

The Quarry Slaves

Chapter 1



SLAVERY BOOKS

Simon Grail

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Chapter 1

Bethany Whittington's tired eyes were as wet as the rain-swept and dark hill road which wound its way through the East Sussex chalk downs on that Saturday night in late June. The weather it seemed was in tune with her misery and the windscreen wipers of her smart silver Mini roadster thumped in time with the heavy beat of her heart. The road seemed increasingly unfamiliar and she began to wonder if, distracted by her grief, she had taken a wrong turning some way back. That would be a fitting metaphor for her life right now.

She glanced at her phone on its dashboard dock and the memories it contained. Only a few hours ago everything had seemed perfect. Was she throwing all that away? How could she have been so stupid and cowardly?

Between her aching heart, the rain and her tears, the sharp bend ahead caught Bethany by surprise, as it must have done to somebody before her.

There was a missing section of crash barrier on the outside of the bend temporarily filled with orange warning tapes and traffic cones. Bethany stamped on the brake pedal but she was still wearing the heels that went with her dress and not her sensible driving shoes and briefly her foot slipped. Before she could hit the pedal again it was too late.

The cones and tapes snapped and scattered as the Mini tore through them and plunged down the steep embankment beyond, which was dotted with tall trees that seemed to rush out of the darkness at her as they were caught in the pitching headlamp beams. Bethany's knuckles were white as she gripped the steering wheel, wrenching it wildly left and right to avoid the tree trunks and keep the car upright as it lurched and bounced crazily downwards while she was practically standing on the brake pedal, feeling the wheels slithering on a treacherous mix of wet earth, moss and old leaves. Then, gradually the car began to slow, but not quite fast enough. There was a wall of saplings and tangled briers ahead and the car burst through them with a swish and snap of rasping, clinging, rope-like brambles, which finally dragged it to a halt.

Still clutching the steering wheel in a deathly grip Bethany sobbed in relief. She had never felt so frightened before in her life. Then the car teetered unsteadily, rocking back and forth. Her stomach knotted as she realized the headlight beams were illuminating only black, rain-filled air in front of her. Where had the ground gone?

A final bramble stem snapped and with a grating sound the car tipped forward and plunged vertically downwards. Bethany screamed; there was a rush of leaves and crack of breaking braches and then windscreen shattered and crumpled inwards. Then there came a final sickening crunch, a bang of airbags... and then nothing.

The next thing Bethany knew cool morning light was shining into the car, filtered by a screen of green leaves and twisted and splintered branches, through the gap where the windscreen had been. Its crumpled remains were now hanging down over its hood, which was wrapped in a tangle of torn bramble stems. The engine was no longer running and the dashboard displays were dark.

Through the side windows she could see a rough chalk face shaggy with moss and ivy almost obscured by a screen of birch trees, while in front of her she glimpsed a stretch of deserted weed-covered ground. Her car was wedged between the trees and the cliff almost standing on its crumpled nose which was buried in a mass of bushes and broken branches which had cushioned its fall. She was still in her seat, cold and stiff, and hanging face down from her seatbelt amid the deflated remains of airbags. She could taste blood in her mouth from where she had bitten her tongue. Her panties and the seat under her felt cold and damp and she realized that as she had crashed she had wet herself in fear. She turned her head, blinking about her foolishly, and her neck cricked painfully.

As she moved Bethany felt a pain in her chest. The splintered end of a branch had punched through the windscreen, passed under the rim of the steering wheel, and was pressing into her body just below her sternum and just under the seat belt where it crossed her chest. It did not seem to have done any more than bruised her, but another few centimetres further and it

could have killed her!

It was only as she stared down at this in horror did it register with her still shaken mind that force of the impact had caused her breasts to spill out of her low cut top and they were now dangling under her. This seemed wrong and feebly she tried to pull the cups of her dress back over them. But it had been dragged downwards under the splintered branch tip which was caught about its folds and she could not drag them back up again to cover herself.

