you'll be ending up,' he said, leading them closer.

In the shelter of the roof hung a couple of naked slave girls. They looked rather like puppets caught up in their strings, assuming their strings were chains, dangling so their feet were little more than a handbreadth above the ground. They wore yoke bars across their shoulders, holding their necks level with the wrists of their upraised and crooked arms. Similar bars with supporting stirrup straps passing under their feet held their ankles widespread. A pair of

chains from the roof beam hooked onto eyebolts in their neck yokes. Two more chains depended from this to rings on the ends of their ankle bars, so that by keeping their legs straight they could bear their weight. Polished metal chastity belts were locked about their waists, closing off access their groins. More shiny metal hoops and bands served the same purpose in gagging their mouths. Hanging round their necks were signs painted on small wooden boards that read simply: FOR SALE. The girls twisted slightly in their chains as their eyes silently followed Gurney.

‘This is where we put girls who are going to auction on show,’ he explained, casually patting the breasts and tweaking the nipples of the two suspended girls. ‘It lets folk get a good close-up look at them. Inside is where the Sheriff’s Court will be held tomorrow. You can go straight from that to be put on show.’ He tapped a small notice board fixed to one of the upright posts. ‘And the day after is sale day. Very neat...’

It read: NEXT BONDMAID SALE: WEDNESDAY 18<sup>TH</sup>.

Gurney continued almost chattily: ‘Being furrin you won’t know any better, but tradition is that new bondmaids are hired out for a few weeks at a time for their first year, so as everybody whose interested can try them out and the whole village gets some use out of them. After that they’re sold on permanently or else sent to the big monthly girlstock auction at Lockswell.’ He grinned. ‘And they’ll treat you a lot harder there than we do here. So if you don’t behave yourselves and give good service that’ll be where you’ll be bound!’

April and Niki exchanged glances of mute horror.

Gurney led them on through the town until they came to a quieter side street and a small half-timbered cottage with a more recent utilitarian extension adjoining one end. Its small windows were all barred. A carved and gilded wooden shield with the inscription: “Sheriff’s Officer” hung on the wall. He unlocked a side door of the extension and led them in.

There was a small reception space with bare stone walls and a work-scarred desk. An oil lamp hung from the ceiling. Behind it was a rack of pegs on which were set out an array of chains, collars and leg irons. To one side was a heavy ironbound door leading into the main body of the building.

‘First things first,’ Gurney rumbled, slotting his staff into a hat-stand and hanging up his hat and satchel, ‘is to get some proper irons on you. I hope you’re not going to give me any more trouble...?’

They shook their heads.

Gurney removed their temporary restraints and fitted them with a set of prison chains. These comprised heavy iron collars, broad leather belts padlocked about their waists and matching cuffs locked about their wrists. These were linked by a length of chain that passed through a ring set in the back of the belt. There was enough slack in the chain to allow them to bring their arms round in front of them, but the chain could also be drawn back up through the belt ring, pulling their arms round behind them, and the middle of its doubled length clipped to the backs of their collars. It was in that position Gurney left them.

With them standing before his desk, trembling in their new restraints, he had them repeat their stories for the record and entered personal details, such as names, addresses and occupations in his report book. April imagined they could have had little or no relevance here but they seemed to be required for bureaucratic completeness.

‘Right,’ Gurney said when he was finished; ‘this’ll all go before the Sheriff tomorrow.’

He looked satisfied to have got the job done and seemed more relaxed. Perhaps he could afford to. He’d established his absolute dominance over them and knew they weren’t going to give him any trouble. That was the truth, but April still had so many

questions. Painfully aware she was about to initiate a conversation with a man who had beaten her and then encouraged a pair of sweaty farm boys to screw her less than an hour earlier, April nerved herself to ask meekly: 'Please sir, is this Sheriff a judge or a policeman?'

'A bit of both, girl. He makes judgement in minor cases.'

'But sir, we're talking about our freedom. That's not minor. Don't we get legal representation?'

Gurney looked amazed. 'Who'd want to bother with that? A couple of outsider girls don't count for much. The Sheriff won't have any trouble over it. You'll be put to serving a useful purpose where you'll do no harm. That's the end of it.'

They were being treated worse than a pair of stray dogs, April thought.

Niki spoke up. 'But sir, we want to get back home. Please can't we just be allowed to leave?'

'The law says outsiders are to be put into bondservice. That's been the way for hundreds of years. Beside, I don't know the way back to your "London" from Nethervale. Do you?' They shook their heads. 'There, see. You shouldn't have got yourselves lost in the first place. Careless I call it.'

'But what about our human rights, sir?' April asked desperately.

Gurney frowned. 'Human rights? What are they then?'

At that moment April could only think of the old clichéd phrase, which sounded faintly absurd even as she said it. 'Well... the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, sir.'

He scratched his head thoughtfully, as if the idea was a novel one. 'Well...you have a right to your life. Nobody wants to take that away from you. In fact whoever's in charge of you has a duty to feed you decently and keep you clean. We want our girls to stay healthy so we can get more use out of them. I suppose you're at liberty to refuse to obey your masters, but you know what that'll get you. And you're welcome to any happiness you can find serving them as they decide. That's about it.'

'But it's not fair, sir.'

'Nobody said anything about fairness. It works, that's what counts. Now, let's be getting you cleaned up...'

They found that the chains running up their spines hooked from belt to collar made convenient handles to control them. Gurney took hold of these as he opened up ironbound door and ushered April and Niki through.

Beyond was a narrow corridor with half a dozen small cells leading off it. Each was closed from its neighbour by a solid brick partition but was divided from the corridor only by floor to ceiling bars with an inset barred door. Each cell had a single small barred window set high in its rear wall. They were spartanly furnished with a single low box bed and a tin mug, pitcher and bucket in the corner. Currently none were occupied.

At the end of the corridor, closed off by another barred door, was a small quarry-tiled cubical that seemed to serve as both toilet and bathroom. On one side was a Turkish-style squat toilet hole set in a brick plinth while on the other was a shower pan. A large metal cistern set on heavy brackets high up the wall fed a length of hose fitted with a brass nozzle. There was a shelf holding soap and a few china pots. Under it was a towel rail.

Gurney pushed April toward the toilet. 'Right, relieve yourself and I'll give you both a hose down.'



April gaped at him in fresh horror. 'What?'

'I'm required to see you keep clean and regular. That's in the "life" part of them rights of yours. I'd have thought you'd like your cunnies washed clean.'

'Yes, sir... b... but not with you watching.'

Fortunately Gurney seemed to find her shyness amusing rather than annoying.

'What do you think you are, proper people entitled to privacy? Maybe in your furrin land but not here. Get it into your heads that you've no more privacy than animals now, not in any part of you or in anything you do.'

A tiny spark of pride made April say: 'Our thoughts are still private, sir.'

Gurney grinned. 'I'll allow you them, girl... as long as they don't get in the way of doing what you're told. Now enough chatter: I want to see you squat!

April bit her lip and climbed onto the toilet plinth. There was no way she could hide anything from him raised up as she was and with her arms chained behind her, so with thighs spread wide she screwed up her eyes and peed and emptied her bowels. When she was done he used the hose nozzle to wash her out front and rear. She gasped as the cold water rushed and bubbled through her pussy, but it did soothe her sore vagina. The water jet enema was even more of a shock, but as there was no toilet paper in evidence so she supposed this was the only alternative. At least she felt clean inside.

When she was done Niki reluctantly took her turn. Gurney was very deft as he douched her. April wondered how many other women he had done this to.

Then he loosened their chains and put them in the shower. He fitted a rose to the hose nozzle and wetted them down, then gave them soap and watched with interest as they soaped their bodies and hair. After rinsing off and towelling down he gave them a comb to bring order to their damp hair. By the time they were done April actually saw a flicker of a smile from Niki at the sheer pleasure of feeling clean. She felt the same way even though their jailer was in arm's reach. A wave of sickness assailed her as the frightening, impossible, bizarre situation they were in impacted on her mind once more.

When they were done Gurney took a pot off the shelf and held it out to them. 'Don't forget your dab of Jympson's,' he said, rather like someone reciting a catchphrase.

'Sorry, sir... we don't understand,' April said.

'Something you don't have in this London place of yours?' He showed them the label on the pot. Framed by scrolls and flourishes it read: JYMPSON'S FINEST BONDMAID GREASE. 'Better get used to using it every chance you get. There are a lot of people partial to plumbing a nice tight bondmaid arsehole.'

Niki bit her lip as her eyes went wide in horror.

'Including you, sir?' April asked before she could stop herself.

Gurney cuffed her lightly across the side of the head, but he did it with a grin. 'Impudent little tart! That I am, as it happens.'

And April found herself saying, even as her mouth went dry: 'So you'll be having us that way later, sir?'

Niki choked back a sob.

'After supper, I was thinking,' Gurney said, as though it was no more of a choice than when he'd treat himself to a glass of wine.

Nervously they scooped up a gobbet of the clear grease on their fingers. It smelt faintly of lavender. Blushing, they reached round and rubbed it round their anal mouths and up into their rectums.

Gurney led them back into the corridor. The grease squished sensuously between April's buttocks as she walked. It felt very strange.

They stopped before the first two cells in the row. 'Right, you in here and you in there,' Gurney said, swinging the doors open.

Niki whimpered. 'Please, sir, I... don't want to be alone.'

'What? Are you two a pair then?'

Niki looked shocked while April felt an absurd blush of embarrassment colouring her cheeks. She said quickly: 'Oh no, sir! Just friends... and frightened.'

'The rule is one prisoner to a cell if there's the space,' Gurney said.

'Please, sir does it matter?' April asked. 'We'll share the bed. We won't give you any trouble...'

As he hesitated a wild impulse came to her mind. Yes it was mad... but she was in a mad world and there was nothing to lose. She turned her back on Gurney, shuffled her legs wide, bent over, reached behind her with her manacled hands and pulled her bottom cheeks wide, exposing her greased anus. She felt like a slut even as she looked at him over her shoulder.

'Please?'

Niki was gaping at her in disbelief. Gurney suddenly smiled.

He pushed Niki into the cell, swung the door shut with a clang, then took hold of April's collar. There was narrow barred hatch set

midway up the cell door, presumably for transferring a tray of food. Gurney flipped it open and pushed April's head through, twisting it sideways to slide it in, until her shoulders jammed against the bars. Then he pulled her arms up and out, twisting her shoulders, and hung her cuff rings over small hooks set high up in the doorframe. She was held bent over her torso sticking out into the corridor and her head inside the cell. She thought wildly: he's had girls like this before. The whole place is fitted out for confining women. How many more has he had before me? A warm wetness began to seep through her labia. She shuffled her legs wider...

Niki was staring at her in slack-jawed incredulity. April heard a rustle of cloth, felt Gurney's big rough hands clasp her hips and then gasped as his knob-head nuzzled her anal ring. She tried to relax.

Ugghh! He had rammed his whole shaft inside her and it was big! She'd only tried anal sex once before and hadn't enjoyed it and but for the greasing it would have hurt like hell now. Thank you Mr Jympson... Make this work. She moaned and grunted and squeezed on his shaft as it began to pump inside her, grinding her shoulders painfully against the bars. She tried to ignore it. Think like a slut... He hunched over her, snorting like a bull, and grabbed her heavy swaying breasts, crushing and rolling them in his hands. She whimpered, but that was all right. He must expect that. Don't hold it in. Let everything go. Ohhhh... fuck, she was actually getting seriously aroused. This was really too weird and sick and vile and she was probably mad but there was no going back and... no!

Gurney came deep in her bowels. She felt the individual hot spurts of his sperm. Then he stopped moving inside her. Too soon, too soon... but what else did she expect? None of this had been for her pleasure. At that moment the insight struck her that nothing in Nethervale would ever be for her pleasure...

With a contented sigh Gurney pulled out of her, trailing sperm from her gaping bumhole, buttoned up his flies and gave her bottom an affectionate slap.

‘You’re getting the hang of it fast, girl. See how easy it is when you know your place? I think you’ll sell well on the block...’

He freed April from the door, took her back to the washroom for another chilly enema and then put her into the cell with Niki.

‘I’ll be round later with some supper for you both,’ he said as he locked them in. ‘First I’ve got to fetch Daisy and Myrtle back from the display stand before their tits get cold.’ And he went back through to the lobby.

Niki was looking at April in amazement, disgust and a little awe.

‘What the... the fucking hell did you do that for? I mean how could you... Actually offering him your bum like a... And what’s happened to us and... Oh hell, April, this is all mad!’

And she threw her arms round April’s shoulders with a jingle of chain and sobbed her heart out.

It was some time before Niki recovered enough to let her go and wipe her red eyes. April got her a drink in the cells’ single tin mug. April felt a lot of emotions at that moment but none seemed to involve tears.

‘It made perfect sense,’ she explained. ‘I got it over with for the price of a sore bum... that’s all I’m going to worry about. He was going to do it anyway. He can take us whenever he wants. But this pleased him. And it was my choice. It showed he wasn’t immune to a come-on. We’re... well let’s face it, sex-slaves here, but that shows we can have some control. Do you see?’

Niki nodded slowly, thought for a minute and then said: ‘He’s going to have me the same way, isn’t he?’

‘Probably... yes.’

Niki gulped. 'I hope I'll be as brave as you.'

'It's not being brave, it's just accepting the inevitable and making the best of it. It's not so bad if you pay along. Actually... I was getting turned on towards the end. I nearly came.' She jingled her chains. 'Maybe these made it more exciting.'

'But it's so sick! How could you?'

'I know. This morning if you'd told me I'd do something like that I'd have thought you were crazy. But everything's different now. It doesn't make it right, but until we can get back home, we'll have to live with it. The rules aren't the same here.'

'But where is here?'

April had been thinking about that as well. She got up and went over to the tiny barred window. By standing on tiptoe she could see a small neat garden beyond, presumably the back garden of Gurney's cottage. It was very peaceful.

'Can you hear any sound of traffic?' she asked.

Niki joined her and listened. 'No.'

'Can you hear a power tool, or mower, or an aircraft? Have you seen a single contrail in the sky?'

'No.'

'No, not since we came down the hill. Nor any telephone poles, aerals or satellite dishes. And my phone didn't work. These people aren't playing a game. I think we're a long way from home. A really long way...'

## CHAPTER THREE

April watched in helpless fascination as Gurney buggered Niki.

It was early evening. Gurney had brought them super as he had promised: a simple but filling pie plus a bowl of fruit and cheese. He'd allowed them to eat and then returned to enjoy Niki as he had earlier used April.

Niki was kneeling on their cell bed with her bottom up, head down, knees well spread, back bowed and arms drawn behind and up, twisting her shoulders forward, with her wrists together and cuff rings hung over a wall hook. It was an ideal position for rear entry.

Gurney's thick shaft pumped steadily in and out of her tight anal pucker, making it bulge and suck alternately in a way April found utterly fascinating. She had never watched another couple having sex live in front of her before. For that matter she had only seen Niki undressed a few times in the showers of a health club. Now they were naked chained prisoners sharing the same cell and the same cock had sodomized both of them. As she watched April felt the warm wetness in her pussy and liquid flutter growing in her loins. She knew this was a brutal chauvinistic fantasy come to life, but she could not pretend it was not also deeply arousing. Had she always had these sluttish perverted desires? Otherwise how else could the events of a few hours have change her so much and driven her to behave as she had? No, surely not...

But then she had never had such a day as this one before.

There was a smack as Gurney slapped Niki's bottom to encourage her to be more active. She sobbed miserably but responded by pushing back with her hips as he thrust into her.

‘That’s better girl,’ he grunted. ‘A man wants to feel... he’s stirring a girl up... when he’s inside her... not shafting dead meat... now squeeze harder... that’s better!’

Gurney came, sagging over Niki’s blushing haunches. She gave a squeak and then a ragged sigh.

After a minute he pulled out of Niki’s rear and buttoned up, looking very content. Sperm began to dribble from Niki’s red-rimmed anus... sperm from the same cock that had filed Aprils’ rear only hours before, the ache of which still lingered. Gurney unhooked Niki, who looked dazed and rubber-legged, and took her to the washroom, leaving April still chained to the wall. They’d already seen him take Daisy and Myrtle, the girls from the slave display, through to the washroom earlier, before putting them back in their respective cells for the night. At least he keeps us clean, she thought.

When Gurney brought Niki back freshly douched he freed April. ‘Now you two get some sleep,’ he said. ‘You’ve a busy day tomorrow...’

The cell door clanged shut behind him.

When they were alone April hugged Niki tightly. ‘How are you?’

Niki still looked a little dazed but she managed to nod slowly. ‘Not too bad, I suppose. I tried not to think about it too much, just respond.’ She sat down on the bunk only to stand up again quickly, clasp her rear. ‘Oh... my bum’s sore... That’s some cock he’s got... but I suppose it could be worse.’ She blinked as if replaying her own words and her eyes started to fill with tears. ‘God! What a thing to say! I’ve just been — ’

April put her hand over her friend’s mouth to silence her. ‘Don’t say the “R” word. I’ve been trying not to think about it since the boys’ had us in the field. It’s not denying what’s happened it’s just not being a prisoner of it. That word comes with all sorts of baggage that



won't do us any good here, and here's where it counts not back home. I don't think Gurney would understand and he's what passes for a policeman round these parts. Think "screwed" or "bum-fucked" or even "ravished" if you have to. All right?' She took her hand away.

Niki took a deep breath and wiped her eyes. 'All right... I'll try.'

'Did you get anything out of it?' April asked curiously. 'I mean any sort of pleasure? If you did don't feel bad about it.'

Niki manage a small guilty smile. 'Well... once I'd relaxed. Towards the end I was getting a bit turned on. I've always had a bit of a thing for older men, though not in fancy dress! I should have imagined I was some Eighteenth century wench being screwed by the local squire. Maybe if it had gone on longer... but I don't think he's ever heard about letting a girl come first.'

'That's how I felt. I told myself that the worst thing about this is that he finished too soon.'

'Which is almost the same thing as saying we want more of the same.'

'Well we're going to get it whether we want it or not, so we might as well try to get something good out of it.'

'But what does that make us; whores... sluts?'

'No. Survivors, pragmatists, women lost in a real non-nonsense man's world. In the end it makes us who we are trying not to get ground-down by a system that puts us right at the bottom.'

That night they lay together in the narrow bunk huddled under a thin blanket. Cool fresh night air flowed in through the unglazed cell window. The dim yellow flicker of some street oil lamp filtered in with breeze. They heard distant footsteps on flagstones; laughter and the odd door bang shut. But still no sound of a car or aircraft, or

even that typical accompaniment to a summer's night: the bass thump of a music system blaring out through an open window.

Suddenly Niki said: 'I think I know when it happened.'

'What?'

'When it all changed for us; when we moved from our world to this one. I mean we are in another world, right? One of those parallel or alternate ones they talk about.'

'I guess we must be. This is too elaborate for any sort of put-up job. I don't understand how, though.'

'I think the how and the when go together. It was as we were squeezing through that passage in the rock to get away from those bloody quad-bikers. There was a moment when I thought I was stuck and couldn't breathe but I knew I had to go on so I pushed and pushed... and suddenly it got easier, like I'd sort of popped through something.'

'That's just what I felt!' April said excitedly. 'So... we pushed through into this place because we were being driven by fear and the desire to escape?'

'I think so. Maybe that cave is a sort of weak spot or bridge or something between there and here. It must have happened then because I couldn't hear the bike engine's afterwards, but they couldn't have been that far away if we were still in our world.'

'Which means, if we could get back to that rock wall and find the same crack, we can get back home!'

'We've nothing to lose by trying, have we?'

'Great, except...' April shook an arm so that her chains jingled. 'There's just the little matter of these and the barred cell and being put up for auction as slaves and so on.'

Niki forced a dry chuckle. 'Yeah, just those little things,' she agreed. 'Still, it's something to hope for.'

'It is! Let's not let it go. We'll take whatever comes the best we can and be good little bondmaids, or whatever they call us, but all the time we'll be looking for a chance to escape. They must make mistakes some time; drop a key, leave a door unbolting, whatever. When they do we'll be ready to make a run for the hill. An hour's freedom, that's all we need. Agreed?'

'Agreed!'

Naked flesh and chains, April thought as she held a softly snoring Niki in her arms, was a very odd combination. As they grew warmer together April became aware of the scent of Niki's body. Not an artificial scent but her true intimate feminine one. It was very nice... but also disturbing. Before she could begin worry about the possible connotations April herself lapsed into exhausted asleep while wondering what their friends and families would make of their disappearance. Her last thought was a hope that those quad-bikers would catch some of the blame.

Gurney gave them a little lecture before taking them to court early the next morning. They stood before him freshly washed and scrubbed, their hands cuffed behind them. He'd linked Niki's collar to the back of April's with a double hook-ended chain. Similar chains linked her to Daisy and then Myrtle, while a second leash chain hung from the front of April's collar. She would be leading the coffle. Daisy and Myrtle, clearly experience bondmaids, appeared quite calm, while April and Niki felt nervous, slightly sick and yet also oddly excited

'Now,' he warned them gravely, 'I'll be taking you outside in a moment and I don't want any trouble. I've been easy with you in here in private, like, as people often are with their maids, but outside people expect to see discipline. They'll be no chatter or backtalk when you're gags are out. Bondmaids are to be seen and not heard as they say. And when you're in front of Sheriff Hawkins you speak

only when spoken to, and be respectful, even when you're being tested, got that?'

'Yes, sir,' they said.

A sudden frightening thought struck April. 'Sir, if the Sheriff send us to auction like you say... will we be separated?'

Niki gave a gasp of dismay. 'No, please don't let them do that, sir!'

Gurney rubbed his chin. 'It's not really up to me... but as you've been good girls I'll see if I can have a word with the Sheriff. There might be more money in putting you up for auction as a pair. But you behave now, mind!'

'We will, sir, thank you, sir!'

They opened their mouths obediently to receive the gags he had ready. These were rather like metal bridles with curving straps that went across their mouths crossed by rubber bars to keep their tongues in place. Thinner metal straps went under their chins, and over their crowns to padlock behind their necks. It felt as disturbing as though their heads had been imprisoned.

Gurney gathered up the coffle leash and led them out for their second excursion through Ramswold.

This was slightly less traumatic than their first now their initial shock had muted, but April still felt an acute blush of shame spreading over her at her exposure before strangers. It might not have been so bad in the middle of the country, she decided. That seemed more natural. It was being naked in what would otherwise be in almost every other respect a perfectly normal, even picturesque, English country town, with so many clothed people about them.

Walking with her head lifted a little higher, April noticed more slaves in evidence in shop windows. There was a saddlers with a naked slave girl strung out on display like a living shop dummy, modelling what must have been the latest fashions in restraints. Then there was a bakery with a bondmaid setting out cakes. A cobbler had hit upon the classic juxtaposition of a slave girl striking poses in his window space wearing nothing but a pair of high leather riding boots.

A handful of people were already gathering outside the assembly rooms for the court session. Gurney paused briefly to secure Daisy and Myrtle in the display stand once more, then led April and Niki in through a side door to the main chamber. It was a sizable room with a man still setting out seats facing a raised dais on which was a high-backed chair and imposing table draped with a cloth bearing a coat of arms. Gurney tethered April and Niki to a wall ring in a corner beside a kind of large wooden lectern on wheels, where they could kneel down out of the way, and went out again.

Shortly afterward people began filing in and taking their seats. They looked with interest at April and Niki. When they were settled Gurney appeared through a side door and rapped his staff on the floor three times for silence.

‘This court is now in session. Sir Jethrow Hawkins presiding. All rise...’

A man dressed in a grander and more ornamented version of Gurney’s uniform, with epaulets, a badge, gold edging and a plume in his hat, entered the chamber. A small man in a dusty black frockcoat carrying a bundle of books and papers in his arms followed him in. The sheriff took up position in front of the big chair while his clerk stood by a smaller seat at the side of the table. The Sheriff doffed his hat formally to the claimants and spectators and they bowed back. He took his seat and the hearings began.

‘I call forward John Pudley and Thomas Grey...’ Gurney said.

Two men came up from their seats to stand before the dais. Gurney summarized the cause of the dispute and they make their arguments. The sheriff asked a few questions, consulted with clerk on any legal points and gave his judgement. Then the next claimants came forward. The cases were simple ones: minor personal injuries, boundary disputes, accusations of default, permission for major building work to be undertaken and so on. Old money was mentioned; crowns, florins and even farthings, all in such small sums that it seemed inflation, let alone decimalization, had never happened in Nethervale.

April guessed their assessment would be kept to the end, because free people's business came first. She was right. The cases dragged on, not much different from those that would have come up in a small claims court back home. Amazingly she was beginning to feel slightly bored when she was abruptly reminded of what a strange new land she was now in.

'I call Samuel and Eliza Briggs...'

A couple, both looking to be in their mid-thirties and quite smartly dressed by local standards, stepped up before the bench. The woman had a mass of striking red curls and a petulant expression.

Gurney explained. 'Mr Briggs lays a charge of repeated and wilful public disobedience before his wife, sir.'

'Describe these events, Mr Briggs,' the sheriff asked the man.

'Well, sir, on many occasions my wife has engaged me in shouting matches on the street over trifling matters, such as my not being willing to buy her a new hat or suchlike. One of these rows eventually resulted in a broken window that I was obliged to pay for. She'd badly enough behaved in private, but these events are too much. They bring down my standing in the community.'

‘This should be a private matter, sir,’ Hawkins said. ‘Why can you not keep your wife under better control? Have you chastised her properly?’

‘I have taken a rod to her behind many times, sir,’ Briggs said, ‘but to no avail. I feel the only course is for her to be publicly shamed and punished to knock some sense into her and remind her of her proper place.’

‘Have you anything to say for yourself, Mrs Briggs?’ The sheriff asked the woman.

The woman sniffed. ‘If he was more generous with his allowance I’d not get in such a state, sir. But he’s a real skinflint with money. How am I to dress right as befits his wife with so little?’

‘That’s not so, Eliza!’ Briggs protested. ‘You have a perfectly generous allowance to keep house.’

‘What would you know the price of anything except ale and girls at the Spreadeagle?’

‘Well I wouldn’t have to if you were not so tight with your favours and coming over sick when I want use of you?’

‘When you’re capable of getting it up once a month, you mean!’

‘You lying harlot!’

She slapped and clawed at his face while he grabbed and yanked on her hair.

‘Gurney!’ Hawkins shouted.

Gurney stepped in and separated the battling man and wife.

‘Mr Briggs, you are fined a florin for failing to exercise proper control over your wife and troubling this court with domestic matters,’

the sheriff said. 'The keeper of the Spreadeagle Tavern will be notified that you are banned from its premises for a month. Mrs Briggs you are sentenced to public chastisement and shaming on the morrow. You will be held in custody until then.'

As Briggs resentfully paid his fine to the clerk, Gurney clapped handcuffs onto a flushed and angry Mrs Briggs, slipped a chain leash over her head and led her over to a ring on the wall by April and Niki.

'Limp prick!' she called out contemptuously to her husband. The spectators sniggered.

'Gurney!' the sheriff said again. Gurney jammed a gag into Mrs Briggs's mouth, stifling further insults.

When order was restored Gurney announced: 'The last case: April Harper and Niki King. Two outlander women apprehended yesterday in Blackthorn Fields...'

A murmur of interest went up from the court as Gurney unhooked April and Niki from the wall and brought them forward, making them kneel down before the sheriff's table.

'What are the facts, Tipstaff?' the sheriff asked.

Briefly Gurney related how he had been called out to the fields by Wilf and had taken April and Niki into custody. There was of course no mention of him having given them to the boys to use as a reward. Their confiscated clothes and personal possessions were shown to the sheriff. April's mobile phone he handled gingerly as though it might explode.

April gulped at the sight of the familiar things, reminders of their past life that had been so freakily snatched away from them. But we'll get back somehow, she told herself.



Gurney concluded by saying: 'While in my in custody they've been very well behaved. I believe they came to Ramswold through mischance and not with any evil purpose.'

'That is what we are here to determine,' the sheriff said. 'Put them on the stand and let's hear what they have to say for themselves...'

April wondered what he meant since none of the other plaintiffs had stood in any special place. But Gurney was wheeling out the big lectern they had been tethered beside. Except it was not a lectern...

He unfolded wooden arms from the top of its central post until they stuck out horizontally. The arms were formed of dark wooden boards stood on edge and split into two halves held together by thick wooden screws. Leather straps hung from their ends. The inner edges of the boards where they butted together had two scalloped semi-circles cut out of them and set close together. The scallops had carved saw-tooth edges...

April swallowed hard as she realized what they were. They were breast stocks.

Gurney lifted her to her feet and pushed her chest against the board, feeding her breasts through the holes. The strap went round her back, holding her in place. Another wooden arm extended from the bottom of the stand had pairs of straps screwed to it that went round her ankles, holding her legs firmly apart. She was now held rigidly upright facing the sheriff. Gurney repeated the process with Niki until she was equally firmly secured beside April. Then Gurney began to twist the heavy wooden screws, closing the halves of the stocks about their breasts. Their eyes bulged in sympathy with their breasts as they were compressed and squeezed out into flattened pink and olive mushroom heads tipped with straining nipple crowns. April felt the toothed wood digging into her flesh, imprinting it like teeth and gurgled in alarm.

Only when there were tears in their eyes and they were tossing their heads and whimpering in pain behind their gags did Gurney stop. They stood locked in the stocks trembling and fearful.

‘When you are permitted to speak you will speak only the truth and do so without hesitation, is that understood?’ he said.

They nodded desperately. He removed their bridle gags, unhooked his strap from his belt and held it ready, measuring the distance from it to their bulging breasts with his eye.

‘April Harper, why did you come to Nethervale?’ the sheriff asked.

‘It was an accident, sir. We were on a walking holiday. We were chased by a load of drunks on quad-bikes and found this crack in the rocks...’

She went on to relate their adventure until Gurney appeared. She was deliberately vague about where in the woods they had emerged into Nethervale and fortunately the sheriff did not press for details. He then got Niki to tell the same story from her point of view, presumably looking for contradictions. When he was satisfied their stories matched he held up her cell phone. ‘What is this device?’

April tried to explain the functions of a cell phone but she suspected nobody believed her. The sheriff began pressing its buttons, got a selection of ringtones causing the onlookers to gasp in surprise and hastily put it down. ‘A strange device, but useless here, you say?’

‘Yes sir.’

‘No danger to anybody?’

‘No sir.’

He changed tack. 'Why were you unescorted on this "Cotswold Way walking tour" you say you were on?'

April blinked. 'Because we didn't need any escorts, sir. We're old enough to look after ourselves.'

'But you're women. You should be married or in service, not roaming about without leave.'

'Not where we come from, sir. Women there are as free and equal as men.'

There was a fresh mutter of surprise from the spectators

'That is dangerous talk, girl.' The sheriff said darkly. 'It goes against the natural way of things.'

Suddenly April understood their fear of outsiders, of anything "furrin". They didn't want their way of life threatened. April and Niki represented change.

'If by some means you returned to your land and this London of yours, would you tell others about Nethervale?' he asked.

'They probably wouldn't believe us if we did,' Niki said before April could speak up.

'So you would talk of Nethervale,' the sheriff said.

'If you let us return we'd promise not to, sir,' April said quickly

'But there will be questions.'

'We'll tell them we got lost, sir.'

'Can you guarantee that others might follow deliberately and not by chance?'

'Yes, sir.'

‘Test them, Gurney...’

Thwack! Thwack! Gurney’s strap cracked across the undersides of April’s taut breasts. She screamed as they bounced and trembled like rubber balls. Braced by their collars of wood at their roots, all the force of the blows was absorbed by her exposed globes. Another double blow and Gurney had lashed Niki’s imprisoned breasts as well. As they quivered her screams joined April’s.

‘Can you guarantee that?’ the sheriff demanded.

‘Yes!’ April gasped desperately, blinking back the tears.

‘Again, Gurney, until she tells the truth...’

Smack, smack, smack...!

Her tits were on fire, rebounding under the blows, turning pillar-box red. Tears were streaming down her face. Niki was sobbing: ‘Please, April, tell him!’

‘No!’ April shrieked at last. Gurney stayed his hand. ‘I can’t... guarantee... only promise... that we won’t tell!’

As she and Niki hung their heads, dripping tears on their simmering mammaries she heard the sheriff say: ‘And I cannot risk our society on the word of a mere girl. Close their mouths. I do not wish to hear them speak again...’

Lifting their heads Gurney locked their bridle gags back on.

‘This is my judgement,’ he told the court. ‘I’m satisfied these girls did not enter Nethervale with any ulterior motive or malign intent. But they cannot remain at large, spreading this heresy of equality. Nor can they be allowed to return to their own land, should such a thing be possible. They must be placed where they can do no harm until these ideas are driven out of them. Therefore they will be

marked as outsiders and outcasts without rights to their persons and shall be classed as chattels for the purposes of trade. They are consigned to serve as bondmaids in the parish and bounds of Ramswold until decreed otherwise. Let this be seen to be done right away. Tipstaff Gurney, have you the collars?’

Gurney produced a pair of well-worn steel collars. Stamped deeply into them were the words: “RAMSWOLD BONDMAID” followed by three-digit numbers. He removed April and Niki’s plain jail collars and replaced them with the new pair. The numbers were read out and placed in the court records. April was 382 and Niki 547.

‘Now mark them...’

His command sent a shiver down April’s spine, making her forget her sore breasts. Mark them? How?

Gurney showed them. He had two saucer-sized disks of thin flexible metal with straps hanging from their edge. A stencil pattern had been cut out of the middle of each disk in the shape of an “O” with a smaller “RW” inside it.

“O” for Outcast, or Outsider, April thought, and “RW” for Ramswold. But how would they be used to mark them? Then she saw many fine scratches misted the surfaces of the disks. Gurney strapped them across the upper slopes of their right buttocks so tightly that their soft flesh bulged up through the gaps.

April’s eyes widened. No!

Gurney had replaced his smooth punishment strap with one with a surface like sandpaper. Niki moaned and shook her head, eyes wide and pleading. But of course it was no good.

Positioning himself behind them Gurney began lashing the biting strap across first one bottom stencil and then the other, expertly striking only the metal disks and the patterns of exposed flesh at their centres. April and Niki bit on their gag bars in pain,

tossing their heads wildly and shrieking and sobbing as their flesh was precisely torn until it bled. The onlookers applauded loudly.

April was in agony. Such pain concentrated in such a small area. It was too much! Her bladder cut loose, spraying pee over the floor. A moment later Niki did the same. The spectators cheered and roared with laughter.

After what seemed a thousand years Gurney rested his hand. He carefully unstrapped and removed the stencils and mopped their buttocks clean with a wet cloth smelling of some spirit that stung terribly, dragging fresh moans of pain from their wracked bodies.

Fine bloody welts in the form of an "RW" encircled by an "O" were etched into their skins. Now he produced a bottle of deep purple ink and a brush and carefully painted over their scars, dabbing and wiping away any excess. April choked and gurgled miserably. The ink would seep into their scarred skin like tattoos. They were now indelibly marked as Ramswold Bondmaids.

## CHAPTER FOUR

They had to clean up their own pee afterwards of course.

When the sheriff's party had departed and assembly room was empty, except for Eliza Briggs still angrily gagged and chained in a corner, Gurney freed them from the whipping stand. He gave them cloths and a bucket of soapy water and stood over them while, on hands and knees, they wiped the floor clean.

They actually tortured us, April thought in disbelief, looking down at the tooth-like indentations left by the breast stocks around the roots of her still red and throbbing mounds. But again they were being given no time to feel sorry for themselves over what they had suffered but made to move on to face what came next. Their fresh strap brands simmered and pulsed as they shuffled forward and stretched the skin of their buttocks. She'd seen Niki's and had a desperate urge to find a mirror and see what hers looked like, but she knew that was not possible. Still they were not as painful as might have been. Gurney had brought a pot of cooling cream with him that he had dabbed on their wounds.

Just as April had been thinking this was a kindly act he had disillusioned her by saying cheerily: 'Go to get these healed as soon as possible. Whoever hires you is bound to want to give those pretty arses of yours a good hiding and we don't want them messing up these nice clean edges.'

They were marked for life, April thought. No she must not dwell on it! Still it felt as though the reddened skin of her pendant breasts stung in sympathy as they swayed under her.

'Neat jobs if I do say so myself,' Gurney commented cheerfully as he surveyed their rumps. 'You'll be proud of them when they heal.'

He means it, April realized.

When they were done Gurney led them all out to the public display stand before the assembly rooms.

Tethering Eliza temporarily to a post he fitted April and Niki with chastity belts like Daisy and Myrtle already wore. From the waistband a metal strap went down between their legs and up between their buttocks. It supported a little perforated oval grille over their pubes and a plug up their greased rears, which squished sensuously inside them. They would be no danger of them emptying their bowels while they were in place. The belts were clearly not intended to protect either their modesty or virtue as such. Gurney explained as he locked them into place.

‘Once you’re on display people will be able to examine you close up. But we can’t have anybody taking advantage without paying for the privilege, now can we?’

So we’re not expected to give away free samples, April thought. How very restrained.

Making them stand on a low bench he locked the suspended yokes about their necks and wrists and the support bars and stirrups to their feet. Then he pulled the bench away. April and Niki dangled and swayed in the air, neatly displayed for all to see beside Daisy and Myrtle. The last thing he did was to hang notices from their collars. These read: FOR LEASE

‘I’ll feed and water you at lunchtime and bring a pisspot round,’ he told them. Then he gathered up Eliza and led her off.

Some people had loitered after the court session and were the first to come to look them over as soon as Gurney departed. After this crowd had thinned almost every passer by paused to take a closer look. It was a free chance to prod and grope a pair of pretty,



helpless naked women and so it was unsurprising they took advantage when the opportunity was offered. That's what we're here for, April thought bitterly, to be taken advantage of. Was that one definition of a slave?

Daisy and Myrtle took the attention in their stride, but April felt frightened and horribly vulnerable, even though her belt protected her from the worst people might do. She read the same emotions in Niki's face and tried to smile in reassurance around her gag strap.

A few of their examiners took a sadistic delight in squeezing their sore breasts or worse probing their throbbing bondmaid insignia. Over and over fresh tears sprang to their eyes.

But even more disturbing was the way they discussed them like farmers debating the merits of cattle in a market. We're not animals! April wanted to shout at them. The trouble was by Nethervale standards it was very nearly what they were. Mostly it was men but sometimes it was the local equivalent of housewives out shopping who stopped to look them over, going down the line as they hung there like sides of meat.

'Now those are better shaped titties.'

'But hers are fuller.'

'Broader haunches on this one. You'd get more work out of her.'

'But they're not as firm as hers.'

'I think she looks steadier, more docile.'

'I don't know, a lively one can be amusing to break in...'

Yet despite, or perhaps because of this, April could not help being aroused. Her tender nipples stood up relentlessly hard from her sore breasts. Hot sticky wetness built up behind the band of her

chastity belt and leaked out onto her thighs. This embarrassing exudation was soon noticed and many fingers were hooked round her belt grille to investigate its source.

‘This is a juicy one.’

‘Naturally ratty by the looks of it.’

‘She’s just begging to be bought...’

True to his word Gurney turned up at midday with a basket of food. Cautioning them not to utter a word he removed their gags long enough to eat and drink. Then he loosened the groins straps of their chastity belts so they could pee into a bucket he held between their legs. Daisy and Myrtle managed this quite unconcernedly but April and Niki were overcome with acute embarrassment at peeing in such a public location and had to screw up their eyes to perform.

When he was done he said: ‘I’ll take you back to the lockup at sundown.’

The afternoon was no better than the morning. April thought she would never feel clean again after so many hands had pawed her. By the time evening was drawing in and Gurney came to collect them the thought of being taken back to their cell almost felt like going home. She actually welcomed being put into the coffin.

Back in their cell they had their first chance to examine their scar tattoos closely, each being a mirror for the other. By now they just stung dully and only really hurt if they stretched their skin. Examining Niki’s April realised they had felt bigger and deeper being put on than they actually were, being only about five or six centimetres across. The stained skin was welted up at the moment and would presumably subside in due course, but it would leave a far deeper more solid mark behind than any tattoo she had seen before.

After April had assured Niki it did not look that bad she lay face down on the bunk so Niki could check hers. She decided the brutal manner the mark had been put on them and the meaning it carried were worse than the insignia itself. If she'd seen it on another woman she would have hardly looked twice. An encircled "RW" could mean anything. Only they knew better.

They had in effect been branded like animals, but to whom could they complain? Gurney had only been doing his job and at least he'd done it neatly and nobody else would care. They were now officially marked as outcasts and outsiders as per local custom and that was that. All bondmaids suffered the same indignity.

After Niki had examined her slave mark in turn and found it no different, April said decisively: 'When we get home we can have them removed. Now let's try not to think about them. We'll beg some more of that cream from Gurney and hope they heal as soon as possible...'

A little later, as they took their turn visiting the washroom at the end of the cellblock corridor, they passed Eliza Briggs occupying a spare cell. She was now stripped naked, gagged and blindfolded and chained tightly against the bars, so that her pale breasts, were squeezed between them and ballooned out on the corridor side. Gurney tweaked her full red nipples as he passed, making her flinch. He chuckled at her response. 'You'll have it worse tomorrow, girl,' he warned her.

While they performed their toilet before Gurney, April asked something that had been on her thoughts all day: 'Please sir, were you able to talk to the Sheriff? Will we be sold as a pair tomorrow?'

'I did, and he said you could be if that improved your selling price. You've had plenty of interest on display today, but tomorrow you've got to show people you'd be something special as a pair. Pity you aren't trained to perform together. There's nothing like seeing a couple of pretty girls licking their cunnies out for your pleasure. But you said you were just friends...'

April and Niki exchanged acutely embarrassed glances. Niki hastily changed the subject. 'Please sir, what will happen to Eliza tomorrow?

'A regular public lashing and shaming,' Gurney said. 'It's a common punishment for women who can't behave themselves, and the threat helps keep others in line. I'm just softening her up for it with a bit of private shaming of my own.' He chuckled.

'But... doesn't her husband mind, sir?' Niki asked, now genuinely curious.

'He asked for a judgement, so he's got to abide by the consequences,' Gurney said simply. 'Anyway it's not her first time in here, the saucy redheaded baggage! Every few months this happens. It spices things up a bit for them, I think. Then she and her husband make up and they're all lovey-dovey for a while. But you'll have a chance to see it all for yourselves. She'll be put up before you're sold off.'

'Are men ever punished in the same way, sir?' April asked.

Gurney laughed. 'No, they get fined or sent to do hard labour. Shaming's for women's crimes. Everybody enjoys a good shaming.'

'Even women, sir?' April asked.

'Women especially. Makes 'em feel superior. Nearly as good as buying a bondmaid.'

'How can a woman possibly take another woman as a slave, sir?' Niki wondered.

'Because no woman ever believes it'll happen to her,' Gurney said with a knowing grin. 'Until it does...'

'And there are no male slaves, sir?' April asked.

‘No. Men slaves would be harder to control; might even be dangerous. The man of the house would never have them around. Women are easier to tame and train. Maybe you don’t know it, being furriners and all, but it comes naturally to them.’

April bit her lip to hold back her “natural” response to this assertion. Niki asked: ‘But what about male outsiders, sir? Aren’t they made into slaves?’

Gurney looked thoughtful. ‘Never heard of there ever being any outlander men found. Just women.’ He grinned, looking them up and down appreciatively. ‘Which, when they’re choice specimens like you two, is fine by me!’

After supper as they sat on their bunk they could hear Gurney continuing to “soften up” Eliza in the next cell. He was no doubt enjoying the delights of her posterior as he had theirs.

‘He’s got five women in here now he can use as he wants!’ Niki exclaimed with a disbelieving shake of her head. ‘And he gets paid for this job as well? What a fucking mad place!’

April agreed. ‘Well there must be plenty of girls to keep in line if what he said about there being no outsider men is true. If women like us have been dropping in here for years and being made into bondmaids there might be hundreds of them... thousand maybe.’

Niki shuddered. ‘So Nethervale is really a slave society?’

‘It must be. And it’s been that way for a long time. They’ve got all the facilities and legal processes worked out for handling slaves. It’s part of everyday life. We were paraded bare-arsed through the streets and hardly got a second glance. Which is why they don’t want change or anything upsetting the order. That’s why the sheriff wants us to be kept out of the way.’

‘But how can women put up with using other women as slaves? Don’t they feel for them?’

‘They managed it back home up to a couple of hundred years ago. Besides, here they don’t seem to get much say in it. It’s all pretty male-dominated. Anyway, you heard Gurney; they don’t think it’ll happen to them. And if you can buy a maid, who everybody believes is little better than a pet, but who can be trained to do the housework for you, why worry?’

Niki nodded and sighed. ‘And that’s where we’re going to end up tomorrow. I just hope we can stay together!’

Taking a deep breath April brought up the subject they had both been avoiding. ‘According to Gurney, we’ve got a better chance if we can perform... like a pair.’

‘Put on a girl-on-girl sex show, he means.’

‘Yes.’

‘Have you ever, you know, done it with a girl?’

‘No. Have you?’

‘No. But... if it might help keep us together, I’m ready to try. I mean we don’t have anything to lose, do we?’

‘No.’

They both sat staring at each other and blushing furiously, each unwilling to make the first move.

‘If it helps, I always thought you had a hot body,’ Niki said.

‘Me too... I mean, I’ve always thought you had one to.’

There was another awkward pause. Niki said: ‘I read in some magazine that women find it much easier to make same-sex love than men, even if they’re not real lesbians. So this should...’

April leaned forward quickly and kissed Niki on the lips. Her mouth was warm and moist and her breath was sweet and hot. Slowly Niki responded. April could feel the heat of her body and its special scent. Their breasts touched and flattened against each other...

Niki suddenly pulled back, wiping her lips. 'I'm sorry! I know this is fucking crazy but I'm too knotted up inside! I can't relax! After what we've been through and the screwing we've had to put up with I should be able to manage this but I can't. Not cold like this. It doesn't feel right!'

'Maybe that's the problem,' April said. 'We've been forced to do all the rest but we're trying to make this personal and romantic. But it isn't.' She took a deep breath. More madness beckoned. 'This is about or survival here and might make the difference between us getting home or not. If it helps then we've got to do this one way or another.' She cocked her ear. 'I think Gurney's finished with Eliza. We need his help. He's probably had his fill for the day but I shouldn't think he'll mind...'

Gurney swiped his cane across April's bottom again. 'Harder, girl! I want to see you ride her into the ground!'

Niki lay on her back across the bunk with her head overhanging its edge and hands drawn out to the sides and chained to rings in the wood frame. Her legs were raised in a "V" in the air and her ankles chained to rings in the cell wall. Her inner thighs were striped with cane marks. April, her hands cuffed behind her back, lay face down across Niki so that she straddled her head and her own face was buried between Niki's thighs. April ground her sex into Niki's face even as she lifted her hips to rub her pubes into April's vulva. Their noses and tongues were each deeply buried in the others hot, swollen, streaming delta clefts, lapping and sucking by instinct. A fresh stinging blow from Gurney's cane punished any letup from the single-minded display of raw lesbian passion they had asked him to force out of them.

It was shameful and exciting and frightening at once to have all the barriers of propriety torn down. Less than forty-eight hours in this strange land and she was making love to her best friend while chained and caned! A whole new world of sensations was overwhelming her; Niki's sweaty, silky skin whispering against hers, the animal heat from her body, the vital scent of her arousal, the taste of her juices, all intensified by the stinging pain of the cane blows that drove them on. But this time a man coming before them and leaving them unfulfilled would not cut their pleasure short. The only end would be a climax for them both. Gurney would see to that. They had no choice but to please him by pleasing themselves.

Niki's darting tongue was teasing her swollen clit while she did the same for her love bud. They sucked and nibbled in synchrony. They were communicating through their tongues and clitorises: a loop of pure pleasure. It seemed all the pain and frustration of this strange day had built to this point. Was this a punishment or reward? She was no longer sure.

Now Niki was gasping and bucking under her and she was riding her face with frantic jerk of her hips, sweat stinging her buttock cleft and passion juices soaking Niki's face, and Gurney was laying his cane across her backside and Niki's spread thighs alternately. Suddenly he cast his cane aside, ripped open his flies and rammed into April's cleft, forcing Niki's lips aside with his resurgent cock.