Bethany went to undo her seat belt so she could get free of the branch but then hesitated. If she undid it she would fall onto the sharp branch tip. Could she brace her feet against the back of the foot well under the dashboard for long enough to wriggle free? She recalled all those TV medical dramas where accident victims had made foolish mistakes like that. Perhaps she had better call for professional help.

Fortunately she could reach her phone which was still in its dashboard dock but although it was working she could get no signal. The chalk cliff the Mini was jammed against must be blocking reception. She would have to free herself. Perhaps if she opened the side door she would have more room to twist about.

But the side door was jammed. Beginning to feel claustrophobically shut in she scrabbled at the catch that would release and fold back the mini's soft top, but it would only open a crack. Through this she saw another branch jammed against it, indenting the Mini's roof.

For the first time fear began to steal over Bethany. She was trapped and alone. She had no idea where she was and neither did anybody else.

‘Help!’ she screamed aloud. But there was no response.

Oh God, maybe she would never be found. Then guilt and fear and regret overwhelmed her and she broke down in tears and for several minutes she cried her heart out.

‘Oh fucking hell... there's somebody in it!’ said a surprised voice.

‘Hallo...’ said another uncertainly.

Bethany jerked her head up. Wiping away her tears and looking out through the gap where the windscreen had been she two stocky young men dressed in jeans and sloppy T-shirts, one dark-haired and one ginger, staring in at her. They were unshaven and pale-faced and could not have been much more than eighteen. They were holding drinks cans and looked at her as if they could not quite believe what they were seeing.

Then she realized what they were seeing were her naked breasts dangling under her. Sudden acute shame replaced her anguish and she clasped her hands over them. ‘Please, help me,’ she begged. ‘The door’s stuck and this branch is jammed into me ...’

‘Yeah... okay... right... we’ll get you out,’ the dark haired one said.

They dropped their cans and pushed their way through the weeds and broken branches to the driver’s side door and together they heaved at it until with a screech of metal it came free and flopped open. Then their flushed faces were peered in at her and the dark haired one reached out to check the branch pinning her to her seat.

With her nerves on edge and her emotions in turmoil it suddenly seemed to Bethany as if he was trying to grope her breasts. It was quite irrational but she could not stop herself.

‘Stop it!’ she cried, slapping his hand aside and trying to shrink away from him, pulling her legs up. But this only exposed the dark urine stain on the fabric about her crotch. Their eyes now flicked to where the wet dress clung to cleft of her buttocks. They could see what she had done and fresh embarrassment was piled upon her that brought forth another reflex response.

‘Don’t look at me down there!’ she snapped.

The eager excited expressions faded from their faces to be replaced by angry scowls.

‘Well if you don’t want our help we’ll leave you to get out yourself!’ the dark haired one said.

‘Stupid ungrateful bitch!’ his companion added.

They turned to leave.

‘No, please don’t go!’ Bethany wailed. ‘I’m sorry... I wasn’t thinking... I didn’t mean it!’

They turned and came back to the side of the car and looked in at her. She felt her cheeks burning as she clasped her breasts protectively to her.

‘Do you want our help or not, because nobody else is going to find you here,’ the dark haired youth said sharply.

‘I don’t even know where I am!’ Bethany sobbed.

‘This is the old chalk quarry just outside Pillsden Down. It’s been closed for years and got fenced off when people started using it as a dump.’

‘We only came here by chance,’ his friend explained. ‘We were at a school’s out forever party last night. Began talking about this place where we used to have our camp when we were kids. Got nostalgic, you know, and thought we’d have a look round again. Luckily for you...’

‘Yes, yes, very lucky for me,’ Bethany agreed, desperate to appease them.

By now they were both looking at her with expressions of unsettling calculation.

‘What’s your name?’ the dark one asked suddenly.

‘Bethany... Bethany Whittington.’

‘Hallo Bethany, I’m Gary in this is Jay.’ He looked over the remains of her Mini. ‘Nice little car. At least it was until you crashed it. Went through that gap in the barrier on the top road, did you?’

‘Yes...’

‘A lorry did that last week.’ He looked down at her shapely stocking clad legs to her feet. ‘Though driving in those heels can’t have helped. That was pretty stupid, wasn’t it?’

‘Yes... it was...’ Bethany admitted wretchedly. He had no idea how stupid she felt right now.

Jay observed: ‘Looks like you’re dressed for a party. That right?’

Bethany bit her lip. ‘Sort of...’

‘Bet it was a lot fancier than ours.’

Gary patted the top of the car. ‘It looks new. How much did it cost?’

‘I... don’t know,’ Bethany admitted. ‘It was a birthday present from my father...’

‘Wish my dad could buy me something like this. Your dad rich, is he?’

‘I...suppose so,’ Bethany admitted. ‘Look, please can you help me out of here...’

‘We’ll get you out, Bethany, but you’ve got give us something first...’

She gaped at him in horror. ‘You...want money?’

‘We could always do with a little more money, not that you’d know what that felt like. But I was thinking more that you give us another look at those tits of yours.’

‘Yeah, we didn’t get to see them properly the first time,’ Jay added.

‘In fact what about offering us a feel of them as well,’ Gary suggested.

‘Only fair for rescuing you,’ Gary said.

Bethany gaped at them in utter horror. ‘You...what? You must be crazy!’

Garry shrugged. ‘Have it your own way, Bethany. Goodbye. Good luck with getting free. There’s no phone signal down here so you can’t call anybody for help. We’ll come back in a couple of hours to see how you’re doing...’

Again they turned and began to walk away again.

‘No... stop... you can’t leave me here!’ Bethany called after them.

‘Yes we can...’

‘All right... I’ll do it!’ she screamed.

They came back to the car and looked at her expectantly. Biting her lip and feeling sick, Bethany took her hands away to expose her breasts. They were not overlarge but they were prominent. When she was standing they had scooped upper slopes tapering to jutting, plump-pointed nipples. Now they hung beneath her in smooth pale pneumatic cones. To her horror she felt her pale pink nipples were tingling and swelling, as if forming small fleshy stalactites before the eyes of her would-be rescuers.

The boys gazed at them in fascination and evident approval.

‘Those are really amazing tits!’ Jay declared.

‘Very nice boobs,’ Gary agreed. ‘And what else were you going to offer us?’ he prompted Bethany.

‘Would you like...’ Bethany choked ‘... would you like to feel them as well, please?’

Jay pushed his way round to the other side of the car and wrenched the passenger door open. Then he half clambered in to the seat so he could reach her left breast while Gary sampled her right.

And between them they cupped and squeeze her pliant breasts while she clenched her teeth in despair and dug her nails into the sides of the seat, holding back tears of shame and anger at herself. If only she had not spoken so sharply to them the first time. But what was even worse, her sensitive nipples continued to respond to their rough handling, swelling up into darker pink cones.

‘I think they like us,’ Gary said with a chuckle.

Jay flicked and tweaked her hard throbbing teats, making Bethany whimper. ‘These are amazing, Bethany. I bet your boyfriend loves them...’

Bethany shivered. ‘I... I haven’t got a boyfriend.’

‘What a waste. They’re a really great pair of jugs...’

They released her breasts and she clasped her hands back over them, feeling dirty.

‘Th... thank you,’ she said stammered wretchedly. ‘Now... p... please can you get me out of here...’

‘We’ll get you out... as long as you promise to show us the rest.’

‘What?’

‘We get you out and you strip for us. Show us the lot, agreed?’

Bethany sobbed: ‘How can you be so mean? Why can’t you just help me?’

‘Because we’re nobodies while you’re the rich bitch who couldn’t drive and dropped into our quarry and has got her self stuck in her own car. We don’t have much fun around here, so who can blame us for taking it when we can get it? Maybe it’ll teach you to be more careful in future...’

‘I’ll... I’ll tell the police what your doing!’ she threatened.

Gary looked about pointedly. ‘I don’t see any police here right now,

Bethany. There's just you and us.'

Jay reached over and took her phone from its dashboard dock. 'I'll have this so you can't take any pictures of us saying or doing anything we shouldn't, then it'll just be your word against ours. You tell anybody about us feeling your tits and they'll just think you misunderstood what we said because you're still shaken up after your crash. Don't worry; you'll get it back after you strip...'