'Lick me, girl, lick me!' he commanded. And Niki lapped at his shaft as it plunged into April and at her clit as it was forced into even greater prominence by his thrusts.

Filled inside and quickened from without a shocking pink explosion of pure pleasure blasted April's mind and she collapsed over her lover's body writhing body. And only then came the spurt of Gurney's final ejaculation of the day inside her. As though from a great distance she heard him say: 'Ahhh... now that's how bondmaids should perform!'



## CHAPTER FIVE

Both April and Niki were virtually tongue-tied the next morning, hardly able to look each other straight in the face, far less put their feelings into words. Acute embarrassment vied with surprise for the dominant emotion. When by chance their eyes did meet they either looked away quickly or else dissolving into fits of blushing giggles like schoolgirls.

April had not expected their pragmatic experiment at lesbian lovemaking to have been so overwhelming. It had been the most intense orgasm she had ever known. Yet they had done what they had out of necessity, not lust. True, Niki was her best friend and she knew she liked her, but could it be she genuinely loved her as well, both emotionally and physically? And was this desire reciprocated? Were they both either unknowingly gay or at least bisexual, or was their uninhibited response simply a product of the unreal, perverted situation they were in? Had the chains and caning or Gurney's last minute entry added to the power of the experience, disturbing as such a possibility was even to consider? What was Nethervale doing to them?

However once again they had too many questions and too little time to answer them. Today they were going to auction.

When they were all clean and fed and their hair combed, Gurney arranged them in a neat coffle with Eliza, her pale buttocks bearing unmistakable cane stripes, in the lead. They were all simply ball-gagged and not burdened by chastity belts. Nothing would be hidden from sight or protected from access today. April saw Daisy and Myrtle's faces and pubes properly for the first time and realised how pretty they were. But not as pretty as Niki, she found herself adding.

A crowd was already gathering in front of the Assembly Rooms when they arrived just before midday when the auction, and

Eliza's shaming, was scheduled. Eliza's husband was standing in the front row with a couple of friends and gave her a look of satisfied contempt. He was carrying a leather leash in his hand.

Gurney tethered his coffle to a hitching post beside the raised platform and its stone block and conferred with a small official-looking man also wearing a tricorne hat, who April took to be the town clerk or similar. A couple of lads who seemed to be assisting were sent round the back of the building and came back shortly afterwards pushing a device at the sight of which Eliza gave a muffled moan.

It was rather like a gymnastic pommel horse on a set of wheels, except the body of the horse was a narrow beam of dark-stained wood. Rigid stirrups hung from its sides and rings and chains dangled from the ends of the main beam. Under the body of the horse were iron wheels and gears. The largest wheel had a rim studded with knobs and finger-like projections, the upper part of which protruded through the top of a slot cut in the main beam of the horse. Just behind this slot a bulbous-tipped wooden rod, also polished and dark stained, rose at a slight forward angle from the top of the beam.

As they watched Gurney had the lads slot two long crank handles into the gear mechanism so that they extended out on either side of the rear end of the horse. Then the device was positioned behind the platform.

The clerk stepped up onto the stone platform. Gurney rang a hand bell that silenced the chatter and the clerk addressed the crowd.

'On behalf of the Parish of Ramswold I offer for sale two bondmaids and for lease two others. I also call on you to witness the public shaming and chastisement of Eliza Briggs, married woman. The shaming shall take place first. Bring her forward...'

While Gurney separated Eliza from the coffle his assistants rolled the horse up onto the platform so that everybody could get a

good view. Eliza was shaking her head and moaning by now and Gurney had to drag her up onto the platform. Her legs were pulled wide and Gurney and the two lads, enjoying a grope as they did so, lifted Eliza bodily up and onto the horse, straddling its central beam. Her anus was aligned with the tip of the wooden rod and she was impaled upon it, making her eyes bulge as its length slid up inside her. As Eliza's buttocks kissed the beam the knobs and fingers of the arc of the wheel protruding through it sank into the open slot of her vulva, making her moan afresh. Gurney crooked her legs and pushed her feet into the stirrups, which were buckled to her ankles so she could not slip out of them.

Now she could lift herself off the beam a little by straightening her legs but not enough to free herself from the rod up her anus, which kept her pussy centred over the wheel.

Gurney took hold of her mass of red curls, twisted it into a rope and tied it round a ring that was attached to chain running up from the rear end of the horse, pulling her head back. Then he took up a pair of lighter chains that were fastened to the front end of the horse. They had loops already formed in their ends. These he pushed over her breasts and drew tight like nooses, with the trailing chain ends on the undersides. The links cut into her tender flesh. He adjusted the length of the chains by hitching the links round hooks on the ends of the beam until they were taut. Her breasts were now bunched up and pulled forward by the nooses, their nipple-capped tips being turned upwards by the tension. She could not lean forward to lessen the tension because of the chain holding her head backwards. The same tension was holding her vulva firmly against the rim of the big wheel.

While Eliza's eyes rolled miserably over her gag, Gurney drew out a whip from where it had been stowed in the base of the horse and swished it experimentally through the air. He pulled the gag from Eliza's mouth at the same moment as giving a nod to the two lads. They took hold of the long crank handles projecting from the sides of the horse and began turning.

The big wheel spun, gouging its knobs and fingers through the cleft of Eliza's vagina, the plump outer lips of which were spread on either side of it. They began to ripple as the projections forced them apart, digging up into her vaginal mouth and tearing at her clitoris.

Eliza gave a howl of pain. Her thighs bunched as she strained to lift herself up and away from this painful and intimate stimulation. Her body rose a few centimetres up the shiny rod sticking into her bottom. Then the chains bound to her hair and about her breasts grew tight and with a sob of frustration she was jerked back down again.

There was crack as Gurney's whip hissed through the air and smacked across the tempting target of Eliza's bunched up breasts. She screamed at jerked backwards by reflex, succeeding only in drawing the chain nooses even tighter about her breasts.

A long red line blazed into life across their pale soft undersides. Again the whip cracked and again Eliza howled and blubbed, twisting and reeling her upper body from side to side. But she was impaled and trapped, helplessly riding the remorseless grinding wheel while Gurney added stripe after burning stripe to her breasts, now wet with her streaming tears, that bounced and jiggled and shivered with each blow.

And with each crack of leather on flesh the crowd cheered and applauded, the women as loudly as the men, and none more so than Eliza's own husband. A part of April knew it was a cruel punishment out of all proportion to her crime, but still she could not look away from Eliza's trembling red breasts and almost equally flushed, wet and swollen vulva. It was a terrible ordeal for a woman to undergo, intertwining pain, humiliation and stimulation, made ten times worse for being carried out in public. Yet even as Eliza moaned and sobbed the rim of the wheel was glistening with her secretions, and April found her own pussy wetting in sympathy.

The torment had its desired effect as Eliza began to utter words between her yelps and sobs of pain.

‘I’m sorry... ohh... by God I’m sorry! Please take me back... ahhh... husband! I was wrong and... ughh... selfish. Please... awww... I’ll be good, very good!’

But the boys continued to crank the handles while Gurney plied his whip with undiminished vigour. They and the eager crowd were waiting for the payoff, for Eliza to suffer the ultimate humiliation that would signal her total humbling and submission to the hand of men and the power they wielded.

It came with a sob and a moan, a rolling of her eyes and rapid jerk of her hips. Juices splattered from the turning wheel that had gouged an unwilling orgasm out of its victim. Its symbolism was not lost on the watching crowd who cheered and catcalled her helpless display. In this land pleasure was not Eliza’s to withhold.

Gurney laid down his whip and the lads stopped cranking. Eliza was unchained and pulled off the horse, the wooden rod sliding reluctantly from her rear, and put down on her hands and knees. Shakily, still dribbling juices from her ravaged vagina, she crawled over to her husband and kissed his boots. He patted her head and clipped the leash to her jail collar and led her away like a dog.

While the applause was ringing out the horse was wheeled off the podium and the clerk climbed back up in its place. Gurney rang his bell for silence.

‘Next we move on to the sale of bondmaids,’ the clerk announced. ‘The first two lots are being offered for sale outright. Their owners certify both girls are fully broken in, trained and experienced in both domestic duties and farm work. Bring up Daisy 215...’

Gurney unhitched Daisy from the coffle and took her up to the platform where she stepped up the stone block. April gulped at the

sight of her. There she stood, head shyly lowered, resting her weight on her left leg while her right was slightly bent and extended forward, bare toes pointing in a classic posture of display. Her arms were cuffed behind her and she wore a heavy collar round her neck, but she still seemed perfectly at ease and natural in her bonds. Her skin was perfectly evenly tanned, without any swimsuit or underwear shadows. How long since she had worn clothes? She was not strikingly beautiful but her features were regular and figure good, with sturdy legs and firm buttocks. It was her attitude that arrested the eye. She was the picture of a complete submissive slave. Who would not want to own such a creature?

The word “own” shocked April out of her reverie and back to reality.

She had shared a display stand, a coffer and slept in adjacent cells to Daisy but they had never had a chance to exchange a single word. And now she, a human being, was going to be sold like an animal! Whether April would ever see her again depended on the whim of Daisy’s buyer. It was so wrong! Nethervale was evil! She was frightened and wanted to go home...

The rage flared briefly, flickered and died inside April. That might all be true but there was nothing she could do about it. She had to stay calm.

As the clerk extolled Daisy’s attributes, Gurney displayed her to the audience, turning her round like a pliant puppet in his experienced hands. He squeezed and lifted her breasts, bent her over and pried open her buttocks and peeled back her labia. And all the time Daisy kept that same composed, shy, half hopeful expression on her face. How many times had she been sold, April wondered?

The bids started coming in. Daisy was eventually sold for eighteen shillings and sixpence to a smartly dressed portly man at the back of the crowd. It was probably a lot of money by local standards, but then he was buying a pretty girl to do with as he

pleased. Would she be his slave for life or would he tire of her after a few years and put her up for sale again?

Myrtle 163 was put up on the block and was put through the same intimate display. She possessed the same strange alluring poise and shy confidence that Daisy had, and was eventually sold to a couple for seventeen and threepence.

Suddenly the clerk was saying: 'The next two lots are year chattels of this parish, both recently captured outsiders, being sold on limited lease as a pair. Bring up April 382 and Niki 547...'

And now it was their turn.

As Gurney freed them from the hitching post he said gruffly: 'And don't forget, whoever buys you is your master, even if only for a week, so address them right and respectfully. And remember to keep your legs wide when you kneel...'

April's mouth was dry and her stomach was turning itself in knots. They were going to be sold! The path to the block was endless. Then she was standing on it swaying next to Niki, with dozens of eyes upon her. She was naked in a nightmare. It was not real. This could not be happening...

'This pair are most appealing if not yet experienced,' the clerk continued. 'Good natured if handled well but require some training. You can see that April has most fulsome breasts...'

And as he detailed their best points Gurney manipulated them as he had Daisy and Myrtle, exposing their every fleshy curve, furrow and orifice to the gaze of the crowd and inviting them to imagine how it would be to explore them for themselves.

'... and so I am offering them for a one month lease,' the clerk said. 'Any takers?'

Nobody spoke.

April was aghast, suddenly filled with a ridiculous sense of affronted pride. They were both prettier than Daisy or Myrtle, so why did they not get the bids? Suddenly she understood. They did not act like slaves. They had been awkward, stiff and tense as Gurney had manipulated them, unlike Daisy and Myrtle's submissive pliancy. It seemed looks alone were not enough to make the knowledgeable bondmaid owners of Ramswold want to risk good money on them.

'A fortnight, then,' the clerk amended. 'What am I bid for a fortnight's use of these two fresh prime bondmaids?'

Still nobody made a bid. And they were "furriners" and outsiders as well, April thought, perhaps with strange habits. They were not worth the risk until somebody else had broken them in. April felt shame of a whole new order closing over her: that of inadequacy, of public failure.

'One week, then, or I'll sell them as separate lots...'

She heard Niki whimper in fear. They might get split up and sold for pennies! She could not let that happen...

April twisted round and kissed Niki passionately on the lips. After a second's startled hesitation she responded. She smothered Niki's face with kisses and then moved down to her nipples, nipping and sucking then into erection. Niki gasped. April went down on her knees, kissing Niki's belly. She brushed her lips across her pubic fluff and then nuzzled into her sweet, soft furrow. Niki sighed, parted her legs and closed her thighs about April's head...

Gurney grasped their collars and pulled them apart with a low chuckle. There was laughter and a scattering of applause from the crowd at their display. Now they stood before them flushed, excited and alive.

'There, now,' the clerk said with relief, 'raw they may be but see how passionate they are. The slightest opportunity and they're at



it like bunnies! What a fine pair of maids to keep one entertained and warm at night. Now what am I bid?’

A hand came up. It belonged to a thin, bespectacled man in a matching black frock coat britches and gaiters, with a white drop-winged band about his high collar. ‘A florin for them.’

‘Leased to Parson Hopgood for a week!’ the clerk said with relief, not risking a wait for further bids.

They’d been hired out to the local vicar for two shillings!

## CHAPTER SIX

Perhaps it was due to some lingering sense of religious propriety instilled in her school days but April felt a brief thrill of guilty shame at being led naked through a graveyard. But it must be all right because it's the village parson who's leading us, she added mentally, admitting to herself at the same time that she was not exactly sure how a parson differed from a regular vicar. She was sure however that back home neither of them would have leased a pair of naked slave girls at an auction. But then this was Ramswold, she reminded herself, and they do things differently here.

She and Niki were still a little light-headed with relief at having got through their first auction still together. And now they were the temporary property of a man who did not exactly look as though he ruled with an iron fist... As he had paid his two shillings over, fumbling for the money while chatting amiably with the clerk, April and Niki had exchanged meaningful glances with the same thought on their minds. He was just the sort to get careless over locking up his charges. An hour of freedom, that's all they needed. But they must play the dutiful slaves first.

So they followed meekly along at Parson Hopgood's heels as he led them through the village. Gurney had politely lent him a pair of leashes and said to return them together with the lock-up issue gags and cuffs April and Niki were still wearing when it was convenient.

After being bought by a clergyman April wondered at the sort of building he would occupy, and indeed at what sort of religion if any was practised in Nethervale. But when they went through the churchyard gate they saw it was a typical modest church, built out of the ubiquitous honey-coloured limestone. It had a square tower with a clock on one face and the usual arched windows and buttresses set amid ranks of moss-encrusted gravestones, slabs and assorted religious statuary.

Hopgood led them in through the main porch with its dark oak doors. April shivered at the transition from bright sunlight to stone-cool interior, accompanied by another guilty frisson. Now she was naked actually inside a church... that was positively wicked!

There were rows of pews, an impressive hammer-beamed roof, sunlight streaming in through stained glass windows, a faint but pervasive mustiness and the lingering smell of candles. It might have been any church back home... except for the frescos on the walls. In between the windows the plastered walls had been painted with scenes April presumed were taken from the Bible, or whatever the local equivalent was. There were a lot of people in mediaeval flowing robes in front of romanticised middle-eastern settings. There was also a lot of bare flesh. In fact it was mostly bare flesh... and no fig leaves.

Of course she knew that even the Bible back home, especially the Old Testament, was full of sex and violence, but whoever had chosen these images had picked those incidents almost to the exclusion of anything else. There were scenes of ravishment, people enslaved in chains and revealing rags and depictions of saints, both male and female, being gruesomely martyred. And all were represented in graphic detail. Cocks were hard and long, vulvas gaped and dripped, blood ran. Each scene had its own caption on a little flowing banner giving suitable explanations, biblical quotes and where appropriate chapter and verse numbers.

April and Niki had both faltered halfway along the nave as their eyes goggled over the display of uninhibited sex and subjugation. Unsurprisingly Sodom and Gomorrah featured heavily, with their inhabitant's excesses being depicted in meticulous detail, as was their downfall, which was apparently in Nethervale seen as being equally violent and pornographic. It was not simply the imagery as such that startled them but how openly it was displayed in a church. On the other hand, where better? It was at the same time perfectly understandable and yet horribly wrong. But then what

else should they expect from a society that kept girls as naked slaves and flogged and mechanically screwed errant wives in public?

As they slowed down their leashes grew taut and Hopgood looked round. Seeing the direction of their gaze he said: 'Ahhh... yes, you're admiring our walls. Fine work, isn't it? By Edward Lessiter, you know. Or, I suppose, being "furriners" as the locals like to call your kind, you do not. No matter. Art transcends such barriers...'

At the alter end of the nave was a small raised pulpit. A couple of life-size crosses draped in red velvet covers and mounted on stands were rolled back against the walls. Hopgod led them past these and through to the vestry before April could see any more.

It was a good-sized room with robes hanging on pegs, store cupboards, a large well-worn table and assorted chairs. Hopgood had them kneel and tied their leashes to the table leg. Then he pottered off through a side door to return a minute later with a large tin bowl of water that he set down in front of them. Then he undid their gags.

'Drink, you must be thirsty...'

They bent their heads over the bowl, lapping and sucking at the water as neatly as they could. All right, April thought, so he was treating them like a pair of dogs but at least it was considerate.

When she was done she recalled Gurneys last words to them. She sat back on her heels, shuffled her knees wide, trying not to think how she was shamelessly exposing herself, and said: 'Thank you, Master.' Niki quickly copied her.

Hopgood appeared to approve their show of submission. 'I've heard tales about the other land that outsider women are supposed to come from. I understand you have many religions there, is that true?'

April was happy to talk to him about anything he wanted if it put him at ease with them. 'Yes, Master. There are Protestants, Catholics, Jews, Hindus, Muslims, Buddhists, and... well, hundreds of religions.'

'Those names are strange to me. We only have the one true church here. Perhaps, coming from such a heathen land, that is strange to you?'

'Almost everything is strange here, Master. I mean this church looks just like one of ours from outside, but inside. The paintings on the walls are... well, a bit extreme.'

'Very nicely done, but not what we're used to, Master,' Niki said quickly.

'But they are faithful reproductions from the one book,' Hopgood said. 'They depict the lust and suffering at the heart of life. The path to truth lies through suffering. These things are to be celebrated... as long as in doing so they conform to the guiding precepts, of course. And what other differences are there between your land and this?'

'None of our churchmen would own bondmaids, Master. We don't have slavery. It's thought of as evil.'

Hopgood looked genuinely surprised. 'How odd. It's such an excellent method of redemption. In fact it's the only hope for bondmaids' souls. Not that you have souls to redeem at the moment, of course, but if you submit to the one way you may be granted them one day.'

April didn't like the way the conversation was going. 'We don't have souls, Master?'

'The church classifies bondmaids and outcasts as being between man and animal. Non-persons. You exist as it were in an ecclesiastical limbo.' He looked them up and down with an

unashamedly hungry eye. 'It is impossible to commit sin with one of your kind.'

'That must be very... convenient for you, Master,' April said, her mouth going dry despite her recent drink.

"Convenient", that's a good word. Lust must be safely channelled where it can do no harm and suffering celebrated. It will be for your sakes as well, of course. You are lost but you can be found again!'

April swallowed hard. 'Through suffering, Master?'

'Exactly. It is your lot to suffer, to give pleasure and absorb inappropriate lust. Through your pain we are made purer!'

He sprang up and went over to a cupboard.

Niki muttered: 'Oh fuck, he's a nutcase!'

Hopgood threw open the cupboard. Hung inside the doors and on every shelf were cuffs and chains, lashes, straps, rods and other unidentifiable pieces of ironware.

'No... just normal for Nethervale,' April said miserably.

Hopgood was laying out an array of items on the table. 'First I must replace your restraints with church approved designs. Mustn't forget to return those you're wearing to Gurney after he so kindly lent them. But they really are not severe enough. You must be guided, shaped and moulded. You're bodies... such pretty bodies... must be properly confined.' He held up two ovoid cages formed out of thin bands of metal. 'First your mouths and tongues must be restricted. Stand up!'

Having no choice they obeyed. The cages hinged open at their apex into front and back halves. He closed these about their heads, tightening them with small screws until the metal pressed

against their skin. Curving contoured bars went across their foreheads, divided in an inverted “V” about their noses, across their cheeks, over their crowns from front to back, round the back of their heads above and below their chins and about their necks just above their collars. It was as though their heads were imprisoned in a metal basketwork. The tightly woven bands resisted even raising their eyebrows in despair.

There was yet one more refinement. Two curving rubber-sheathed hinged arms with cleft springy tips were mounted on the cheek bars. Hopgood prized open their jaws and swung the arms between them. The arms formed bits wedged between their teeth while the cleft tips clamped about their tongues, holding them immobile. All expression was now denied to them except the helpless rolling of their eyes.

‘That’s better,’ Hopgood said, admiring their imprisoned features. ‘Your mouths will be unsullied now. They will be opened for the passage of essential nutrition, a male member and the odd scream so that your suffering may be gauged, but nothing else. No more names of your heathen gods or denials of the truth.’

April and Niki blinked at him helplessly. They could do little else.

He replaced their cuffs with ones of a different, heavier design. These clipped to the backs of thick leather belts he buckled and locked about their waists. Side straps hung from them over the outside of their hips that in turn supported buckled leather garter belts. Small sharp metal studs covered the inside of the garters. With much stroking of their thighs, Hopgood buckled them tightly in place, the belt straps making it impossible for them to be slipped off. April and Niki grimaced as far as their head masks allowed as the studs jabbed their flesh. As he checked they were secure April saw a bulge in the front of his britches.

‘They are to remind you to keep your thighs apart at all times,’ he explained. ‘The pain is slightly lessened when you do so. Your

orifices must not be concealed by any means. They must be ready to serve their proper purpose: to give pleasure to man by slaking his lust that they themselves have aroused.' He pressed their garters and they flinched as the studs dug painfully deep. 'You will of course suffer each time you do so but that is your lot in life and it will count towards your ultimate salvation. This week shall be the beginning. Now bend over the table...'

He used a lash across their bottoms, neatly presented to him side by side. Every blow drove their gartered thigh-tops against the side of the table and dug the studs into them. They grunted and moaned, biting on their bits, their imprisoned tongues wriggling and dribbling down their cheeks. When the sight of their squirming, rosy buttocks became too strong to resist, Hopgood dropped his lash and tore open his fly buttons to free his iron-hard penis.

He jabbed alternately into April's pouting cleft and then Niki's, giving each a few thrusts at a time, his thudding thighs against their garters doubling their pain, at the same time tormenting them with the promise of pleasure and then denying it. He came midway between them, his sperm splattering over Niki's bottom before he plunged full into her to spend the last drops.

When he recovered he tidied himself up and then looked at them benevolently.

'Good. You have served your natural purpose, as girl creatures should. Each time you do so your salvation comes a little closer. But your own desires must be carefully guided and your lust contained and stored for a higher purpose...' his eyes glittered with anticipation '...stand up!'

He took up a pair of groin straps from the litter of items on the table and buckled them onto their waist belts. The straps supported mesh cups that went over their pubic mounds and a ring between their legs, leaving the anuses exposed.



‘There,’ he said when they were fitted, ‘now you cannot drain off that precious reservoir by indulgent play. Meanwhile you must work to beautify these holy grounds...’

For the rest of the day they were set to weeding the church pathways.

Their hands were freed but a chain was run through a ring on the back of their belts and then connected to ankle cuffs. The chain was too short to allow them to straighten their legs and stand up so they had to shuffle about on their hands and knees. Another chain was linked between their collars and passed through the handle of a basket to collect the weeds. Holding small hand-forks they worked their way along the paths. They exchanged grunts and rueful glances as far as their confined faces allowed. And to think they had imagined Hopgood would be a soft touch, April thought bitterly.

That evening, after a simple meal also eaten on their hands and knees like dogs, followed by a brief wash and visit to the privy in the small washroom off the vestry, Hopgood led them through a small door that opened onto the narrow stairway of the church tower. Up they climbed awkwardly on all fours until they emerged onto the tower roof. There was a wonderful view of the surrounding countryside that they were given little time to appreciate. On the walkway between the parapet and the low sloping leaded roof at its centre was a smaller lean-to section of roofing. Under this was set four cages.

Each cage was lined with thin blankets but was otherwise open to the air. They were just large enough to hold a girl if she lay flat and curled up. Hopgood bundled them into adjacent cages and locked them up for the night.

‘I leave you to rest nearer to the heavens knowing you have done well today,’ Hopgood said with a benevolent smile.

The night was mild and windless, but hardly warm enough for sleeping practically unprotected and naked out of doors.

As April huddled shivering in her thin blanket she longed to hold Niki in her arms for the warmth. Not only for companionship but to continue exploring whatever had begun between them the previous evening. But now she was even denied the chance of talking to her. All they could do was peer sadly at each other through the bars.

Halfway through that miserable night April resolved never to think a cruel thought about Gurney ever again. So what if he had strapped them and given them to farm lads to screw and put scar-tattoos on their bums? His jail was a Hilton and his behaviour positively saintly in comparison to Hopgood and his church roof.

The next three days went by in much the same wretched manner. At least the nights were mild but they still woke up in their cramped rooftop cages shivering with dew-damp skins.

During the days they were worked hard round the church, interrupted only when they had to absorb another dose of Hopgood's overflowing holy lust. Chained together on their hands and knees they weeded, scrubbed and scraped moss from graves and washed the church floor. They got a swipe from Hopgood's lash every time he passed, or else a command to shuffle behind a gravestone and bend lower and raise their bottoms higher for a quick screw. The sharing of their juices via Hopgood's busy dipping shaft was the most intimacy they could achieve. But they were denied the release of orgasms, leaving them miserably frustrated as their lust was bottled according to Hopgood's plan.

There was one incident of significance. They were on their hands and knees washing the church floor with a bucket of soapy water chained between them and scrubbing brushes in their hands when Hopgood had a visitor.

The man was smartly dressed by local standards. He greeted Hopgood and then looked April and Niki up and down with interest.

‘I see you’ve got a fine pair for Sunday, Parson,’ he said. ‘No need for donated bondmaids this time.’

‘No, I’m well provided for. They’re deeply sinful creatures, of course, but I expect a good show from them.’

April and Niki exchanged troubled glances. What was happening on Sunday? Whatever it was she felt it was not going to be pleasant for them.

Various services were held in the church over these days but each time they were locked away in their cages or chained to a ring in the vestry wall and did not witness them. Morning and evening they ate like dogs from plates on the floor with Hopgood watching over them to ensure they did not misuse their brief time with their tongues free to utter any blasphemous words. These meals often ended with him taking advantage of their open mouths to give them a dessert of his sperm. The first time April nearly choked because she wasn’t very practised at oral. This earned her an extra thrashing for spilling some of his presumably holy seed. The next time she forced herself to swallow it all down while wishing she had the nerve to bite hard and damn the consequences.

Sunday finally dawned.

Hopgood brought them down from the roof and unexpectedly removed their belts, pain garters, chastity straps and head cages. It was such a relief to be virtually naked once again, as strange as that thought would have seemed a week ago. Hopgood stood over them as they washed to ensure they did not speak or stimulate themselves in any way, of course, while encouraging them to wash their by now straggly hair and generally makes themselves look presentable. What’s this for, April wondered nervously?

There were a couple of soberly dressed acolytes in the vestry when they finally emerged from the washroom, presumably the local equivalent of vergers or wardens. They took charge of April and Niki,

the first time Hopgood had let anybody else touch them, and while he put on his robes they took them through into the nave.

The two large crosses that had been rolled back to the walls for the past few days had now been brought forward and their covers removed. Now they saw what was underneath. Niki gave a small moan. Of course, this was what they had been saved up for. Frightened and trembling they were dragged forward and made ready for the service.

The congregation filed into the church: men and women, all soberly dressed. Before them the candles were lit, the organ playing, the altar was decked out... and a pair of naked bondmaids hung from two large crosses.

They were not quite in the classic crucifixion postures. Simple ball gags strung on tapers for ease of removable plugged their mouths, lest they make a sound too early. Their arms were outstretched and bound with chains at their wrists and elbows to the crossbeams. More chains round their necks and waists held their torsos tightly against the uprights and with a typically Ramswold touch their breasts were also bound with finer chains in agonizingly tight figure of "8" loops, making even Niki's compact mounds bulge obscenely tight. Upward-angled wooden pegs were skewered deep into their rectums. Their legs were spread wide by chains bound about their ankles and through rings in the ends of iron rods that had been unfolded from the sides of the main post. On the post between their legs were metal shafts sliding through greased guiding rings. The bases of the shafts were attached by a pivot arrangement to long lever handles.

Fat conical candles were burning in holders on the shaft tips, brilliantly lighting up and uncomfortably warming their exposed groins. The candles had wicks not only on their tips but a dozen others projecting in a vertical row every few centimetres from their swelling sides. The wax ran freely while the rising hot air ruffled their pubic hair.

Every now and then the flames hissed as their juices dripped onto them. It was shameful but they could not help it.

For four days they had been stimulated and teased into arousal but denied release. According to Hopgood's plan their lust had been dammed up within them. And now, fearful as they were of what was about to be done to them, their bodies were anticipating the moment for that dam to burst was close at hand... before a church congregation! It was, April thought with desperate black humour, one way of keeping up attendances. She twisted her head round as far as the chains around her neck allowed and looked at Niki, forcing a reassuring smile past her gag. If only she could touch her...

Hopgood appeared, now wearing robes embroidered with gold thread in a chain link pattern. The doors were closed, he welcomed the faithful and the service began.

They started with a hymn, not so different in tone and rhythm from those back home, generally giving thanks and praise to their god, whatever they imagined him to be. As they sang, their two sacrifices to the apparently divine principles of lust and suffering squirmed in mounting frustration.

When they were done the congregation sat and Hopgood stepped up to the pulpit. Meanwhile his assistants had pulled out April and Niki's gags and then took knelt before their crosses holding the levers that controlled the candle-tipped shafts. A second pair of acolytes had taken up position to the sides of the crosses holding long trailing lashes. April looked at them and shivered.

Hopgood's delivery alternated between the measured tones of a regular English parish sermon and a hellfire preacher.

He reminded the congregation of the one true path to salvation, which was achieved through suffering and the avoidance of sin by the channelling of lust.

April and Niki provided unwilling punctuation to his words. With every mention of “sin” or “lust” they received as slash across their bound beasts from a lash, forcing a shrill yelp and bringing forth an accompanying slap of hands from the congregation. April felt her nipples, though stinging from the blow, growing perversely ever harder. Her responses were beyond her control now.

Hopgood played on these reactions, waving his hands in time to the swish of lashes and clapping with the audience.

With every mentioned of “suffering” the handles on the shafts rising between their legs was jerked down and the blazing candle was rammed up into their wet and tremulously vulvas. April flinched in real terror of being burnt the first time, but so quickly were the candles slid up into them that the flames were extinguished by their dripping juices before they could cause any serious harm. Even so the heat of the smouldering wicks and the impact of the soft hot stubs being driven up into their passages still drove a shriek of pain from them.

With each hiss of snubbed flame and shriek from the girls the audience cheered and Hopgood clenched his fists.

And with every extinction of a wick the unlit peak of the candle got longer and had to be driven further up into them to put out the next one. April gasped and whimpered, feeling the spire of wax being moulded by its repeated and ever deeper journeys up her passage becoming more and more phallic.

Despite their fear and the pain of their red-lashed breasts, singed pubes and bruised vulvas, April knew she and Niki were getting more aroused, breathing heavily, moaning and rolling their eyes. Their vaginas were clenching desperately at the slippery waxen shafts that were repeatedly, but so terribly briefly, being driven up into them even as the candle bases were getting ever fatter, stretching their labia ever wider. By now their thighs were wet with spilled juices and spattered with candle wax while their clitorises

were straining shamelessly. Meanwhile unseen their impaled anuses were clenching hard about their wooden mounting pegs.

And with their mounting excitement Hopgood became more intense, warning of the dangers uncontrolled lust for the female of the species could bring. But this lust, he said, could be conquered and controlled if met by the masterful application of pain.

The last of the wicks was extinguished as the candle's fist-thick bases slid into April and Niki's by now wide-stretched and sopping passages. April had no self-control or shame left, groaning and begging aloud for more, anything to end her torment of frustration. Niki was moaning and sobbing: 'Please, please...!' The lashes were falling ever faster on their seared, tomato-red breasts while the candle stubs now moulded to fit their vaginal tunnels exactly plunged again and again into them, making their stomachs bulge with each piston-like entry.

Hopgood led the by now frenzied congregation in a chant: 'I am the master of sin, of lust and suffering. Surrender your lust to me, temptress! Surrender to me!'

Then the men were pushing their women forward, bending them over the backs of the pews in front of them and throwing their skirts over their heads to expose pale bare haunches and pubic mounds. Ripping open their flies the men grasped their women by the hips and stabbed into them. Female thighs slapped and banged against the woodwork as they were violently shafted and gasps and sobs showed they were indeed suffering as Hopgood had preached they should.

'Surrender your lust to me, temptresses!' Hopgood thundered.

And with shuddering sobs and gasps and bucking hips and copious spurting of female juices, April and Niki helplessly did just that.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

April and Niki endured two more days in Hopgood's church; back to chains, head cages, clamped tongues, cleaning and serving his pleasure. They were miserable times but nothing else was as bad, or perhaps as good as their experience on the crosses on that Sunday. Surprisingly quickly the soreness faded from their lashed breasts and the bruising eased in their vaginas

April wished she could talk over her feelings, embarrassing and confusing as they were, with Niki. But as she could not she was left to dwell on the experience silently, trying to analyse her reactions and wondering if Niki felt the same.

To paraphrase Dickens, it had been the best of orgasms and the worst of orgasms, being both mind-shatteringly powerful and also utterly degrading. It was a whole order of magnitude beyond anything she'd ever felt before. Of course they had been carefully brought that state of desperate frustrated need so their reactions were unnaturally intense, but even so to respond like that in front of all those people while chained to crosses and having their tits lashed and pussies plugged with giant candles was pretty weird, not to say perverted.

Or was it just normal for Nethervale?

A dark part of her wondered what it would be like to endure a similar experience again. Was this strange land moulding them even as their vaginas had moulded the candles?

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Early on Wednesday morning Gurney came to collect them. Their hearts leapt at the sound of his voice. Their miserable time with



Hopgood was over.

Church restraints were exchanged for standard issue cuffs and leashes and they happily followed Gurney away with Hopgood assuring them one last time that they would find salvation through suffering.

‘Mad bruddy prick!’ April heard Niki mutter indistinctly through her gag, and smiled.

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They cleaned themselves up in the jail washroom while pouring out all the words that had been bottled up inside them for a week.

‘That was fucking insane!’

‘Did you get burned by those candles?’

‘Just singed, I think.’

‘How could he have cages on the roof?’

‘Because he was a fucking nutter!’

‘Did you come as hard as I did?’

‘Maybe...I think I fainted!’

‘As long as you’re all right now...’

Finally Gurney silenced their chatter by putting them in a temporary cell and chaining them up as he had done a week earlier, except this time Niki was on top. He gave them a good screwing, alternating his cock between Niki’s vagina and April’s mouth. By the standard of what they had endured over the last week that was

practically normal, April thought as she sucked her lover's juices off his shaft.

Her lover's juices? Did she really think that?

As Gurney led them through the streets to the assembly rooms April hoped they would not be leased by somebody as weird as Hopgood again. Still, after that almost anything would be a piece of cake.

The crowd was smaller this time as they were the only bondmaids up for auction and there was no public shaming to boost the numbers. But though there were no offers for a month's lease of them as a pair, some rival bidding developed when two weeks were offered. Was it due to the more confident and provocative way they stood on the auction block or had some of the bidders seen them in church? In the end they were leased to a farmer named Badger for four shillings and nine pence.

Badger was a big, burly man with a ruddy face. He was dressed in a green coat, buckskin britches and high boots that appeared to have been chosen for their hardwearing qualities rather than style.

He'd come to the auction with his own set of restraints in his pocket and soon had April and Niki secured with their hands cuffed before them to chain leashes. He did not bother to re-gag them, which after their tongue-clamped week was a relief. He led them over to a horse tethered close to the Assembly Rooms, mounted up, hooked the ends of their leash to his saddle and set off at a steady walk, with his new bondmaids trotting along behind.

They found his farm occupied land to the northeast of Ramswold bordering the hills a little over half an hour's walk from the village outskirts. Some of the route was familiar to them and the rest April tried to memorize while gazing longingly at the rolling hillside. If they got the chance to escape she wanted to know the shortest way

back to the rocky cleft through which they had first entered Nethervale.

Inside the main farm gateway was a comfortable limestone house of some size, suggesting Badger was quite well off. A jumble of barns, stables and sties with stone bases and timber upper levels surrounded the farmhouse. In the fields close by they could see a traditional farm mix of livestock with horses, pigs, cattle and chickens. Then a flash of bare skin caught April's eye. A naked girl was carrying a pair of buckets on a shoulder yoke along a pathway. She seemed to be accompanied by a faint jingle of bells. So they were not his only bondmaids. Did they count as livestock as well?

As their new master dismounted in front of the farmhouse a bright-faced plump woman in frilly mobcap, long dress and apron appeared at the door. April presumed she was Badger's wife. Her arms and apron were dusted with flour and she was wiping her hands on a towel.

'What have you got there, Joe?' she asked.

'What does it look like, woman?'

'We don't need more girls. How much did they cost?'

'I just leased them for a couple of weeks. Going to use them to keep those ruddy fowl off the new sowings.'

'How much?'

'Four and nine,' Badger admitted.

'Hah! That's just throwing good money away!'

'I can afford it.'

'You could get a couple of lads to do it for sixpence.'

‘They never do a proper job. They’re always sloping off or falling asleep. With maids you make sure they do what you want.’

His wife sniffed. ‘Huh, we’ll I think you just wanted a couple of new pets to play with.’ She came down from the step and walked round April and Niki, looking them up and down. She prodded their shoulders and buttocks suspiciously. ‘You sure they’re strong enough? Where they from?’

‘They’re the pair caught on Blackthorn fields the other week.’

She looked concerned. ‘What, them outsiders? I’m not sure about using furrin girls. They say they have funny ways.’

‘They’re only maids. Punish them if they make any trouble.’

‘How can I when you don’t like me giving them anything harder than a spank? You want to give them a proper thrashing yourself. I say delaying a beating is no good. Do it then and there and get it over with. They behave better for it.’

‘Well find a way, woman! Now don’t bother me anymore. I’ve got to show these two the ropes and then put out in the fields.’

‘Got to get your prong up their slots, you mean. Well just don’t be too long about it. Lunch’ll be ready soon...’ She went back into the house.

She seemed merely irritated that her husband might be about to have sex with a couple of young slave girls, April realised. Or didn’t that really count as infidelity in Nethervale? Less than people but more than animals, bondmaids existed in such a convenient loophole... for their owners, of course, not them.

Badger led April and Niki over to a small barn. It seemed to be a general storeroom containing a jumble of assorted farm implements, a small cart, bundles of fence posts, coils of rope and chain and innumerable items hung on wall hooks, stacked on

sagging shelves or propped against the walls. But in one corner was a space in which stood a cage-like structure of closely fitted wooden slats. It was two and a half to three metres square and the earth floor within was lined with a thick bed of hay. It had a single low door large enough for a person on hands and knees to crawl through. A feed trough rested against one side of the cage. Currently it was unoccupied.

They had no time to take any more in because Badger pulled out a large trestle and set it on the floor in front of them.

‘Bend over and feet wide,’ he commanded. With fluttering stomachs they obeyed, resting their bound hands on the earth floor and opening their groins to his gaze, their thighs brushing against each other.

Badger ran his hands over their rumps, felt up between their legs and poked his thick rough fingers into the clefts of their vulvas. They shivered as he probed them, exchanging resigned glances as they succumbed to the inevitable shameful response.

‘Well, you seem a juicy pair,’ he observed when he concluded his inspection, wiping his sticky fingers on their bottoms. ‘Bit raw but you’ll do. Now this is how it works. I expect to get my money’s worth out of you. That means you work from dawn till dusk with none of this queer outsider backtalk about I’ve heard tell about. Do that and I’ll treat you as well as any bondmaid can expect. Any trouble and you get a taste of this...’

He took down a leather belt from a wall hook, doubled it over and swiped it crisply across their buttocks, once, twice, thrice across each pair. Their cheeks shivered and anuses clenched. They yelped and blinked away tears, but they held their positions.

‘Good,’ he said, patting their heated bottoms. ‘You can take a beating. You’ll get a few of those, just light ones like that, to keep you in line and because there’s nothing nicer than a rosy piece of girl rump to play with...’ his fingers cupped their pubic mounds once

more '... except maybe a girl's pussy peach. If you want to stay on the right side of me you keep them ripe and juicy and ready for splitting, got that?'

They nodded. 'Yes, Master.'

Badger was massaging both their mounds at once now. 'Yes... that's right... you've the idea... think I'll have to try these out right now...'

He pulled open his flies, releasing a thick penis that jutted out from under his belly and clasped Niki's buttocks with his big work-roughened hands. His thumbs pried her lips wide and he thrust into her. April saw Niki's eyes bulge as she took it in. After a few jerks he pulled and stepped sideways to stand between April's spread thighs.

Another double screwer, she thought bitterly, but at least he's not as twisted as Hopgood. April grunted, feeling her vagina stretch as he filled her. Ohhh... he was big. At least she wasn't wearing those bloody pain garters any more and he wasn't preaching at the same time. This wasn't so bad. She could take it...maybe even get a little rise out of it herself if he gave her time. It didn't matter who owned the cock, only what her pussy thought of it. God, what a way to live... but maybe the only way to survive here?

But Badger came all too soon like the rest, and they were left aroused but frustrated once again. 'Good girls,' he murmured absently, giving them an affectionate pat as if they were obedient pets. At least he was pleased with them, April thought. It was probably the best start a bondmaid could hope for.

When Badger had wiped his cock clean on their bottoms and buttoned up, he got them to stand. From the array of devices hung on the walls he selected a pair of wooden yokes and laid them across their shoulders, padlocking a ring in the middle top of each yoke to the rear ring of their collars and then cuffing their arms outstretched to the yoke ends. Then he gathered up a couple of sacks and hung them on a pair of the variously sized hooks and

rings set end of each yoke arm. There were bunches of brass bells of different sizes hanging on barn wall. First he hooked large cowbells to the front rings of their collars so they hung on their sternums. Then he selected half a dozen smaller bells and clipped a pair each to their nipples and one each to their labia high up over her clitorises so they bobbed against their clefts. Lastly he took down two ancient and dusty floppy-brimmed hats and tied them to their heads with string.

Taking up their leashes he led them out of the barn and back to his horse. Remounting he set off with them trailing after him once more.

They discovered it was now impossible to move without jingling. The bells dangling from their nipples bobbed merrily from side to side while the ones hanging from their clits tended to bounce forward and back, tickling slightly as they brushed their sensitive lips. Still aroused from their screwing their nipples were hard and pussies wetting very quickly. They exchanged blushing glances as they trotted along after Badger, silently thinking the same thing. How many more ways were there to get humiliated in this place?

Badger led them along narrow hedgerow paths and across cart-rutted tracks until he came to a couple of adjacent freshly ploughed fields of rich dark earth with scarecrows sagging forlornly in their centres. From the posts on which the scarecrows hung long cords with scraps of cloth tied to them had been strung to four more posts in the corners of the fields. These did not seem to be effective deterrents, however, as there were birds pecking at the earth as they approached. April thought fields would have been sown much earlier in the year than this, but she was not agriculturally minded enough to be sure. Presumably Badger knew his business.

‘Get off there you buggers!’ he roared angrily at the birds, which took flight with a rattle of wings.

Dismounting and tethering his horse, Badger led them out across the field between the drill rows to the scarecrow. Angrily

uprooting it and tossing it aside he got to work emptying the sacks April had been carrying on her yoke.

‘I sent away for these kits ages ago, but I had to have the spare girls to use them...’

First out was a bottle of water with rubber tube sticking out of it like a straw that he pressed upright into the soft earth. ‘You can drink your fill but mind where you pee,’ he warned.

Then came a stake attached to a short length of chain and metal cuff that he hammered into the ground and then locked about April’s ankle. This was followed by an arrangement of telescoping brass tubing, like an oversized bicycle pump. One end had a bulbous plug with a flaring flanged base and the other a broad flat pad. A rubber hose led off from the side of the tube base. Next came was a pair of slightly curved wooden boards about forty centimetres long and ten wide. Except for its very ends, the inside of the upper board were lined with the projecting tips of dozens of small metal tacks. The boards were held together by two pairs of large coil springs at each end. Screw spacer rods held the boards a handbreadth apart, putting the springs under tension. Between each set of springs was a cylindrical black rubber bladder fed by tubes that came together at a brass “Y” connector. Fastening rings and hooks were attached to the middle of the upper board and trailing straps to the corners of the lower.

April had gaped at this weird device for a few seconds before suddenly grasping its function in combination with the pump. Oh shit! But of course there was nothing she could do about it.

Badger bent April over and pushed the bulbous end of the pump up her rear, its swelling head making it almost impossible to expel. When she stood up the thing jutted out of her rear like a metal tail, its flange pressed against her buttocks and its flat base pad brushing the ground. Next he hung the pair of boards onto her collar ring under her cowbell so that her breasts were sandwiched between them. He buckled the straps behind her back like bra straps, making



it impossible to slip the device off. Then he brought round the end of the tube from the pump sticking out of her rear and plugged it into the “Y” connector that fed the rubber bladders. He began to loosen the adjusters that held the springs in tension.

‘I’d start pumping if I was you, girl, unless you want spiked titties...’

Desperately April squatted down and up three or four times with a jingle of nipple and clit bells, ramming the pump end into her rear as far as the flange allowed but managing to compress it against the ground and drive air through the tube. The bladders between the halves of the breast press expanded, pushing against the tension of the springs and separating the two halves. But there was a faint hissing sound of escaping air. There were little brass bleed valves in the bladders and they were slowly deflating. April pumped away again in another flurry of activity, buying herself another minute or so of respite before the pins of the upper board would begin to jab into the tender upper slopes of her breasts.

Badger tied the cords supporting the bird-scaring bunting to the rings on ends of her yoke arms. Now each time she pumped they danced and waved about briskly to the accompaniment of April’s body bells.

‘What will they think of next, eh?’ Badger said in satisfaction as he watched April’s exertions. ‘No chance of you nodding off or not keeping on your toes, is there girl?’

‘No, Master,’ she said, breathing heavily and trying not to sound sarcastic. ‘It’s really... ingenious.’

“Ingenious”, that’s the word all right!’ He gathered up Niki’s leash and led her away. ‘Come on, girl. ‘I’ll get you set up in the next field. Then we’ll see those damn birds keep off, eh? I’ll be back for you when it gets dark...’

April watched them go and then a pinprick on her breast warned her to squat and pump again. The head of the pump slid sensuously up and down her rectum. Her nipples and clit, stimulated by the attached bells were hard. But she could not touch herself.

It was going to be a long afternoon...

## CHAPTER EIGHT

April and Niki were exhausted by the time Badger brought them back to the barn after their afternoon of bird scaring. Their bottoms were sore from hours of pumping and pussies wet from the consequent stimulation.

For April her physical frustration was compounded by her unfulfilled need to talk to Niki about where they stood in their strange relationship. The trouble was they were never allowed the time. In Nethervale neither their bodies nor emotions were under their control. A quick screw in the cells this morning then onto the auction block, a strapping and rapid shafting by their new master followed by an afternoon as a living scarecrow. Was there any chance they could talk in private tonight?

A hanging oil lamp now illuminated the interior of the barn. It revealed that in one corner to the right of the door was a large water butt that fed a tap filling a shallow stone trough. Stripped of their yokes and bells, Badger allowed them to wash the field mud from their legs and splash off their faces. Then he examined their breasts and anuses to see what affect the devices had on them. The few pinpricks and soreness they had suffered he decided were quite minor and acceptable. April and Niki's opinions on this matter were of course irrelevant.

This put Badger was in a good mood, clearly pleased with the way his patent living scarecrow kits had performed. 'You did well. You'll get your feed soon...'

They went into the wooden cage through the low door on their hands and knees and Badger bolted it behind them. The slatted roof was only just high enough for them to stand upright. There was a flagon of fresh water and tin cups tied by strings to the slats and in one corner a large ovoid china toilet pot with net of dry grass

hanging beside it. But they had little time to study the details because the cage was no longer empty.