The sight of her phone in his hands with all that it contained was too much for Bethany. 'No!' she screamed, trying to reach out for it and exposing her breasts again, but only succeeding in scraping the broken branch across her chest. 'You give that to me! It's mine... you can't have it!'

Gary and Jay looked surprised at the intensity of her reaction

'I think there's something on that phone she doesn't want anybody else to see,' Gary said.

'I think you're right,' Jay replied. 'Shall we have a look?'

'No... don't... you mustn't!' Bethany cried.

'Why not?'

'I... I... can't tell you. It's it private! Just give it to me! Please!'

But they knew she was totally helpless and now foolishly she had revealed how important her phone was to her.

Jay turned the phone on and scrolled through its menu until he came to her password protected file. 'Looks like you've got something locked away in here. Something valuable, is it?'

'No... just personal...'

'But something you don't want to lose? Or somebody else to see... '

She could not deny it now. 'Yes, now please give it back to me...'

‘If we get you free will you strip?’ he countered.

Oh God, this nightmare was getting worse by the second! But she dare not lose her phone. ‘Yes, yes...I’ll strip if you get me free...’

Jay put the phone safely away in his pocket. ‘Now let’s get you out of there...’

They set to work pulling and twisting at the branch trapping her in her seat. In a minute wood began to splinter and break as they bent it back out of the way. Then they unlatched her seatbelt and between them half carried her out of the car and set her upright for the first time in hours. She swayed unsteadily on her heels on the rough scree of chalk rubble that had collected beneath the cliff, groaning as she straightened her back. They led her out through the screen of trees and she saw the quarry properly for the first time.

It was about forty metres across at its widest. Elder bushes, clumps of thistles and lumps of fallen chalk littered the quarry floor, together with fly-tipped tyres, broken furniture and assorted rubbish that was being swallowed by weeds. Behind her the stand of birches grew up almost to the rim of the quarry, which was capped by a fringe of tangled brambles and small trees through which she had plunged the previous night. Beyond that rose the crest of the wooded hillside into the flanks of which the quarry had been cut. In front of her its sides sloped downwards and curved inwards until they were closed off by a tall chain link fence topped by rusty barbed wire with double gates in-filled by rusty corrugated iron sheets, all mottled by moss and lichens and half overgrown by bushes and ivy.

Bethany felt ridiculously out of place and horribly exposed standing the middle of this mini wasteland dressed in her dishevelled dress and high heels. The only blessing was that it seemed to be shielded from outside eyes.

Gary and Jay were looking at her expectantly.

‘Go on then, show us what you’re made of,’ Gary said with a huge grin.

‘But leave the stockings and heels on,’ Jay said. ‘It looks sexier that

way.'

'Yeah, leave them on...' Gary commanded.

Biting her lip, Bethany unzipped and stripped off her soiled dress. Her firm breasts did not need a bra and a scrap of sodden panties was all that was left to guard her modesty. Miserably she pulled them down over her legs and stepped out of them.

'Stand straight with your legs apart and put your hands behind your head,' Gary commanded.

Feeling sick and swaying slightly Bethany obeyed, while with their eyes wide in delight, the two young men walked round her, examining her naked body from every angle.

She was twenty two and had pale skin and long dark hair. Dark innocently arched questioning brows rose over her deep grey blue eyes. Her nose was straight and a little long but neat. Her lips were shapely with the upper one slightly curled back to expose her slight overbite. Regular exercise kept her figure trim and her black stocking-encased legs were slender but strong. Now she was standing upright the scooped upper slopes of her breasts emphasised their prominence as they tapered to her jutting stand-up pink nipples. Her buttocks were neatly rounded and a thin wedge of dark hair capped her tight pussy cleft.

'She is seriously hot,' Jay declared. Even as he spoke there was a bulge growing in the front of his jeans which filled Bethany with fear. This could not be happening to her...