Four bondmaids were sitting back on the thick hay in one corner.

Almost as if they had been waiting for April and Niki they got to their feet. They were all of sturdy build and wore set, suspicious expressions.

‘So you’re the new girls,’ one who had short silver blonde hair said bluntly, looking April and Niki up and down.

April tried to ignore their manner. ‘Yes, hallo, I’m April and this is Niki.’

‘Your outsiders... furriners, right’?

They must have overheard the Badgers talking about them. ‘That’s right,’ April admitted.

The blonde jabbed a finger. ‘You’re sort don’t belong here!’

‘And don’t we know it!’ Niki said with feeling. ‘We don’t want to be here. Give us the chance and we’ll be gone!’

‘No chance of that, so you’ve got to learn your place. In here you’re our bitches!’

Oh fuck! April thought miserably. There was a hierarchy even amongst bondmaids... and a fear of foreigners everywhere. ‘Look, Badger has only leased us for two weeks,’ she said, trying to sound reasonable. ‘Can’t we get by for that long?’

The barn door opening and the entrance of Mrs Badger carrying a big steaming pail interrupted the menacing scene. Immediately the other girls moved over to the side of the cage next to the feed trough and went down on their knees. April and Niki joined them.

Mrs Badger tipped contents of the pail into the trough. It was a sort of stiff mash of potato, vegetables and a few pieces of chopped meat. Then she lifted a lever attached to a beam that ran across the cage wall above the trough. Alternate slats slid up, leaving gaps just large enough for the girls' heads to pass through. Once they had done so Mrs Badger lowered the slats partway, locking their heads in place.

'Now you be sure and lick that trough clean,' Mrs Badger said, and went back out.

April and Niki looked at each other and shrugged. So they were being made to eat like pigs. This was a farm, food was food and they were very hungry. They might as well face what was coming next with full stomachs. In fact the food was not bad, though their faces were messy by the time they had finished licking the trough out.

Mrs Badger came back soon after and tipped some chopped apples into the trough as dessert, which they ate up quickly. Then she lifted the slats and they pulled their heads back into the cage. Mrs Badger turned out the lantern and left, locking the barn door behind her. Apparently they were to be shut in for the rest of the night.

The interior was not totally dark. Some light filtered through barred windows with open shutters that were set in the wooden upper section of the barn walls. As her eyes adjusted April found she could make out the pale forms of her fellow bondmaids.

They had said nothing while they ate, or while Mrs Badger was about, but once she had left they resumed their confrontation with April and Niki where they had left off.

'Now, you're going to show us you know your place,' the silver-blond said.

‘Look at us!’ said Niki, ‘we’re wearing the same collars as you and have the same marks on our butts. Doesn’t that make us proper bondmaids just like you?’

‘It may to some. I dare say the masters don’t care but it matters to us. In here you’re going to be our bitches. Now grab ‘em!’

April and Niki kicked and struggled against their assault but it was two against one and the other girls were sturdily built and hardened by manual labour. Yanking their hair, pinching and twisting their nipples and kicking their legs from under them they were forced down onto their fronts in the hay with their arms twisted behind them. It was then that April discovered that women could be just as cruel as men.

As one girl sat on her back ramming her face into the hay so she could hardly breathe the other thrust her hand up between her kicking legs into her pussy. Her thumb went up her vaginal passage while her fingers pinched closed on April’s clitoris, her nails digging deep into her most tender flesh. April gave a shrill yelp of pain, her cry mingling with Niki’s as she, also pinned face down, was similarly intimately tormented.

‘Now what are you?’ the silver blonde demanded as her companions dug their nails in afresh.

April and Niki choked and whimpered, eyes wet with tears, spitting out strands of hay. The terrible pain and masterful sureness of the local girls had driven the fight out of them with shocking ease.

‘Your bitches!’ they both gasped miserably.

‘Right then, you’re going to give us a ride, bitches!’

One girl got off while the other, still keeping one hand firmly embedded in their vaginas, took hold of a fistful of their hair. Hauling April and Niki onto their hands and knees they sat astride their haunches and then pinched them until they began shuffling round

and round in circles. The watching girls laughed raucously at the sight of them, commenting on the bob and sway of their breasts.

After a dozen laps of the cage their riders surrendered their mounts to their fellows, pulling by now sticky fingers out of their lodgings. Fresh hands grasped their hair and pinched their pussies and they were off again.

Yet even through her misery, April felt the by now familiar hot liquid tingle in her loins and knew her juices were flowing freely round the fingers jammed up inside her. Even though she had been aroused by hours on the pump it was still shocking and perverse and felt as though she was somehow being disloyal to Niki but she could not help it. Was there nothing in this mad place that did not get her hot?

The girls rode April and Niki until they literally collapsed under them, gasping and painting. They had already been tired from long hours in the field and this was too much. They had been reduced to sweaty heaps of trembling flesh that were, much to the amusement of their tormentors, dribbling from both ends.

‘So outsider girls like being ridden, do they?’ the silver blonde said. ‘We’ll let’s see how good they are with their tongues...’

Two of the girls sat back against the side of the cage and opened their legs wide while their companions dragged April and Niki over by the hair and rammed their faces into the two waiting clefts. Miserably they began to pleasure them, only the second sets of female genitalia they had ever kissed after each other’s.

‘You can do better than that,’ their tormentors said.

The girls standing behind them clenched their stiff fingers tightly together and pushed them into April and Niki’s sopping vaginal mouths... and pushed. April and Niki gasped and sobbed as their passages were stretched wider than they had even been before. No, she couldn’t take it!

Suddenly the hand was buried inside her up to the girl's slim wrist. The fingers opened out and began to turn and tease her passages, pressing up through the narrow membrane that separated it from the root of her clitoris. Then it began to pump back and forth. Niki was mirroring her chokes and groans of misery. They were being violated, hand-fucked... fisted.

'Do it, bitches!' the blonde warned them.

With despairing sobs they nuzzled deeper into the sexes before them, using their scant lesbian lovemaking skills born out of only two short spells of intimacy.

And gradually the slavish lust overcame their shame and pain of penetration. April felt all doubt melt away. Bondmaids were not permitted the choice of who or how they served, so they took their pleasure where and when they could, even now. It was not being disloyal to Niki. She was doing the same. After six hours with that pump up inside her she deserved to come. She was going to come...

But the less inhibited subject of her forced affection beat her to it. With a groan of delight April's head was suddenly clenched between her thighs and her face was inundated with girlish juices. They tasted different to Niki's. Was every girl unique? Her companion eagerly took her place and April found her head rammed between a new set of thighs while a fresh fist was slid between her own sex lips. Niki's users had also swapped places. Niki was moaning about slobbering mouthfuls of vulval flesh. The cage was filling with the aroma of hot pussy. The hand being rammed up her passage was a mockery of penetration, teasing her own helpless desire. They knew what she was feeling. Don't fight it April thought... not that it was possible to do so any more.

She just managed to tip her slave mistress over the edge before the release of orgasm tore through her body, clenching on the fist pumping inside her. Then she sagged limply into the hay next to Niki.



The local girls laughed at their collapse. Those who had been fisting them pulled their hands from April and Niki's feebly clenching sopping vulvas with gross sucking sounds.

'At least these outsiders know how to cum,' they said, squatting over them and wiping their hands and wet deltas dry on April and Niki's hair. They gave them a few rough prods with their toes until they lifted their heads.

'From now on you come when we call you, got that bitches?' the silver blonde said. April and Niki nodded miserably. 'Until then you get over there and keep out of our way.'

And the four local girls paired off and snuggled down in the hay, leaving their victims to recover as best they could.

After a few minutes April and Niki sat up. Their vaginas felt bruised and pummelled so that they hardly dared close their legs let alone stand. But there was nothing else to do. Once again they had to get on despite what had happened, because nobody cared what bondmaids felt. So they wiped their faces, streaked with tears and girl-juices, crawled unsteadily to the water flagon to drink, then shuffled over to the corner and huddled down together in the hay.

After a long silence Niki asked in a feeble whisper: 'Was that better or worse than being screwed by men?'

'I don't know. I'm sorry...'

'What've you got to be sorry for? It's not your fault.'

'I'm sorry you got hurt... sorry it wasn't us screwing.'

Niki managed a faint chuckle. 'Oh... thanks... me to...'

'Could you right now?'

'Not to save my life... sorry.'

‘It’s all right. Another time...’

They burrowed deeper into the hay, embraced and shared their body heat. At least she had Niki in her arms. It could have been worse.

## CHAPTER NINE

Badger kept them out in the fields for the next five days as living scarecrows until he judged the seed had set. It was both bizarre and exhausting and April wished she could be with Niki. But she had to be content with glimpses of her as a tiny figure over the hedgerows and between the trees in the next field, jingling her bells and squatting down on the pump sticking out of her arse.

There was little opportunity for private conversation when they were brought together at the end of the day beyond whispered snatches, having to serve the demands of their bondmaid mistresses once they were all confined in their cage. April was ashamed of how easily the local bondmaids, whose names they discovered were Roberta, Sadie, Lily and Greta, had dominated them, but submission came so frighteningly easy that they were both of them unable to muster the will to resist. At least the four did not fist them again, but then they did not need to. In the Nethervale pecking order they were apparently destined to be the lowest of the low: the slaves of slaves. Every night she and Niki had to kiss the local girls' bottoms while begging to please them and then lick and tongue their pussies. Only then were they allowed to retreat to their corner and rest.

The oppressive presence of the other girls combined with their exhaustion also left them in no state either physically or mentally to make love to each other. They huddled together for warmth and fell asleep in each other arms.

They were not fed through the day, a hearty breakfast and super was deemed to be sufficient, so their time spent out in the fields were interrupted only by Badger's inspections. April would see him riding by at times, presumably checking on the work of his labourers. At some point he would stop in her or Niki's field to check on his experimental living scarecrows. Inevitably, after confirming the breast press was working properly he would lock it wide, unplug and remove the pump, bend them over, spread their legs and use them

from behind for a quick stand-up screw. For April it was not only shocking to be taken so casually in the middle of an open field but also painful as her heavy swaying breasts hit the pins in the upper half of the press with every thrust. Her little gasps and yips of pain seemed to amuse Badger.

‘You want that to stop, girl? Then squeeze my shaft harder... that’s better!’

What was worse was that, frustrated as she was from her loveless night in the cage, April inevitably orgasmed and it felt like Badger was stealing the joy she would rather have shared with Niki. But then as a bondmaid her pleasure was for her master to take when he chose, not hers to bestow as she wished. When he was done he reconnected the pump and she went back to her task with his sperm running down her thighs.

Twice during her time in the field it rained briefly and April got soaked. But it was mild rain and when the shower passed she found bare skin dried off quickly enough even without towels.

By the third day the pumping reflex had become automatic and the strangeness of her situation had worn off. April found herself dropping into a sort of reverie when an hour might pass during which she acted like a mindless automaton while simply staring at the landscape about her in a way she never had back home. In between these disconcerting mental dropouts she pondered her feelings towards Niki and made desperate schemes for escape.

The former line of thought only added to her sense of confusion. If she really felt what she thought she did for Niki then she desperately wanted to pursue those feelings further and consummate their love again and again. But it had taken a trip to Nethervale, wherever it was, to bring these feelings to light and now they were trapped by Nethervale rules, which were not designed for the benefit of the romantic life of bondmaids.

The latter line of speculation only added to her frustration. The looming hills mocked her, so near and yet so far. She spent an hour tugging at her ankle chain with the hope she could pull its stake free, tear loose of her tethering lines, get to Niki in her field and somehow unbuckle her from her yoke so she could in turn free her. But all she got for her efforts was a sore ankle.

Finally she gave up. Until the right opportunity presented itself she had to survive each day as best she could, which was, she suspected, the normal concern of bondmaids.

When the sown fields were safe from birds, Badger set them to work around the farmhouse along with the other girls.

Their scarecrow hats, yokes, nipple and labial bells were swapped for extra collar bells and chain hobbles. These were supported in the middle by a lighter chain to stop them dragging on the ground. The upper end of the chain hung from a “U” shaped metal hoop the two ends of which were plugged into their rectum and vagina. The rectal plug was an expanding type operated by a key. It swelled up until it was too big to pass through their anal ring. The vaginal plug was a slotted ball spring-mounted on the end of the hoop shaft. It was not too uncomfortable by itself but the slots on the ball concealed stubby spikes on the shaft end. The chain ran up into their passages and fastened to this ball. Any quick or long step drew the chain taut and yanked the ball down the shaft, exposing the spikes which dug into their tender sheathes.

Fortunately they were usually spread out amongst the farm buildings and so the local girls caused them no trouble through the day. Knowing Mrs Badger’s suspicion of them as outsiders they worked hard and did nothing to risk her displeasure. She watched them closely for the first few days until she was satisfied were not going to cause any trouble with their “furrin” ways.

Thoughts of escape continued to play about April’s mind but seemed increasingly futile. They were no longer chained to a stake but had they tried to make a break for it they could have moved no

faster than a modest walk while jingling all the way and trying to not spike themselves internally. Even if they had managed to make it through the woods and up the hill their hobbles would have made it impossible to climb the steep slope to the rock cleft that they hoped led back home.

But at least she and Niki had an objective to make for. April wondered at the need to confine most other bondmaids at all, since as far as she could tell they would have nowhere to run to. Even if they could find clothes and somehow shed their numbered collars they would still be marked as slaves by their scar tattoos. Perhaps the chains and cages served more a psychological function, reminding bondmaids of their place and ensured better behaviour? Or was it simply natural to cage and collar animals, which was virtually what bondmaids were?

While working outside they collected eggs, swept and scraped yards clean and took out feed to the animals. Inside the farmhouse under Mrs Badger's direction they mopped floors, washed dishes, dusted and polished. It was hard but not unpleasant work and soon became routine. At least it allowed she and Niki to take advantage of the brief periods when they were working close by with nobody else in earshot to exchange a few words in private.

Mr Badger continued to make regular use of them when the fancy took him and the rapid jingle of slave bells from some corner of the farmyard usually signalled a girl receiving his attentions. It inevitably left them aroused and frustrated but at least it was uncomplicated, accompanied by an occasional light thrashing to keep them in line, more for Badger's amusement than any other reason. He liked to put a light blush and a few stripes on their bottoms that would quickly fade so he could soon re-apply it. April suspected this level of discipline was quite modest by local standards.

Mrs Badger merely shook her head when she heard the sound of some maid being screwed by her husband and muttered some disparaging remark, but April felt she was more annoyed than

she showed. It had seemed as though both men and women could use bondmaids sexually in Nethervale freely and without guilt, though resentment and jealousy still existed as the Briggs' court case had shown. Of course it was also clearly a male-dominated society and April had no idea what rights free women had here. Was Mrs Badger simply unhappy seeing her husband enjoying the bodies of other younger prettier women or was it something more complex?

Other workers in Badgers' employ came and went from the farmhouse through the day as they made their reports and received his directions. The men looked all the farm bondmaids over with interest and especially April and Niki as newcomers. They made ribald comments about their bodies and what they'd like to do to them but nothing more. Bondmaids belonged to their boss and could not be touched without his permission.

Within the confines of the farm and surrounded by fields and animals their state of continual nudity seemed increasingly natural, especially in the company of other bondmaids. Though it was hard work it represented a kind of security and certainty. If it hadn't been for the other girls' hostility the routine would not have been unpleasant. It was certainly a healthy lifestyle. The worry for April was that such acceptance might be contagious and slowly sap their determination to escape. Fortunately they had constant reminders of why they had to do so.

Badger had men renovating a barn in a corner of his land. Everyday Mrs Badger prepared a lunch for them of pasties, bread, cheese and beer and a bondmaid was given the job of taking it out to them and providing what was known as their 'perks'. One day the task fell to April.

Her hobble chain and hanger plug were removed and her yoke was put back on, this time with a pair of buckets hung from the arms. The men's meal was packed into the buckets. Mrs Badger took her outside pointed out which path to take to the barn and instructed her what to do when she got there. Then she sent her on her way with a cheery slap on the rump.

April trudged along the indicated route, clambering awkwardly over styles with a jingle of her collar bells. She could have taken another path and headed for the woods, made some sort of escape attempt, but she knew it was futile yoked as she was. She could never reach the rock cleft and besides it would mean abandoning Niki. So she trudged on, feeling miserably complicit in her own subjugation.

The renovated barn was in a corner of a field nestling up against a spinney of trees. Most of the timber sides and half the roof had been stripped off. Three men were working on it amid a litter of planks and sawhorses. They looked up as April's bells announced her approach. They were all middle-aged, grizzled, weatherworn men in shirtsleeves and patched trousers.

April knelt before them as they came down their ladders and bowed her head. 'Mrs Badger sent me with your lunch and perks, sirs,' she said as she had been instructed.

They took the food and bottles for her pails and sat down to eat. April found a grassy spot in the shade of a tree and lay down awkwardly on her yoke, spread her legs wide and awaited their pleasure while they ate and drank and looked her over. It was one very basic way of keeping the workers happy, she supposed miserably. She was their "perks": a carnal treat as a reward for their labour.

The first two mounted her with rough, urgent but impersonal passion. She was just a pretty bondmaid to be enjoyed and discarded. She turned her head aside and stared at the grass as they used her. At least she did not have to feign interest or passion. She could smell their sweat and sawdust rubbed off their shirts onto her breasts. Their hard hands rasped on her skin as they pawed her. She felt the familiar sensation of resentful arousal but knew it would be over too soon to be fulfilled. And she was right.

Afterwards they made her lick their cocks clean and mopped her pussy out with handfuls of grass. The last one turned her over



onto her front and sodomized her, much to his companions' amusement. She was tight and not lubricated except for some of her own juice that had trickled down from her vagina into her anal mouth. Next time she must ask Mrs Badger for some Jympson's, she thought. Oh God did she really mean that! She was fearful the man would make her lick his cock afterwards as well but he contented himself with wiping himself clean on her hair, for which she was miserably grateful.

When they were done they packed the empty bottles and wrappings back into her pails, hauled her to her feet and sent her back to the farm with their sperm oozing from her orifices. All the time she had been with them they had not once spoken to her directly or even acknowledged her as a person. She was just a vessel for their sustenance and passion, nothing more.

Halfway back the need they had cruelly kindled within her became too much. As she straddled a stile April crouched down and rubbed her furrow frantically along the ribbed upper edge of the worn wooden crossbar, setting her bells jingling and pails swaying. She was frigging herself on a lump of wood in the middle of the countryside, she thought wildly as her loins knotted themselves up ready to burst. It was at once shameful and gloriously brazen and defiant.

She came with a sob, staining the wooden crossbar with her exudation.

But it had been a desperate orgasm rather than a blissful one and the post-coital blues hit her almost as quickly. How had she been reduced to this? She had to get away!

When she got back to the farmhouse Mrs Badger took off her yoke and then washed her out with a hose. She fingered her raw labia curiously. Oh shit, have I got a splinter, April thought fearfully?

‘Were they rough on you, girl?’ Mrs Badger asked, not unkindly. ‘Typical men... and who had you up the rear? I’ll put some grease on that...’

She bent April over her knee and her big fingers slid up April’s passages. She felt very small on the big woman’s lap. The grease was soothing. Her fingers went deeper. With her free hand Mrs Badger stroked April’s bottom. April shivered and opened her legs a little wider, unable to stop what she was now coming to accept were her natural responses kicking in.

‘Oh, you are a juicy one,’ Mrs Badger said with an approving chuckle, squeezing her buttocks. ‘Are all you furrin girls like this?’ She leaned over her and whispered: ‘I’m going to have some fun with the pair of you tomorrow...’ Then she gave her a quick smack. ‘Right, now I’ll just put your hobbles back on and then you find the broom and give the yard a sweep, girl,’ she said briskly.

Later April managed a brief private conversation with Niki as they were raking the hen run out. She told her about her experience at the barn and confessed to using the style for an unorthodox purpose. Niki sympathised with the former and giggled about the later. It’s incredible we’re talking about such things, April thought. Maybe this is what passed for typical bondmaid gossip in Nethervale. Then she told Niki what Mrs Badger had said about having plans for them.

Niki groaned. ‘Servicing Roberta and her fucking friends each night’s bad enough, I don’t want to think about licking Mrs B’s pussy out as well! Uggh... do you think its all hairy and gross?’

‘I don’t care,’ April said grimly. ‘I’ll lick it out if it helps us find out more about how things work here and maybe find a way back home!’

Niki was gazing at her with admiration. ‘You know you look fantastic when you look all determined like that.’

April's heart leaped and her vagina clenched about her hobble plug. 'I'm going to make love to you properly again as soon as I can,' she promised.

## CHAPTER TEN

The next morning Mr Badger went off early in a carriage on business to Lockswell, which April gathered was a large town some way from Ramswold, and which would apparently entail him staying away overnight. The bondmaids were all lined up on their hands and knees to see him off and he gave them a stern warning about being good while he was away. April thought she heard barely repressed sniggers from the local girls. But there was also a look of eager anticipation in his wife's eye.

Once Badger was gone Mrs Badger saw that the farm hands had their instructions for the day and hurried the bondmaids through the morning chores, which the local girls did with a marked indifference. Clearly when Mr Badger was absent they were less afraid of Mrs Badger's limited freedom to chastise them. When the jobs were finally done Mrs Badger shut them all away in their cage except for April and Niki, who she directed to pull the small cart out of their stable and dust it off while she went back in the house.

In the light of day April saw the cart had two large light wire-spoke wheels and a single shaft branching into a "T" at the end, to which was fastened a pair of broad leather belts with integral cuffs. An odd piece of ironwork, looking very much like heavy bicycle handlebars including break handles, was mounted on the footrest before the cart's single seat. This was coupled to a pair of long rods with heavy cords running through rings along their lengths. The ends of the rods were angled upwards and had rings of metal spikes set about them on sprung sliding sleeves a few centimetres short of their tips, which were capped by metal balls. The cords slung along under the rods ended in spring clamps.

Mrs Badger came back out of the house with a long jacket pulled on over her dress and a bonnet tied to her head. It was the first time April had seen her with her apron off and the perpetual

dusting of flour washed from her face and hands. Was that makeup on he cheeks? She actual looked quite pretty in a plump way.

She positioned April and Niki with their backs to the shaft crossbar, buckled the belts about their waists and cuffed their hands behind them. Hard rubber bits fastened behind their necks with buckled straps went into the mouths so that their teeth were bared as they clamped about them. She took off their hobbles and strapped sandals with thick wedge-shaped wooden treaded soles to their feet.

April recalled something like them on the feet of the girls drawing the cart they had seen on their first day in Ramswold. That seemed a very long time ago now.

Mrs Badger slid the bulbous ends of the shaft rods up into their rectums so that the rings of spikes brushed their bottom cheeks. She brought the cord ends up between their legs, through their clefts and clipped the spring clamps about their inner labia.

Alice and Niki whimpered as the clamps bit down on their tender flesh and felt tears pricking their eyes. Because of the bits in their mouths their whimpers sound curiously more like equine whinnies. She's turned us into real pony girls, April thought grimly.

Mrs Badger checked they were securely harnessed, patting their breasts and bottoms and twiddling their labial clips as though enjoying the tactile pleasure of toying with them. 'Well, you're not much of a match, not like some gentry's proper ponymaid teams, but you look sound enough for going down to the town. Now you make sure you pull as hard as you can.'

They both nodded.

Mrs Badger frowned at them. 'Ohh... I forgot...'

She hurried back inside and returned a minute later with a pair of headbands each of which sported a slightly faded fluffy red

feather plume. She strapped them onto their heads and then stepped back beaming in satisfaction at the result.

‘There, that’s better! I haven’t had a chance to use those for ages. Now you look the part...’

Locking the farmhouse door Mrs Badger climbed into the cart and took hold of the steering handles.

‘Giddy up!’ she called out, as she might speak to a pair of horses, and pushed the handlebar forward. This drove the spike sleeves into their bottoms and instinctively they jerked away and so started pulling the cart.

They circled the yard a couple of times while April and Niki rapidly learned the correct responses to the controls. It was very simple, since it was based on the natural desire to escape pain. Twisting the handles pressed the spikes deeper into one of their rears or the other encouraging them to turn left or right. Squeezing the brake handles tightened the cords and tugged on their labia, by degrees slowing them down or, if applied sharply enough, bringing them rapidly to an eye-watering halt.

Once she was satisfied they would obey her commands Mrs Badger steered them through the farm gate and, with plumes tossing and breasts jiggling, they bowled off down the lane towards Ramswold.

April and Niki were sweating and breathing heavily by the time they were drawn up in the middle of town some twenty minutes later. Dribble from about their bits shone on their chests and trickled down between their breasts. More juices ran over their thighs from where the labial clips had induced both pain and arousal. They had managed to pull the cart at a jogging pace for most of the way, the equivalent of a trot in equine terms. Even as she panted for breath April felt a curious sense of pride at her own endurance. The enforced labour they had been put through during the last few weeks had hardened their muscles and helped them make good time.

Besides, there was no better stimulus to keep going than the threat of having a bunch of iron spikes shoved up your bum crack, she thought wryly.

Had they not had to provide the motive power it would have been an idyllic drive. A society that seemed to use exclusively muscle power had its advantages. They had not had to contest the road with anything except a few horse drawn carts and some people on primitive-looking bikes. No cars or exhaust fumes to pollute the air with noise and stink. That was one thing about Nethervale April was coming to envy.

Mrs Badger had drawn them up outside a millinery shop; its window filled with decorously displayed hats. Locking the cart's handbrake and giving April and Nike quick drafts of water from a bottle, she bustled inside with an excited gleam in her eye.

The activity of the town seemed almost like a metropolis after the quiet of the farm and April found both she and Niki were simply staring around them at the people, the costumes and the bondmaids on leashes or in the shop windows. Feeling strange eyes on her in turn rekindled in April a faint sense of unease and embarrassment, especially as she could feel her wet pubes leaking about her labia clip, but it was nothing like the acute stomach-churning sensations she had experienced the first time Gurney had led her up this street. Would she ever get back any sense of bodily modesty?

Sometime later Mrs Badger emerged from the shop smiling happily and carrying a fancy-looking hatbox. She then drove the cart round the corner to stop outside the local equivalent of a tearoom, where half a dozen other one or two girl carts were parked. For an hour April and Niki stood patiently outside while through the window they saw Mrs Badger huddled round a table chatting with several other women similarly dressed.

This is a little treat she's been promising herself for ages, April thought. That's why she's been so tense about it. She was looking forward to a day to herself without her husband. Maybe she kept

trips like this secret from him. Despite having bondmaids to help her, being a practical farmer's wife was a full time job, let alone any other restrictions women here had to live with. How often did she get away from the farm even just to come as far as this? It might be her big day out and she and Niki had played their part in making it possible. Perhaps independence for a woman in Ramswold was getting behind the handles of a bondmaid cart.

Back at the farm Mrs Badger put her new hat away and changed back into her apron. Outwardly she was the farmer's wife once more.

The other girls looked at them both with contempt and a streak of jealousy as they were taken out of their stable cage and put back to work, which they undertook with even more studied laxity. April's heart sank. They were going to make tonight hell for them.

Mrs Badger must have seen the girls' faces and noted the insolent way they went about their chores, knowing her hand was stayed by her husband's instructions about inflicting punishment. At least April and Niki had the satisfaction of seeing Roberta, the silver blonde leader of the pack, being yoked up and sent off to the barn workers to supply them with lunch and "perks".

The air of eager anticipation about Mrs Badger seemed to increase through the rest of the day. Was there some other little treat she was planning that she did not want her husband to know about, April wondered?

Once the animals were bedded down that evening, the last of the labourers had departed and the farm gate shut, Mrs Badger fastened the bondmaids' wrists behind their backs with thick buckled cuffs, leashed them and then led them into the kitchen. The homely smell of cooking filled the air but April saw the eyes of the local girls darting about uncertainly as they filed in, full of silent questions. Clearly this was not routine.



The big wooden table in the middle of the room was laid up while two more plates were set on the floor in one corner. April looked again at the table. The chairs had been pulled away from it to the corners of the room and it was laid out oddly. There were four single bowls set together in the middle on a raised board, surrounded by four pairs of bowls set back towards the sides. Pan lids and plates concealed their contents.

Mrs Badger tied April and Niki's leashes to a towel rail by the plates on the floor and then positioned the rest of the girls round the table facing inwards. There were, April now saw, cords ready-tied low down the table legs, a pair to each. One by one Mrs Badger removed their hobble chains, pulled their feet wide and tied their ankles to the table legs so that their hips pressed against the sides of the tabletop. By now the girls were now looking desperately confused, even the cocky and aggressive Roberta.

April was nearly as worried, exchanging anxious glances with Niki. Why had she and Niki been singled out from the rest? Then she realized what a sight they made. Six naked women in a farmhouse kitchen wondering if it was better to be tied to the table or the towel rail.

Mrs Badger walked round the four local girls, brushing her hands across the smooth hillocks of their out-turned bottoms that twitched and clenched nervously at her touch.

'Some of you maids think its funny me not being able to thrash you properly,' she said. "Mrs B. can't give us more than a smack 'cos her husband likes to buff our rears himself," you say, "so we can go slow and sloppy with our chores." She pointed at April and Niki. 'I've had better work and less trouble from these two furrin girls while you four have always been a mean bunch. Trouble is Joe likes your pretty bums and juicy cunnies too much to get rid of you. Well he can have his peachy smooth bottoms if he likes because there's more than one way to skin a bondmaid!' The girls shivered. Mrs Badger smiled, knowing she had their full attention at last. 'So I thought how can I punish them? Now I've always given my maids

good food and good clean hay to sleep on and expected hard work back from them. I could give you less to eat and put you outside for the night, but that would only give you an excuse to be even sloppier. So instead I thought I'd give you a meal you'll never forget and then you'll spend the night in here and afterwards you'll be more grateful for decent food and a nice warm barn to sleep in!

She pulled the covers off the bowls. The four girls tied to the table groaned in dismay. The four middle bowls held a generous serving of Mrs Badger's regular slave mash. But between each of those bowls and the tableside were a pair of bowls filled with a glossy green prickly helping of fresh holly leaves. If they bent over the table to eat from the food bowls their breasts would be resting in the bowls of holly.

'Go on then, all of you, eat up before it gets cold,' Mrs Badger said with malicious glee.

April and Niki quickly went down on their knees and ate from their plates on the floor. None of the girls round the table moved.

From the sideboard Mrs Badger took a stick with holly sprigs tied to its upper end and swiped it up hard between Roberta's spread thighs. Roberta yelped in pain and surprise, her buttocks clenching and calves tensing as she went up onto tiptoe, grinding her thighs against the tabletop as she flinched away. Several red scratches appeared on her smooth flesh running up to the pouch of her sex. Mrs Badger worked her way round the table, slashing her holly switch up into Sadie, Lily and Greta's tender and exposed groins in turn until all four girls were trembling and misty-eyed with fear.

'Now eat up or else I'll shove this up your cunnies and give you something to be really sorry about!'

Miserably they bent over the table. Their bare breasts began to sway away from their chests as they did so, becoming pendant. Four pairs of nipples, pink red and brown, but all crinkled in fear, brushed the heaped holly leaves, bringing forth gasps of pain.

Desperately they stuck out their necks, trying to grab food from the bowls without bending further, but it was no good. Biting their lips they dipped lower, their heads almost touching in the middle of the table. Breasts pressed into the holly bowls, fleshy globes flattened and billowed outwards, accompanied by yips and sobs of pain as a hundred holly spines stabbed into each mammary. At last their faces were over the food bowls. Miserably, with tears running down their cheeks and stifling their moans, they began to eat.

Mrs Badger walked round them as they choked down their meal, admiring the ring of trembling posteriors, every so often stroking a ripe sex pod or pinching a buttock. 'None of you can rise until every bowl is licked clean,' she told them.

April and Niki watched this with half an eye, eating their food as fast and as neatly as they could, determined to do nothing to incur Mrs Badger's displeasure, which had now been shown to have a fiendishly inventive side. Despite the way the four had treated them April felt a pang of sympathy for what they were going through. At the same time there was something eerily exciting about seeing bondmaids suffer and she felt her pubes warming and pulsing.

Finally the painful meal was over. Mrs Badger peered at the clean bowls and then nodded. 'All right, you may rise...'

Whimpering the four girls gingerly stood straight. Holly leaves festooned their breasts, stabbing them afresh as gravity caused their undercurves to roll back against their ribs. A few spines had dug deep enough to draw drops and trickles of blood.

Unhurriedly Mrs Badger examined each girl's breasts, pulling off the impaled leaves to expose their blotched and pinpricked globes, streaked with blood.

'Do your titties hurt?' she asked.

'Yes, Mistress,' they chorused miserably.

‘Good!’ Mrs Badger picked up a bowl of sliced apples from the sideboard. ‘Oh dear,’ she said theatrically, ‘there’s neither sauce nor honey. Still, we can fix that...’ She pointed to April and Niki. ‘Stand up, bend and spread wide...’

Nervously they obeyed. Mrs Badger took a handful of slices and rubbed it hard up and down Niki’s exposed cleft, smearing them thoroughly with her juices, and then scattered the handful amongst the bowls in the middle of the table. Then she took another handful and rubbed it into April’s sex, tainting it with the traces of her guilty arousal and shared it out in the same way.

‘Eat!’ she commanded the four bondmaids tied to the table.

By now looking red-eyed and utterly crushed, the girls bent over the table once more, reluctantly dunking their sore breasts into the dreadful holly bowls. Miserably they began picking at the fruit glistening with the juices of their hated rivals.

‘Don’t think I don’t know what you get up to in your cage at night,’ Mrs Badger told them as they ate. ‘Since you like having your cunnies licked out by the outsider girls I thought they could do it here and have their own dessert at the same time; sort of like going bobbing for apples...’

She went round the ring of pubic peaches shoving slices of apple up their helplessly gaping clefts. The local girls groaned in dismay as their passages were distended and stung by apple juice. Then Mrs Badger unhitched April and Niki from the rail and positioned them on opposite sides of the table, kneeling down behind Robert and Lily respectively. April stared in fascination at the soft-lipped, bulging, weeping vulva before her. The scent of apples mingled with girlish lubrication.

‘And now you can wait to rise until these two have had their fill,’ Mrs Badger said. ‘And I want to see some sauce on those slices as they come out. I want to see you cum over them! Right, you two: get bobbing and don’t stop while there’s a piece left!’

April and Niki ducked their heads and began to tongue and nibble.

Licking out a girl when you knew every involuntary jerk and wriggle you made her make caused her to grind her breasts in a bowl of holly leaves was quite different to licking out the same girl with her hand holding your hair and ramming your face into her groin, April discovered with relish. Roberta was fearful of making any movement but desperate to cum and get the torment over with. She moaned and whimpered as she fought to squeeze the pieces warm pussy-soaked apple out of her vagina and into April's mouth.

April knew she was being used as an instrument of Mrs Badger's discipline and at that moment didn't care. A sadomasochistic thrill had taken hold of her. Her pussy was dripping and nipples straining. Cruelty and pleasure had become one and the same.

Roberta came as the last piece slid down April's throat, spraying her juices into her face even as she choked with the pain the orgasmic convulsions cost her. Such was her state of mind that April actually licked the splatter from her own lips as though it was a reward for her efforts, relishing the humiliation of her former tormentor.

'You may rise,' Mrs Badger told a sobbing Roberta as April shuffled round to start on Sadie, while Niki who had just brought off Lily moved on to Greta. The two flushed, confused and deeply shamed girls stood up, holly leaves plastered once again about their trembling mottled breasts, while April and Niki set about sucking their dessert from the juicy clefts of their sister bondmaids.

April was crazed with lust by the time her second pussy of the night had delivered its just desserts and sprayed its last drop of sauce in her face. A terrible need was filing her loins, blotting out the ache in her tongue and neck. As Mrs Badger pulled them back from the table she saw Niki, her face flushed and sticky, chest heaving and nipples hard and her normally shy labial tongue protruding wetly.

Suddenly she wanted her so much it hurt! Their eyes locked and she read the same wild desire in Niki's face, but they could only crouch on the hard kitchen tiles like dogs awaiting the will of their mistress.

Mrs Badger inspected the local girls' breasts once again, brushing off the clinging holly. Their heads hung low, their eyes were red with tears and cheeks flushed. They snivelled as she pulled the spines from them. She thrust stiff fingers up their passages to ensure they were empty of fruit and well-juiced. Finally satisfied she removed the food bowls to the sink and then from the sideboard took up four corded ball gags that she pushed into the girls mouths and tied firmly behind their necks. Then she took up a length of rope and began to thread it through the front rings of the girls' collars.

As she did so their eyes widened in horror and disbelief and they squirmed and moaned behind their gags. They were only now getting the measure of Mrs Badger and realised underneath she was far harder than her husband. How they must regret the insolence and contempt that had led them to this, April thought, but it was too late now.

Mrs Badger pulled the rope tight, drawing their heads together and down until their noses nearly touched the tabletop, for the third time forcing their breasts into the holly bowls. She tied the rope off so they could not rise. Pricked and jabbed they squirmed about helplessly, their bottoms weaving, cuffed hands clenching and eyes hollow with pain. But each time one tried to rise and ease the pain on her sore teats the tug on the rope linking their collars pulled the others towards her and ground their mammaries down even harder. They began to growl and snarl and each other through their gags, jerking at the rope and then squealing at the pain they were inflicting on themselves. Their thighs bunched and buttocks tensed as they strained against each other to gain a few extra centimetres of slack.

Roberta's little gang was falling to pieces. But worse was to come.

Mrs Badger dragged the chairs round the table once more, but with their backs close to each girl's posterior. From the sideboard she brought over four half-lengths of old broom handle and more rope. Resting one end of each rod on a chair back she slid the other deep into each girls anus in turn, ignoring their fresh moans of protest, tying off the protruding end so it could not slip out of place. As a final touch she pushed sprays of holly up their vaginas so that they jutted out just below the soft undercurves of their buttocks, the spines lightly pricking their skin.

Almost any move the four now made crushed their breasts into holly, drove broom-handles into their anuses more deeply or else stabbed their pussies and thighs with spines. Gradually a fearful, forced and fragile stillness settled over them, except for the rolling of their tear-stained eyes and the occasional shiver of their bottoms.

Mrs Badger looked upon her handiwork with a satisfied sigh 'And tomorrow your bums will still be perfectly fresh for Joe.'

Gathering up her holly switch and April and Niki's leashes, she turned out the kitchen lamp and led them upstairs, leaving the other girls to enjoy a long and miserable night alone with their thoughts and their pain. As they went April realised she and Niki were dripping on the stairs with need. It didn't matter what Mrs Badger had planned for them as long as they would be allowed to cum.

The master bedroom contained a massive dark polished wardrobe, a sturdy dresser and a large bed with scroll feet and carved foot and headboards. A few indifferently rendered oil paintings hung from a picture rail showing country scenes featuring naked bondmaids pulling carts or working in fields in the same casual way as bucolic scenes back home would feature animals.

Mrs Badger hooked their leashes over the posts at the foot of the bed and then she began to undress. While she did so April and Niki exchanged yearning glances in between eyeing the holly switch

lying on the bed. Yet they would welcome its use if it led to a release from their desperate need.

The last slip was cast aside over a chair and Mrs Badger stood naked before them.

She actually had a rather beautiful body, April realised, even if there was a lot of it. She was plump but not soft or weak; built more like some operatic Rhine maiden. Her skin was smooth and clear and taut, her breasts, belly and buttocks fulsome but not wrinkled. She had very large prominent brown nipples standing stiffly erect and a thick dark thatch of pubic hair framing full dark pink labia, wet with arousal. Taken in all she was a big luscious and, yes, even sexy woman. And as they now knew, in her own way quite ruthless.

Mrs Badger went to the huge wardrobe and took out the hatbox. From it she withdrew a white satin bonnet trimmed with gold braid and decorated with white ostrich feathers, that she carefully tied on her head. Then she picked up the holly switch and walked round them, cupping and fondling their tremulous breasts.

‘Are you going to be good bondmaids?’ she asked.

‘Yes, Mistress!’ they said fervently.

Carefully she lifted each breast and swiped the holly switch lightly across its upper slope. April gasped as the stinging pain added to the fire in her belly. Then she thought how it could have been much worse which gave her another jolt of dark delight.

‘How good?’ she asked.

‘Very good, Mistress,’ they assured her.

She trailed the end of the switch down then bellies, making them wriggle in fear and excitement, and teased their puffy pubic lips with its spines.



‘Do you beg to please me?’

‘We beg to please you, Mistress!’ April chorused with Niki, and she was shocked to find that so far had her normal sensibilities been stripped away that she meant it.

Mrs Badger climbed onto the bed and lay back on a pile of cushions against the headboard. The plumed bonnet, which might have been ridiculous in the circumstances, now gave her a slightly oriental air, like some exotic wanton odalisque in a harem. Perhaps the allusion was intentional. In this farmhouse bedroom she was living out her own little fantasy. She spread her legs, exposing the deep gash of her sex, and pointed at them with her holly wand.

‘I want you to put on a show for me, like the men have at the Spreadeagle. I want to see you lick each other’s cunnies until you cum!’

April and Niki exchanged glances of wonder and delight. They climbed onto the bed and fell on each other. They did not have the use of their hands but that did not matter as tongues and lips were far more sensitive. It was like a dam of lust had burst; kissing writhing, squirming about until they were head to tail, faces buried in each other’s crotches, ravishing their streaming slots. As they coupled Mrs Badger reached out and slashed her holly wand across their straining buttocks and jiggling breasts. The stinging pain only heightened their senses, driving them onto greater efforts.

They bucked and sobbed as they came, clamping their thighs about each other’s heads to hold them locked in orgiastic embrace. And then they sagged to lay sweaty and shattered across each other, faces wet with each other juices, panting and light-headed with blissful release.

But Mrs Badger gave them little time to recover. Grasping their hair she dragged them up between her legs and into the valley of her big wobbling breasts.

‘Now me...’ she said.

And so they pleased their mistress, licking and tonguing and nibbling and slobbering, paying homage to her earth-mother strength and lusty fulsomeness, their faces either buried in the musky hot sucking depths of her huge vulva, or else pressed to her breasts serving the thick hard nubs of her teats. When she came she made the bed creak and crushed them to her in her strong arms.

Then, after a short rest, they did it all over again.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

April and Niki's last few days on the farm were far more pleasant than the first few had been, even though they were now in awe of Mrs Badger. April was still not sure what their mistress had brought out of them that night but she had never felt anything like it before.

But it was not repeated. The next day Mrs Badger had, outwardly at least, resumed her role as a patient farmer's wife putting up with her husband's foibles. After Mr Badger returned from Lockswell he wondered why the local girls seemed both subdued and far more deferential, and asked how they had come by so many scratches on their breasts and thighs. Mrs Badger explained straight-faced that they must have got them from some brambles and wisely Mr Badger did not pursue the matter any further.

Roberta and her companions no longer troubled them at night because they believed April and Niki were now favourites of their formidable Mistress and therefore untouchable. This assumption April and Niki did nothing to dispel, though they themselves were careful not to presume any such favouritism existed and obeyed her in the same way as they had before as if nothing had happened, which seemed to meet with Mrs Badger's silent approval. The only difference in their relationship with their mistress was if Mr Badger was out in the fields April or Niki might be called into the kitchen to burrow their head under Mrs Badger's skirts and service the needs of her formidable pudenda.

One consequence of their undisturbed nights in the cage was that April and Niki had the freedom and confidence to make love. They still had no idea how deep their feelings really were or if they were purely a product of living as bondmaids but after their performance for Mrs Badger it seemed absurd not to take whatever moments of reasonably private joy they could. It did not have the

disturbing intensity of forced sex under a holly lash but it was still very good.

When their two weeks were up Mr Badger rode back into town to return them to Gurney for the next auction with April and Niki walking, as they had arrived, leashed behind his horse. They left the farm almost with a sense of regret. If one had to be a slave then there were worse places than a prosperous farm in the apparently perfect summertime of Nethervale. April would never have believed such a thing a month ago, but she was beginning to understand how some girls might come to accept a life of slavery as normal. Then she reminded herself of everything else they had suffered and resolved once more to escape by any mean possible.

The police station was unusually noisy when Badger arrived to hand them back into Gurney's keeping. The muffled sound of male voices raised in argument could be heard coming from behind the door to the cells.

'Had a bit of drunk and disorderly last night and they haven't cooled off yet,' the tipstaff explained apologetically.

'Can you managed these two?' Badger asked.

Gurney smiled at April and Niki. 'There's only one other maid up for auction and these won't give me any trouble, will you girls?' They shook their heads. 'How were they with you?' he asked Badger.

'Good in harness and fine tuppung,' Badger agreed. 'When they've had their lease year I might bid for them again.'

'Could do a lot worse,' Gurney agreed. 'That's how it is with outsider girls. A bit wild at first, thinking they've got rights of some sort, but show 'em a firm hand and they settle right in.'

They saw all the cells were occupied as Gurney led them through to the washroom. Three with last night's drunks, dishevelled

men sporting black eyes and red noses, who were swapping accusations about who did what to whom during the previous night's altercation, two silent figures sprawled on bunks and a single bondmaid sitting on her bunk who looked up with interest as they went past. April had been wondering if all Gurney did all day was amuse himself with bondmaids and errant wives and now she saw he had to fill the role of a regular policeman as well.

He locked them into the washroom cubical alone to clean each other up properly while he went back down the corridor to try to quieten down the drunks. April felt this was a kind of compliment to their trustworthiness but was not sure how to take it since they were after all making themselves presentable for a slave auction. But there was no alternative really and the facilities were better than those on the farm. So they washed and douched and shampooed, enjoying soaping each other's backs and combing hair. When they were done April looked at the jar of Jympson's bondmaid grease on the shelf.

'We'll probably need it,' Niki said. So they each applied a dab to the other's anus, having fun sliding their fingers deeper into their hot, clinging, freshly flushed passages. For a fleeting moment as April worked the grease into a giggling Niki's rectum she thought: a month ago I'd never have dreamed of doing this, closely followed by: what man wouldn't want to shove his cock up there? Body play turned to laughing and kissing and feeling nervous and excited about what was to come. It was better than crying, she supposed, but that still didn't make it right.

When they were done they looked through the washroom bars down the cell corridor. The drunks had quietened down for a moment but there was no sign of Gurney.

'Don't we get our usual pre-auction screw?' Niki wondered.

'Maybe he's too busy,' April said.

It was some time before the door to the lobby opened and Gurney appeared. He was in the company of a stout man in a scarlet coat and hat that matched his rosy cheeks, and sporting a full moustache and mutton-chop side-whiskers. They both looked along at April and Niki, the man nodded and a coin passed from him to Gurney. Together they strode up the corridor and Gurney unlocked the washroom door.

‘Display yourselves properly,’ Gurney said briskly. ‘Let Mr Muggs take a look at you...’

Obediently they spread their legs and clasped their hands behind their necks.

Muggs walked round examining April and Niki closely in turn with a sure professional touch. He looked in their mouths, checked the weight and firmness of their breasts and then had them bend forward so he could slide stiff fingers up their vaginas and rectums. This handling initiated the by now normal response in them as once again April felt the sick thrill of being handled like an animal at market. Muggs observed the hardening of their nipples and smelt the discharge on his fingers. He smiled, wiped his hand clean with a handkerchief, tipped his hat to Gurney and walked off back through the lobby door.

What was that about, April wondered?

After Muggs had gone Gurney shackled April and Niki’s hands behind them ready for auction but left off their gags, then he put them in the cell with the other girl, who was similarly restrained.

She was a slim, neat-featured girl, perhaps a couple of years younger than they were, with tumbling shoulder-length light brown hair and deep brown eyes. She glanced at them shyly as they sat down on the bunk beside her but did not speak.

At least she seems friendlier than Roberta and her lot, April thought. 'Hallo, I'm April and this is Niki,' she said.

The girl smiled prettily. 'I'm Prudence... though everybody calls me Pru, of course.'

Her manner was perfectly open and disconcertingly normal, April thought, but then how should a naked handcuffed women waiting for to be auctioned behave?

'Hi Pru,' said Niki. 'Er... are you up for Sale or Lease?'

'For sale. My old owners want to get a matching set of bondmaids and I didn't fit the style. Still, you get used to that sort of thing, don't you.'

'Do you?' April asked. 'We haven't been here long enough to know.'

Pru frowned. 'Excuse me, but are you outsiders?'

'Yes, we're from London.'

Pru's face lit up. 'I'm from Coventry. I was, I mean.'

'It's nice to know there really are others like us,' Niki said. 'We've only been here a few weeks, though it seems longer.'

'I know,' Pru sympathised. 'It's terrible at first. I thought I'd gone mad. I cried and cried. But eventually you get used to it and you forget how you used to live back in the other world.'

'Don't you want to escape?' Niki said. 'Get back home?'

Pru shook her head resignedly. 'I don't think I could go back even if there was a way, not after what's been done to me. I'd be too ashamed.' She shrugged. 'But it could be worse. Some masters have been quite kind to me so I suppose I mustn't grumble.'

There was something odd about the way she spoke, April thought. 'How long have you been here?'

Pru frowned. 'Quite some time, I think. It's hard to tell in Nethervale.'

'How did you get here?' Niki asked.

'Oh, I was hiding from the bombing. I was caught outside in a raid and I took shelter in a ditch. The noise was terrible and I was so frightened. I just wanted to get away, to be anywhere else but there. And I found this sort of tunnel in the side of the ditch... and it came out here.'

April was confused. 'What bombs? You mean a terrorist attack?'

Outside Gurney was unlocking their cell, saying: 'Got to get you three into your coffle now...'

Pru said quickly. 'No, I mean the bombs the Luftwaffe were dropping. You know, in the war against Germany.'

April didn't take in much of the walk to the auction block outside the Assembly Rooms. Her mind was full of Pru's incredible revelation.

Something about the way the girl had spoken and her honest manner convinced April it was not a joke. She could see the similarities with the way they got here. Pru said she came from Coventry and April did recall hearing somewhere that Coventry had been badly bombed during World War Two... over sixty years ago!

But Pru looked no more than twenty years old.

Did time really pass differently here or was Nethervale connected to their own world not only in different places but at different times that all ended up here and now? Once you accepted



the fact of the alternate world's existence it wasn't such an impossible extra step to take. But did it have any implications for her and Niki's chances of getting back? If only she could speak to Pru again. But they were gagged now and there was no chance for idle chatter. Perhaps the same master would buy or lease all three of them.

But on the auction block Pru was sold for one pound two and six to a well-dressed man with greying hair who had taken a liking to her demure looks. They watched him lead her away. They had known her for less than an hour and might never see her again. Bondmaid friendships were made or broken at the whim of their masters.

April forced the matter from her mind. First things first: she and Niki must put on a good show so they would remain as a pair.

But this time there was no embarrassing lack of interest forcing their price lower. Their time on the farm had given them an air of experience and confidence that they could serve as bondmaids were expected, coupled with the display of their erect nipples and pouting labia that they could do nothing to subdue. And besides Muggs was there at the front of the little group of bidders and he had clearly made up his mind he wanted them, based to a great extent, no doubt, on the unofficial examination he had made earlier. His final bid of nine shillings was unchallenged.

'Leased for one month to Mr Muggs of the Spreadeagle Tavern,' the clerk declared.

The Spreadeagle Tavern was situated by a crossroads on edge of Ramswold where houses gave way to fields and a signpost indicated the way to Lockswell, Chidding and Lower Pokely. The tavern was a large half-timbered building flanked by trees and set back a little from the road behind a low front wall. Rising from just behind this wall was the tavern's signpost. The signboard itself was suspended from a gibbet arm so that it hung out high over the road for all to see.

The lettering: THE SPREADEAGLE was carried above the board while the heavy frame itself was open. Instead of a painting, chained within it was a naked, gagged and spreadeagled bondmaid. Her exposure was total, as anybody passing under the sign could look right up her open slit and bum cleft. Three small lanterns were also set inside the frame with her, one on its base between her widespread ankles and two others hanging from small brackets projecting from midway up the sides level with her waist. Two more lanterns hung out from larger brackets mounted on the gibbet arm itself. At night the living sign would be brightly illuminated.

The sight only surprised April for a moment. It made perfect sense... for Nethervale.

She and Niki trotted after Muggs as he led them through the front gate. But they turned aside and went past the main entrance porch. Over the big welcoming doorway April glimpsed a neatly painted sign that read: "Theo Muggs: licensed for the sale of intoxicating liquors and the commercial hire of bondmaids on these premises.'

Her stomach knotted. It was a pub and a slave-brothel.

Muggs led them round the side of the tavern, which they saw had a secluded beer garden laid out at the rear, and in through a side entrance. They went along a narrow corridor with crates and barrels stacked down one side and through another door into a lobby-like space with a several doors leading off. They had signs over them reading: PRIVATE ROOMS. PENNY STAND-UPS. GARDEN. GAMES ROOM. TOILETS.

In the corner of the lobby a woman was standing by a small counter with a tray of ticket stubs on it. She was dressed in a long skirt and laced bodice over a white blouse, which was slit so that it left her breasts bare. A cane hung from a belt about her waist. She was wearing no collar so April guessed she was an employee not a bondmaid.

‘Anybody in the stand-ups at the moment, Milly?’ Muggs asked.

‘Not right now, Mr Mugs,’ she said. ‘It was busy earlier.’

‘Good. Well if anybody else comes in say it’s closed for half an hour. I want to try these two out.’

‘Yes, Mr Muggs.’ She looked April and Niki up and down with a practised eye. ‘Are those auction girls?’

‘That’s right. I’ve got ‘em for a month. Tell Floss to put out the signs saying there’ll be a new outsider pair putting on a show tonight. The punters like something a bit mysterious. And get a couple of pumps ready.’

‘Yes, Mr Muggs,’ she said, and she went off through another door marked: TAPROOM.

Muggs led April and Niki through the door marked: PENNY STAND-UPS. Inside was a room with pebble glass windows and bare walls, except for a row of coat hooks. A red-haired bondmaid, tethered to a wall ring by a long collar chain, was standing on one corner next to a low sink.

A metal mesh muzzle covered her nose and mouth and she wore a chastity belt with a matching mesh crotch cup through which her pubic hair showed. She held in one hand a multi-headed brass nozzle connected to a reel of rubber hose mounted on the wall. Hanging from the belt just below her grille-covered pubes so that her thighs pushed it forward was a metal bucket. Slung over her hip was an open pouch that held cloths and a sponge and a pot of by now familiar cream. A shiny oval metal nametag hung from her collar, on which was embossed in bold red letters: ELIZABETH.

The middle of the room was taken up by an arrangement of wooden partitions forming a back-to-back row of four small cubicles, each closed by a curtain. Currently all the curtains were drawn back

revealing that two of the cubicles were empty, with dinner-plate sized circular holes cut in their back wall at about waist height, while two were occupied, apparently by the disembodied upper and lower halves of two bondmaids.

They were bent over at right angles and protruded through the central partition, in which was set vertical sliding panels with scalloped holes that were clamped tightly about their waists. They faced in different directions so that a pair of chained and spread legs with outthrust buttocks and a pouting sex faced them from one cubicle, while another girl's head and upper body showed in the next. Her arms were pulled up and back and cuffed higher up the partition wall. From between these mounts another chain ran down to the back ring of her collar, supporting her head and holding her body out straight from the wall, leaving her breasts dangling freely under her. She lifted her head as they entered and April saw narrow straps running from the sides of her mouth, which she held invitingly half open.

'I've got some new girls to try out, Liz,' Muggs said to the girl in the corner. 'You can clean them up when I've done with them.'

'Yes, Master.'

Muggs pulled out April and Niki's gags and looked at them severely. 'So, you juice quickly and that's good, but I know you're still raw. I've had a few outsider girls like that. You don't get any proper pleasure training where you come from, right?'

'No, Master,' they admitted.

'Well raw's all right as long as you're eager. In fact it's kind of appealing. That's why I bought your lease. But I want more than that. You're a pair, so how well can you perform together?'

April gulped as she heard Niki draw in her breath. Did he mean perform as in perform sex in public? But there was no going back. 'We're very passionate, Master,' she said firmly.

‘Passion’s good as well, better if its for real. But one way or the other it had better look good. The Spreadeagle’s got a reputation as the best house this side of Lockswell and I aim to keep it that way. You please the customers and I treat you right, because healthy happy girls earn more, see. You get decent cages to sleep in, good food and even tub baths once a week. But if you don’t please...’

From a long pocket inside his coat he pulled out a stiff leather strap mounted on a wooden handle. ‘Bend over...’

Biting their lips they bent and spread their legs. Carefully, methodically he delivered six cracks of the strap to each of them, turning their buttocks to pink simmering fleshy embers and bringing tears to their eyes.

‘Stand straight,’ he ordered when he was done and they obeyed. He looked at their faces, wiped away their tears and looked them square in the eye.

‘That was just a taste, the lightest little lick, of what you’ll get if you don’t earn your keep or ever disappoint a guest or me. Anything a guest pays for he gets and anything I tell you to do is done. So, are you going to be good girls?’

‘Yes, Master!’ they said.

‘Good. Then let’s have you please me...’

He put April and Niki in the empty cubicles, lifting the sliding panels and pushing their upper bodies through so they faced the same way. The halves of the hole were rubber lined and closed snugly about their waists. He spread their legs and cuffed their ankles to rings set in the cubicle sides, freed their wrists from behind their backs and re-cuffed them to the central panel. The third chain hooked to the backs of their collars and lifted their heads. Hanging on a hook in each cubicle were thin gags with oval rubber ring mouthpieces, which Muggs inserted. The rings went behind their teeth and forced the mouth half-open. April found they did not

prevent speech but she could not bite and so could not prevent anything being pushed between her lips. She felt sick at the implication of her enforced posture. Two men might have her at the same time, a cock in her mouth and another up her vagina or anus... and all for a penny a go. She stifled a sob of despair. What a cynical way to make maximum use of a bondmaid.

Muggs stood before them where they could both see him. He took off his jacket and hung it on a coat hook and then unbuttoned his flies. A hard thick cock popped out which he stroked. 'Right now I'm a customer. I've paid my penny and I've got your six holes to choose from. My prick's ready. What are you offering?'

Fearful of another beating, April pushed her tongue through her ring gag, licked her lips invitingly and said, her words slightly slurred: 'That's a lovely big cock, master. Can I suck it for you?'

'No, try my cunny, Master,' Niki said, 'its really juicy!'

'My bum is tighter and hotter, Master!' April retorted.

'No, mine is!' Niki cried.

Mugs advanced on April, grasped her head and rammed his cock through her mouth ring and halfway down her throat. She nearly gagged but managed to suck on it with a show of desire.

After a few thrusts Muggs pulled out and moved round to the rear of Niki's cubicle. April heard her gasp as he entered her and felt the shock of his thrusts make the cubicle frame tremble.

And so round and round he went, dipping his cock in one of their orifices after another. April could taste his pre-cum and Niki's juices mingling with her own plus a tang of Jympson's lavender. She was sucking a cock that had been up her and Niki's arseholes! Even though they were clean it was so nauseating...

Except suddenly it wasn't. The tipping point came when reluctant necessity gave way to helpless slavish need and she wanted him to stay in her, up any hole, long enough for her to come. But he spent his seed inside Niki, whether up her bum or pussy she did not know. Not that it mattered in a way.

With his face flushed Muggs stood before them once more, his sagging cock wet with their juices. With a clink of chain Liz came forward, knelt at his feet and with her hose and cloths, washed and dried his cock, catching the wastewater in her bucket after it tricked over her breasts and down her chest.

'Not bad for your first time,' Muggs said. 'I think you'll do. Now you get washed out while I get your nametags made up.' He buttoned his flies up. 'At the Spreadeagle we make sure you're fresh for each customer. See to them, Liz...'

He went out while the bondmaid moved round the cubicles, drawing the hose with her. Standing up against April's head so her hair pressed into her belly and April was looking down into the bucket slung between Liz's legs she pushed one of the nozzles up into April's mouth, washed it out with a jet of water and wiped her lips dry. She did the same for Niki, then moved round to their rears. April felt a different nozzle slide up her rear and gasped as she was given a rapid enema, the waste dribbling into Liz's bucket. A dab of Jympson's to April's anus completed the task. Parting April's labia with practiced fingers Liz asked softly: 'Need to pee?'

'No thank you,' April said indistinctly through her gag. A nozzle slid up her vagina and she was douched.

When Niki had also been flushed out, Liz started to move back to her corner and then paused in front of them and flashed a quick wry smile through her muzzle. 'Welcome to the Spreadeagle.'

'Thanks,' they replied. For something else to say April added: 'It doesn't seem... too bad here.'

Liz shrugged. 'It's all right. It really has got a good reputation. Mr Muggs is a fair master most of the time. It's some of the customers you've got to watch out for...'

Liz went back to her corner, tipped the waste bucket down the sink and resumed her position once more. April was grateful for her service but she wondered with a sinking heart how many times a day would a girl chained as she was now have to be cleaned after the most passionless production-line form of sex? Despite her experience of the last few weeks could she survive that sort of treatment? Of course the question was meaningless because she had to. She had no choice...

Muggs came back shortly afterwards with a pair of freshly stamped nametags and hung them on April and Niki's collars.

'Now you're proper Spreadeagle girls,' he declared. 'Let's show you to the customers...'



## CHAPTER TWELVE

Muggs led April and Niki, now re-cuffed and gagged, into the taproom of the Spreadeagle. It was a lofty chamber with leaded windows, white plastered walls and a ceiling heavy with beams. Big oil lamps hung on long chains. A bar with two more of the topless barmaids serving behind it ran down one side, facing several freestanding tables and a row of high-backed booths. Along the back wall was a row of rings and chains that were hooked to the collars of a dozen standing bondmaids, muzzled and belted like Liz but with their hands cuffed behind them. A couple of men were examining them, pinching and prodding their flesh as if they were inspecting sides of meat.

Currently the room was about a third full. A few bondmaids were also parading freely round the tables with flirtatious sways of their hips. Hands reached out and pinched and patted their breasts and bottoms as they passed, but the men could only gaze that their pussies locked away behind mesh cages. Even as April took in the scene one of the customers appeared to come to a decision. He grasped hold of a girl and led her over to the bar where he handed over some coins and was given a key and a ticket in return. Clutching these he dragged the girl out through the door to the lobby from which April and Niki had just emerged.

The bar itself looked conventional enough; a long counter of dark stained wood with clusters of surprisingly modern-looking pump handles. But behind it, between the racks of glasses and bottles, April saw two notices painted on black boards. One was a price list of beers ales and spirits on sale by the measure. The other was the pricing of the establishment's other commodity.

BONDMAID HIRE

STAND-UP WITH CHOICE OF ORIFICE: ONE PENNY

PRIVATE ROOM AND ONE GIRL: SIX PENCE PER HALF HOUR

PRIVATE ROOM AND TWO GIRLS: NINEPENCE PER HALF HOUR

PRIVATE ROOM AND ONE GIRL OVERNIGHT: THREE SHILLINGS

PRIVATE ROOM AND TWO GIRLS OVERNIGHT: FOUR SHILLINGS

EXTRA GIRLS OVERNIGHT: ONE SHILLING AND SIX PENCE EACH

HIRE OF SPANKING PADDLES AND CAGE PRODS: TWO PENCE

HIRE OF NOVELTY DILDOS: THREE PENCE

HIRE OF ADDITIONAL RESTRAINTS (SEE LIST): FOUR PENCE PER SET

HARD USAGE PERMIT (WITH COMPLIMENTARY THRASHING PACK): TWO AND SIX PER GIRL

ORGIES AND SPECIAL PARTIES: BY ARRANGEMENT

NOTE: ANY GIRLS LEFT UNFIT FOR WORK FOR MORE THAN THREE DAYS WILL BE CHARGED FOR AT THE MANAGEMENT'S DISCRETION.

The barmaids looked up as Muggs led April and Niki behind the counter. One, a brassy woman with glossy scarlet nipples, asked: 'So these are the new girls, eh, Mr Muggs?'

'That's right, Floss. You put the signs out about them?'

‘Yes, Mr Muggs.’

‘Right, then let’s get them on show...’

There was a small set of wooden steps tucked in under the counter. It was pulled out and positioned behind one of the beer pumps. For the first time April noticed how it had been modified. Inwardly she groaned. Oh, no, not again... But she had no choice and at Muggs’ urging with his hands on her hips to guide her, she climbed the steps to stand on the bar.

The top of the pump handle shaft had been removed and replaced with an angled rubber dildo. There were also two ringbolts and short lengths of chain fastened to the counter top on either side. Muggs positioned her half squatting and then pulled her hips down. April grunted as the dildo slid up inside her. Muggs pushed her down onto her shins and chained her ankles to the counter. Now she could not escape the impaling shaft, its resistance helping to hold her bottom clear of her ankles instead of naturally sitting back on them. Muggs pulled her knees wide and April saw there were actually carved hollows in the counter for them to rest in, spreading the pressure on them slightly even as she blatantly displayed her plugged vulva to the whole room.

How many other bondmaids had been in this position before her, she wondered, blushing miserably as she felt dozens of curious eyes on her.

Muggs was hooking something down from the canopy ceiling over the bar. It was a pair of stout chains that he clipped to the side rings of her collar. They must have been sprung because she felt them tugging upward, helping her hold her position and also keep her head lifted up for all to see. She would not be allowed to hide her face from the customers.

Floss was holding a short chain with a rubber mushroom plug on the end. This she shoved up April’s anus until it popped into place.

‘Now you follow her lead to pump,’ Muggs told April.

Floss held a glass under the pump spout and pulled the chain. Obediently April bent her knees, sinking back down until her bottom touched her heels, pumping the beer out of the barrel under the bar. It was not easy as she felt the dildo handle distending her vagina, sliding deeper in as she lowered herself and making her belly bulge. The pull on the chain eased off and she rose, then at another tug dipped again. It took three such motions to fill the glass, by which time the pump handle was wet with her juices and she was screwing up her eyes in misery. Might she actually be dripping in the beer as it was being pulled under her? Perhaps that was a normal extra for Spreadeagle patrons.

Muggs took a sip from the glass. ‘Always tastes better when a maid had pulled it with her cunny,’ he declared.

Niki was identically mounted on another pump a little further down the bar. Customers began to gather round, wanting their glasses refilled and smiling as they watched April and Niki, now transformed into living beer pumps, straining to serve them. They were assessing their figures in minute detail and saying to each other how much they’d like to pump them out personally.

Muggs’ voice rose above the chatter. ‘Gentlemen, I see you are admiring April and Niki, our latest acquisitions. They are a pair of outsider girls, known to be very passionate in nature. Tell your friends. They’ll be performing a duet of lust and pain in the games room cage for your exclusive entertainment and pleasure! Tickets will go on sale shortly.’

April twisted her head round to look at Niki, who gave her back a gaze of helpless despair.

They made their performing debut in the Spreadeagle games room at eight that night.

The room was a large chamber at the back of the tavern. Inside an octagonal cage of light open mesh panels had been erected, standing on a platform of boxes that raised it to waist height. It was open at the top and was floored by oiled rubber-coated mats. A full house waited expectantly.

In the lobby, Muggs gave them some last minute advice. They stood before him nervously, their hands strapped behind their backs, their bodies oiled and glistening.

‘Now listen,’ he said, ‘they want to see two girls licking each other out like animals. They want to see you sucking tits and anything else you can get in your mouths. They want to smell you getting hot and see those cunnies well stuffed and running with juice. So go out there and give ‘em what they want... or else I’ll tan the backsides off the both of you!’

Taking up their leashes he led them out into the games room. Cheers rose up from the crowd as they appeared. They might have been boxers making their way to the ring. The men had sticks in their hands that they were holding aloft and waving. They were tipped with moulded rubber shapes: pointing fingers, penises, multi-pronged tickling sprays and flat smacking hands. April saw Niki was white and trembling by her side and felt her own legs going weak at the knees. But they had no choice.

Over the din April said: ‘Let’s give ‘em a show they’ll never forget!’

Niki forced a frightened grin.

A set of steps led up to one of the cage side panels that hinged like a door. They climbed inside, their feet slipping on the slick flooring. The door closed behind them and they were alone in the middle of ring of gaping, leering, hungry, lustful faces peering at them through the mesh walls.

Niki shrank back trembling against April's shoulder. 'We... can't do this!' she groaned.

'Yes we can!' April said. 'We must.'

Muggs was standing on top of the steps. 'Gentlemen! For the first time at the Spreadeagle I present to you April and Niki!'

They were standing face to face, shivering in the middle of the cage while the crowd roared. Niki's warm oiled body was pressed against hers, their hard-tipped breasts sliding past each other with fluid pliancy. The noise of the crowd faded to an expectant silence. She stared into Niki's petrified eyes. They must do something.

Smack! A rubber paddle hand on the end of a rod thrust through the cage mesh had slapped her buttock.

The blow was not hard but it made her grind her hips against Niki's. She felt warm scented living flesh and springy pubic hair sliding and mingling with her own. So she kissed Niki with all the passion she could muster.

The crowd cheered.

A rubber penis was thrust out, probing for her buttocks. Another slapping hand smacked her hip. Niki jerked, her eyes widening as a tickler slid up between her legs followed by more slaps and prods. April closed her mouth with another kiss and then moved down her neck to her nipples.

This brought forth shouts of advice as to what she should do with those hard nubs of flesh from the crowd. More prods and smacks, setting her skin smarting.

The pain was the key not the enemy. She let it fire up her senses while she continued kissing, breaking off only to look round and smile contemptuously, as if to say is that the best you can do?

The crowd rose to the challenge, raining rubber smacks, prods, stabs and tickles upon them. Under the oil their skin was flushing pink and crimson.

It was sick and degrading and wonderful.

Niki groaned and began to return her kisses with passion, sending her lips and delicately nipping teeth across April's body.

Lust was mastering them, a wild animal delight than knew nothing of shame and embarrassment. It was their safety valve and salvation. They were slaves but tonight they were also stars. In this cage they were free to lust after each other without limit and their erstwhile masters would help them.

They sank to the floor, slithering round until they were head to groin, ravaging each other's engorged vulvas and straining clitoral buds. Their wetness spilled onto the floor and mingled with their body oil. The smacks of the prods had become indistinguishable from lovebites and kisses. Rubber penises jabbed at their slots and bottom holes.

In utter abandonment they rolled apart and invited penetration, teasing the crowd with their intimate passages. April lay on her back with legs akimbo and knees bent, feet to the floor so she could lift her hips, groaning and gasping as half a dozen rubber fingers and cocks fought to plug her dripping slot and pouting anus, ramming into her with brutal force. As one slipped out another took its place. Beside her Niki was on her knees, face to the floor with bottom high and thighs wide, taking prong after prong up her streaming bum and pussy holes. April ached to be inside her as well.

Men were ripping open their flies and shoving their real hard flesh cocks through the cage mesh and pumping then wildly. Others had dragged up chairs and were standing on them so they could lift their cocks over the top rim of the cage and jerk them off.

As April and Niki scrabbled back to couple once more, rolling and slithering round the cage with heads clasped between each other's thighs, hot spatters of sperm began to land on their skin and in their hair as fingers and rods thrust past their heads to plunder their lovers' rear passages before their very eyes. The girls bucked wildly, buttocks thudding and slapping the floor. For a few precious seconds they were alone in each other's bliss.

Then they collapsed back into the real world to sprawl exhausted and sobbing on an oil and sperm-splattered floor with cheers and thunderous applause ringing in their ears.



## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Incredible as it seemed to April, in little more than a week she and Niki found they were sinking into the routine at the Spreadeagle as though they had known no other sort of life. Of course, they were given no choice in the matter. Bondmaids simply had to adapt to and accept whatever regimen their owners decreed. However this rapid acclimatization might also have been because the Spreadeagle was uniquely dedicated to their strict confinement, disciplined well-being and of course commercial exploitation.

This followed a regular timetable. The opening hours for both the drinking and bondmaid hire through the week were from noon until midnight, though a byelaw allowed the penny stand-ups to open at ten. Saturday nights they stayed open until two. Sundays they opened from one until eleven. As long as the money had already changed hands before the end of licensed hours, girls hired for use in a private room overnight were permitted to remain with the guests until morning. April supposed this latitude was the Nethervale version of “drinking-up time”.

Apart from those girls who had been entertaining in the private rooms, their day started when they were roused at nine each morning in the tavern attic. This was one large bondmaid dormitory, lined with rows of low cages large enough for two girls to share a thin mattress and blanket. Mugs did not mind the girls pairing off and forming liaisons as long as it did not interfere with their earning capacity. The cages were not private, of course, but privacy was a thing they were fast forgetting and at least once they were locked in they had a cage to themselves. But even when neither of them had been hired to serve all night in a private room, they were usually too sore, drained and exhausted from their day's work to engage in loving sex. Their only comfort was each other's presence.

Breakfast was eaten from plates laid out on the taproom floor, or if it was fine in the beer garden. They were actually allowed to use

cutlery, which felt strange after three weeks of eating solely with their mouths like animals. Then they washed in the bathhouse at the back of the tavern. The soap and water was plentiful as Muggs had a thing about cleanliness. They combed and primped themselves, applied perfume and plenty of Jympson's, and then lined up like soldiers for Muggs' morning inspection. Orifices were tested with stiff fingers for tightness and cleanliness, any marks left on them by customers from the previous day examined and then assignments were given out.

During opening hours a girl was always chained up in the tavern sign, with a different girl each day. Depending on business up to four might be placed in the penny stand-ups, with a girl assigned to cleaning duty such as Liz had been on the first day they arrived. The rest of the girls served the customers in the private rooms.

The staff of barmaids, who were employees as April had guessed, oversaw all their activities. They were allowed to use the canes they carried to enforce discipline and meet out minor punishments, though April rarely saw them do so. The ultimate enforcer was Muggs' strap, which they all feared if it was ever used to its maximum force. But generally the infliction of pain was left to the guests, who of course paid for the privilege.

April had assumed having sex with so many men in such quick succession would blur to something meaningless but it didn't. For all the resentment and disgust for what she was doing instilled by her conventional upbringing she was repeatedly brought to intense orgasmic experiences. They were nothing compared to what she had felt with Niki in the cage, but they were still very powerful. Niki confided the same perverse reactions one night as they huddled together, sore and exhausted.

'It's getting worse, isn't it?' she whispered. 'This place, Nethervale not the Spreadeagle I mean, is changing us. Or were we always this way?'

'You mean are we being turned into masochists?' April said.

‘But can you be turned into a masochist? I thought that was something you were born with. Anyway, we’ve only been here a month. How can that happen so quickly, unless there’s something in the water, or the air?’

‘Maybe its sort of cultural,’ April suggested. ‘Everybody expects bondmaids to act this way, like sex machines always on tap, and so we do. We’d be the ones out of place if we didn’t. Remember how it felt those first days?’

‘I remember you offering your bum to Gurney! That was so fucking brave!’

‘That was survival. Everything since then has followed on naturally.’

‘That seems so long ago! Like Prudence said, time passes in a funny way here... Oh fuck, we haven’t even made sense of what she told us about coming here during World War Two, yet!’

‘Well, we haven’t exactly had much chance to get deep-down theoretical physical about how time might pass at different speeds in parallel worlds, have we?’

Niki gave a feeble chuckle. ‘I suppose not. Want to try now?’

‘God no! I’m too shattered. I’m just about staying awake as it is. For the moment we just have to accept what she said was true. But you saw how Pru had adjusted to life here, and she was from sixty years ago when everybody was far more repressed. Maybe living as a bondmaid starts out as being forced on you and then becomes normal, just a habit.’

‘You mean all bondmaids become addicted to sex?’

‘Maybe. We expect to be screwed and our bodies are ready for it, then we feel needy if we don’t get it.’

Niki sighed. 'I suppose, in a way, its better than being whores forced into selling themselves to support some shitty drug addiction or because of debt.'

'I know. We're bondmaids. We're expected to do this sort of thing. Nobody here thinks any less of us for it or despises us or pities us. It's just how we're meant to be. There's no guilt about using us either, not on their part anyway, so we shouldn't feel any either. Or shame.'

'But we do feel shame, don't we?'

'I know,' April admitted. 'But then it... goes away.'

'And we end up having these amazing orgasms.'

'Yes. They're incredible.'

Niki kissed her neck. 'Especially if they're with you!'

April twisted round and kissed back. 'I think so to.'

'Oh fuck, I hate seeing other people having you, but it sort of excites me at the same time.'

'It's the same with me seeing a man taking you away upstairs. Sorry...'

'You can't do anything about it. Like you say, we're bondmaids, it's what we do. And when I do cum and it feels wonderful and for a few seconds I don't care about any of it. Maybe I'm learning to live without guilt as well. Maybe we have these mind-blowing orgasms, even when we're chained to a bed and being screwed by a total stranger who might have just paddled our backsides until they glow in the dark, because here we can enjoy pain and sex together just for what they are; raw, intense emotions, without feeling guilty?'

'I think that might be part of it.'

‘Or are we really secret masochists?’

‘Go to sleep...’

During the day most of the girls were kept muzzled, belted and cuffed on display on the taproom wall. In rotation the freshest were sent out to parade round the taproom and garden and entice customers with flirtatious chat and offering their bodies for free pats and pinches. The other girls and the barmaids soon pointed out to Niki and April a few customers they should not waste their time on because they never responded to such enticements. They came in the mornings usually for a drink and the chance to read a paper or book in a quiet corner. She supposed they just liked the atmosphere.

When a customer did pick a girl he took her to the bar, chose how long he wanted her for and any extras, paid his money, got a ticket and the keys to her muzzle and belt, and took her through the lobby and up the stairs to a landing of small rooms. Except for the overnight rooms, which were slightly grander, they were solely furnished with iron-frame beds hung with enough hooks and chains on them and the ceiling above to secure a girl in any number of positions for screwing, be it spread out, doubled up, bent over or suspended.

If the customer had hired a spanking paddle he could use it to encourage a girl to work harder to please. The regular paddles stung terribly but inflicted no long-term damage. April discovered the rubber of their blades was porous and soaked in a red pigment that came off on their skin when they were struck and made a beating look far more severe and satisfying than it was.

But hard or not April found herself responding to the pain and restraints in the only way her body seemed to know. There was little chance of her coming in the stand-ups unless she was had by several men in quick succession, but half an hour of solid screwing in a private room, especially if spiced with a beating first, almost inevitably resulted in a genuine orgasm, not the show ones they were expected to put on when their users came inside them. She

told herself she must believe what she had said to Niki about guilt and enjoy such events as her own special reward.

When the customer was finished with a girl in a private room he left her chained to the bed. The barmaid on landing duty came round to free her and take her to be cleaned up in the washroom, then she was put back on display once more.

The routine at the Spreadeagle steadily drew April and Niki into its strange embrace. Though they missed the farm life Muggs was a far kinder master than Hopgood. They were well enough fed and cared for. Most of the customers were easy enough to deal with. And they were together, often for entire nights. It could have been far worse.

Then a customer, a smallish, quite ordinary-looking man by Ramswold standards, paid for two hour's use of April in a private room. He hired a pair of novelty dildos and paid two and six extra for a hard use permit with its complimentary thrashing pack. This comprised of a lash, cane, short whip, strap and bridle gag, which a note requested customers to employ it when punishing their chosen girl so as not to disturb the other guests. At the sight of the pack April's stomach knotted.

Once up in the room the man removed April's, muzzle and belt and chained her to the front of the bed facing outwards with her ankles spread wide and cuffed to its feet. He buckled straps around her knees, binding them to the bed frame as well. Her arms were drawn up tautly and chained to a ceiling hook, lifting and pushing out her breasts. Carefully he fitted her with the complementary gag, which filled her mouth and had a thick rubber plug attached to a broad pad that went over her lips. It was held in place by straps running under her chin, across the bridge of her nose and behind her neck. Once it was in place he pinched her right nipple hard between thumb and forefinger and was apparently satisfied by the muted quality of her squeal of pain.

The pair of dildos, huge, spiked and knurled things, he rammed up her vagina and rectum, stretching her passageways until she whimpered while making her belly bulge. The dildo heads with their pull-rings stuck out from the straining “O” of her anal sphincter and gaping labial mouth as if she was in the act of expelling or giving birth to them. But they were far too tightly lodged inside her to be ejected from her body. April had never been so tightly stuffed, either by Hopgood’s candles or bondmaid’s fists. Fear was taking hold of her now and she shook her head, twisting in her chains and gazing pleadingly at the man, silently offering any other pleasure except this. But of course he took no notice. Her pain was his pleasure.

Taking up the cane he carefully cupped and lifted her heavy, tremulous breasts, teasing her hard nipples with his thumb, and then swiped the cane down across their upper slopes. The pliant globes flattened and rebounded with each blow. Meticulously he laid down half a dozen scarlet track lines while she threw her head back and shrieked through her gag. Then he lifted each breast by the nipple and added half a dozen more across their undersides, making them jump and rebound with fluid grace. Finally he stood back and delivered the final set of blows square across her hard swollen nipples, driving them into their parent bodies and seeing them spring back for more.

He left her to sob and squirm for a minute, savouring her distress, stroking her throbbing seared mammaries and watching the blush spread from each cane stripe to cover them in crimson. Where some of the welts had crossed they showed purple and were beaded with blood. He examined her face, her cheeks glossy and flushed, wiping the tears from her eyes. Then he picked up the short whip.

This he used on her backside, standing first on one side of the bed and the other, using forehand and backhand blows to cover it from waist to buttock crease, making her fleshy cheeks shiver. The braided leather cut her flesh, raising it into ridges and valleys. Here and there the skin broke and bled. Shrieking and sobbing, April jerked her hips forward with each cracking impacting, her inner

muscles clenching helplessly about the dildos that plugged her front and rear, working them inside her, the promise of pleasure flickering amidst the onslaught of pain. Her stretched labia began to glisten wetly.

The man stopped when April's rear was striped all over and simmering with blood heat. She hung limp and dazed in her chains. Tears were running down her cheeks and dripping onto her crimson breasts, where they stung her tender skin. The stream gathered between them and trickled down over her navel. Meanwhile the ooze from her vagina was seeping down her inner thighs. He stroked her again, wiping her eyes clear. Then he stooped and licked the helpless discharge from her pussy, sniffing its plugged mouth. Slowly he pulled out the vaginal dildo, which came out of her wet and dripping. Before her distended orifice could close he pushed the head of the lash up into it and twisted it about, soaking it with her juices and making April's red-rimmed eyes bulge afresh.

Pulling the now dark, wet and heavy lash out of April's passage he laid it aside and picked up the strap. While her pudenda hung ravage, open and unguarded he swung the strap up between her legs to crack against her wet, engorged lovmouth. She arched her back, screaming through her gag as her soft pouting lips shivered and her hard swollen clitoris was driven again and again back into its hood. Her anus was clenching madly about its dildo while from her empty vagina streaming juices were being splattered over her thighs. Yet she was burning, she was on fire!

He desisted only when her head dropped forward onto her chest and she came close to fainting from the pain. He replaced the dildo, picked up the soaked lash and began to lay it with a hiss and a crack across her belly and thighs. He did not hold back his arm. With her ankles and knees bound and backed by the bed frame she could not shrink or twist away from the blows. The full impact of each one made her flesh shiver and sent ripples through her, even making her poor tits jiggle.



Her whole body was now one mass of simmering, throbbing, lacerated and tormented flesh. From her burning breasts with their cinnamon nipples down across her flaming belly to her mottled thighs and cherry red pubic mound and then cruelly round and between her legs to her bloody, toasted buttocks.

April was half insensible when her abuser finally dropped the lash, climbed onto the bed behind her, pulled out her sticky rear dildo and rammed his cock up her hot, gaping rear passage again and again.

All the pain had been but the foreplay to this penetration by a hard living shaft. And a terrible, perverse gratitude swept through her mingled with joy that her reward was near. As his hot seed erupted into her bowels she went into orgasmic spasm. The terrible need that had been beaten, stirred and fired inside her by leather, rubber and cane now burst and pee spurted about her pussy plug and across the floor as she came.

April was so weak and drained that she was excused work for the rest of that day. That night Niki cried as she kissed her welts and bruises and comforted her in their cage.

‘Don’t worry, I still came like a good bondmaid should,’ April said, trying to make light of it. ‘It could have been worse.’

‘That’s just it,’ Niki said in despair. ‘It could have been much worse and we couldn’t have done anything to stop it. As long as Muggs gets his money we’re just living dolls for sadists to play with!’

The next day Muggs judged April was not fit to serve guests and so she was put up on the Spadeagle sign while she recovered. The supporting bracket of the sign frame was fastened to a heavy chain sliding through in a slot in the post. It was cranked down and she was put in place, then it was cranked up again.

It was not unpleasant. April was hardly conscious of the exposure. The cuffs and belt about her wrists, ankles and waist

supported her and the air was cooling on her tortured skin. It gave her time to think.

She wondered how her own and Niki's families were coping with their disappearance back in their own version of England. She felt guilty about not thinking about them more often but then surviving as a bondmaid during this last insane, terrible, if occasionally wonderful month, had come first. If only they could at least get some sort of message back to them to let them know they were all right. No, that thought felt defeatist. It implied they might not escape and they had to!

Of course they could not accept their situation. Any number of orgasms however incredible did not justify what had been done to her and what they might still suffer. Liz had been right saying what she did that first day. They were frighteningly vulnerable at the Spreadeagle to the whims of the customers. But they were also very securely confined at all times. They might have to endure this month as best they could and hope their next master gave them a chance to escape and take it whatever the risk.

April comforted herself with the thought that at least while they were in and about Ramswold they were never far from the doorway that led back home. At some point some owner would get careless. All they needed was one hour of freedom...

Her injuries seemed to be healing unusually quickly and so the next day April was put in the penny stand-ups. It was by Spreadeagle standards reckoned to be boring but relatively easy work. During the day she served perhaps thirty cocks in one orifice or another, for she hardly saw the customer's faces and that's what they were to her. The cock's owners pawed her still tender breasts and bottom but at least they did not hit her and came quickly, for which she was grateful. She even managed a minor orgasm of her own, which showed, incredibly, that she was recovering.

The next day she went back to normal duties.

The following Saturday morning found April fully-healed and unaccompanied walking the streets of Ramswold.

She was not free, of course. She was one of three living sandwich board girls Muggs had sent out to advertise the monthly games night at the Spreadeagle. The only sandwich board people April recalled seeing back home had been either advertising new restaurants or warning of the imminent end of the world and most people had ignored them. She could have guaranteed they would have got more attention dressed as she was.

On her head was strapped a headpiece with a glittering round rotating sign supported in a forked frame that read: WIN ME. Suspended so that it hung freely between her breasts on chains clipped to her nipples was a large bell that jingled with every step. Belled cuffs were locked about her ankles, which were joined by a hobble chain. This was lifted from the ground by a lighter chain that ran up to her breast bell. Every step she took rang it and tugged on her nipples. She was of course also muzzled and chastity-belted, with her wrists cuffed behind her to a ring on the back of the belt.

Painted in bright red letters across her chest and belly was: SPREADEAGLE GIRL-GAMES TONIGHT. Across her shoulders was painted: 8PM TO MIDNIGHT. On her buttocks: ADMISSION: SIXPENCE

‘Win me for a night at the Spreadeagle, Sir,’ she called out to every man she passed as she had been instructed. ‘Points for every girl-game won. The highest score wins the girl of your choice for the night!’

April found she did not mind parading about the town like this. She liked walking and could watch the people go by and snatch glimpses through shop windows. The exposure of her decorated body before stranger’s eyes now gave her an exciting low-grade illicit thrill of shame that, since she could not deny it, she was learning to enjoy. Accepting she might be secret exhibitionist was not the same as being a masochist, after all.

Her only fear was that one of the people she lured to the games night might be another sadistic user even worse than the last one.

The Spreadeagle games were held that night in the beer garden, which was illuminated by dozens of colourful hanging lanterns. Muggs strutted about grandly welcoming people and the barmaids served drinks and some simple finger food from trestle tables while the customers tried their luck at the games, which all featured bondmaids. In fact they were the games. In Nethervale this counted as innocent fun.

There were girls tied to the lower ends of sloping wooden boards with their legs wide and labia pinned back while men tried to roll pennies into their wet slots. Others were strapped to upright panels with hooks clipped to their nipples and plugged into their pubes with numbers painted on their flesh, making targets for rope hoops. Half a dozen were stood in a ring about a pole with a ball on a long cord hanging from it. Between their widespread legs hung wooden skittles, the long necks of which were clenched within their vaginas. The idea was to swing the ball and knock as many skittles from their living mounts in a minute. Another row of girls were bent over a waist-high pole with their rears to the players. They had wooden cups set on long rods stuck in their anuses. Held in each cup was an apple. This was the Nethervale version of a coconut shy. The payers threw balls to try to knock the apples out. A good hit on an apple showered its girl holder with its pulp.

April was waiting to take her turn on a game while watching Niki. She was with two other girls shuffling from side to side along a wooden plank raised a short distance above the ground. They had targets painted on their bodies. The idea was to throw rag balls soaked in coloured paint at them to score. There was an extra bonus for knocking a girl off the plank. Though she was splashed with paint in intimate places Niki was actually grinning as she shuffled to and fro, dodging the balls. It was good to forget their worries for a while, April thought.

The excitement was at its height when there was a stir in the crowd as a barmaid bustled up and spoke urgently to Muggs. April was close enough to overhear.

‘... a fine carriage, Mr Muggs. It’s got a wheel that needs the smith’s attention. His man says he wants to stay here a few hours while it’s seen to. He’s Lord Debawsher of Hardrack Hall!’

## CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Muggs bustled off while a murmur ran round the gathering, spread by those who had overheard. A few curious types drifted to the trellis that separated the garden from the roadside of the tavern and peered through. Slowly the girl-game play resumed.

Ten minutes later Muggs reappeared. He looked round at the girls with feverish, calculating eyes. Finally his gaze settled on April and Niki. 'Get them cleaned up and bring them inside, quick!' he snapped.

The barmaids flew to obey.

Shortly afterward, April and Niki, hands now cuffed behind them and hastily washed, scrubbed, combed and greased, were led up the stairs by Muggs in person. Floss was following after with a bag of dildos, a thrashing pack and assorted restraints.

'You do anything His Lordship wants, understand?' Muggs hissed to April and Niki. 'If he goes away happy it's a boost for the Spreadeagle. If he doesn't, you don't sit down for a week!'

They gulped and nodded.

A magnificently liveried footman stood outside the door of the best private room. He admitted them. Inside a table had been set up and a selection of the best food the Spreadeagle could provide at short notice laid out. Another servant was standing by the table. Seated at it was slender, elegant man, perhaps in his late thirties, with a hawkish nose and very dark eyes. He wore a white powdered wig with a pigtail and bow at the back, a fine shirt with a frilly lace front and loose sleeves. Lace trimmed green breeches and gold-buckled shoes protruded from under the table. A green and gold jacket was neatly laid over the bed.

Muggs bowed and Floss made a clumsy curtsy. Muggs jerked their leashes and April and Niki quickly went down on their knees.

‘A pair of my very best girls, Your Lordship,’ Muggs announced. ‘Outsider girls with very passionate ways.’

‘Outsiders, eh?’ Lord Debawsher said lazily, chewing on a chicken leg. ‘I have a few of them in my stable. Fine eager animals once they’ve been broken in. Show them to me...’

Muggs pulled April and Niki to their feet and made them twirl and display their assets before the nobleman.

‘Yes, these look like pretty bitches,’ he declared. ‘I always like to have a pair performing while I dine. Have you a good-sized double prong?’

Floss dug one out of the pack and handed it to Muggs.

‘Now make them couple like dogs,’ Debawsher said. ‘Can they yelp and whine at the same time? That’s always amusing.’

‘Of course, Your Lordship,’ Muggs said.

He uncuffed Niki’s wrists and pushed her down onto her hands and knees. Then he shoved one end of the fat double dildo up inside April’s vagina and set her down on her knees between Niki’s spread legs.

April gazed at Niki’s sweet wet pouting peach of a mound before her that she was supposed to fill it with a length of rubber when all she wanted to do was worship it with her tongue. But they had no choice...

She dipped her back and thrust with her hips, forcing Niki’s labia wide and driving the dildo up inside her. Niki tossed back her head and whined submissively. Wretchedly April howled in triumph

and thrust again, feeling her end of the dildo sliding all the way up inside her even as she jerked Niki forward, setting her breasts jiggling.

‘Harder, bitches!’ Debawsher commanded

April began to pump into Niki, forcing real whimpers of pain from her throat. Wretchedly she howled again. They coupled lustily. She started to pant and lolled her tongue. Sweat beaded on her chest. Their juices flowed and spread and began wet their thighs.

‘Faster!’ Debawsher said.

Muggs pulled out his strap and began to lay it across April’s pounding buttocks. The stinging cracks transmitted themselves through her body to Niki, making her bottom tremble. Whimpering, April thrust with increased energy into her love’s body. Niki’s labia were engorged and blushing crimson. She was hurting Niki and herself now, but it would be worse for both of them to disobey.

‘Now up her arse!’ Debawsher suddenly cried.

Unthinkingly April pulled the glossy shaft out of Niki’s clinging pussy that was dripping juices onto the floor and rammed it into the dark crinkled pit of her anus, making her bottom bulge. Niki yelped pitifully and April joined her in a yowl of despair, venting their pain and need. Muggs’ strap lashed her buttocks, setting them on fire.

And then came the tipping point.

No, she was not hurting Niki. They were coupling as bondmaids should, serving their master’s will like the animals they were. They were bitches in heat. The raw slave lust that knew no bounds and fed off pleasure and pain alike was rising inside her. She bent over Niki as she pounded into her, rubbing her sweaty breasts across her back, nuzzling her ear until she twisted her head round and they kissed. They howled. Her hips banged into Niki’s buttocks



as she riddled her anus. Then a bomb of pleasure exploded inside her and she knew no more.

April regained her senses to find she was laying in a sweaty heap half on top of a feebly stirring Niki. She ached inside and her bottom was throbbing. Floss was pulling the dildo out of her with a wet sucking sound. Muggs and Debawsher were talking.

‘They really are quite a special pair,’ Debawsher was saying. ‘There’s a distinct animal passion in them. I see why they’re your best.’

‘Your Lordship is most kind.’

‘They’d be a fine addition to my stable. I’ll buy them. What will you take?’

‘Er...Your Lordship is most generous,’ Muggs spluttered, ‘but they’re Ramswold girls still in their lease year. If you wanted to buy them when it’s done...’

Debawsher waved a dismissive hand. ‘That’s just a tradition, not the law. These trivial things can be sorted out. Here’s five pounds for them...’

As Muggs made a faint gurgling sound Debawsher’s servant opened a leather belt pouch and counted out five golden coins that he handed to Muggs.

Muggs gave a little sigh. ‘They are all yours, Your Lordship,’ he said.

‘Excellent. Load them up...’

Gags were pushed into their mouths and Niki’s wrists re-cuffed. Debawsher’s servant bent and hauled April and Niki to their feet and half carried them out of the room and down the stairs.

April was still too dazed to take it in, stumbling along on rubber legs. They'd been sold just like that?

In the light from the tavern's lanterns she saw a huge black coach drawn by a team of six horses was standing outside the Spreadeagle, surrounded by more liveried servants. A golden crest was painted on its door. Beside it a blacksmith was packing away his tools.

Baggage was stacked in a frame jutting out over the coach's rear wheels. Balanced on top of this pile were a couple of tiny cages. As they got closer April saw they contained a pair of bondmaids doubled over and crammed inside them.

The servants handed April and Niki up onto the top of the coach like more baggage. They were laid face down beside the pair of cages, hogtied and strapped in place.

A few minutes later Debawsher emerged from the tavern with Muggs bowing him obsequiously out. He climbed into the carriage and the rest of his servants swarmed aboard after him.

The driver released the handbrake and flipped the reins, calling out to the horses. With a slight jerk the coach started off along the road, carrying April and Niki, bound, naked and helpless, out of Ramswold and away from the hills that held their gateway back home and into the unknown reaches of Nethervale.

THE END

April and Niki's adventures in Nethervale continue in:

BONDMAIDS OF HARDRACK HALL

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