'She's highly fuckable all right,' Gary agreed. 'Now if she's willing to strip to keep us happy then her phone must have something really important in it. You going to tell us what it is, Bethany...?'

'No... I can't... now please let me get dressed and give me my phone back...'

Jay scooped up her discarded clothes. 'No, I think we'll keep these as

souvenirs.'

'My phone... Please!' she begged.

'It really must be important if you still want it even after you've lost your clothes,' Gary said. 'Let's find out why...'

Before Bethany realized what he was doing he grabbed a fistful of her long hair and began to drag her over to the nearest of the birch trees. She yelped and clawed at his hand but he was far too strong for her.

'Get that the cable over there to tie her,' he said to Jay, indicating the ends of a twisted bundle of old electrical cabling protruding from one of the rubbish piles.

Gary pressed her up against one of the birch trunks and held her in place while Jay wrapped a length of cable about her waist, trapping her arms at her sides. Another length went about her wrists, binding them together on the other side of the birch trunk. The last length of cable went around the trunk and across the front of her throat, pulling her head up. She squirmed and struggled but she was securely bound to the tree.

'You...you can't do this to me!' she wailed feebly.

'I think we can do what we want to you now we have your phone,' Jay said.

Meanwhile Gary had carefully pulled a long green thistle up out of the ground and, holding it by its roots, brushed it across Bethany's trembling breasts.

'Tell me the password or else your tits will get a thistle beating,' he warned.

Bethany looked at Gary in horror. 'No...please... you can't... eeeek!'

Gary swiped the thistle stem across her chest and she screamed as its fine thorns bit into her breasts like hot needles. Tears filled her eyes as the thistle cane swished and slashed into her breasts, catching them from left and

right and above and below and then square on right across the line of her nipples, driving them in deep while she sobbed and screeched in pain.

‘Tell me what the password is, Bethany!’ he said.

‘No!’ she shrieked.

But by now tears were rolling down her cheeks and dripping onto the jerking, shivering mounds of her breasts which were turning scarlet and blotchy with broken thistle thorns bristling across their smooth swells. They stabbed and scratched at her heaving teats, drawing blood. The improvised cane was splitting and shedding leaves as he beat her, but he did not stop. The fine thistles were stabbing into her swollen nipples, filling them with exquisite pain and making them burn. She had never known helplessness or agony like this before and felt her resolve crumbling away. She thought she was going to die... she couldn’t stand any more...

‘AZTEC 69 triple X!’ she screamed.

Gary dropped his thistle lash, leaving her shaking and trembling in pain and despair while her scarlet striped breasts trembled with her ragged breathing. He keyed in the password and opened her locked files. Then he exclaimed: ‘Oh, I get it now...’ He showed Jay the screen.

They were the selfies she had taken last night. A dozen images featuring herself and a young woman of the same age who had dark hair and brown skin and vivacious Latin features. And they were laughing and cuddling and kissing like the lovers they were. And yet just a couple of hours afterwards she had driven off into the rain and ended up here...

‘Who is she?’ Gary asked. ‘Tell us everything...’

‘Maria... Maria Hidalgo,’ Bethany choked out. ‘She and her family moved here from Mexico a few years ago. We met at university when we were both reading English.’

‘She looks pretty hot. And obviously you two are lezzies. But for some reason you’re ashamed of her. Well, we’re not complaining, are we?’

‘Not us,’ Jay agreed.

‘So why the secrecy?’ Gary persisted. ‘These days who cares if you’re gay? Or is it your family that’s the problem? Daddy bought you a nice shiny car you said. He wouldn’t approve of this would he? Is it some class thing...or a race thing?’ He read the flash of guilt in her face: ‘Is that it, Bethany? Not only that you’re in love with a woman but she’s a hot Latin? Is your family prejudiced?’

And then Bethany began to cry, not just from the pain in her breasts but overwhelming guilt and shame. It was almost a relief to let it all pour out of her: ‘My... my family are very traditional and Maria’s are Roman Catholic. Neither of them would approve of us. They want us to find nice suitable men to marry. So Maria said if we were ever to come out and stand up to them we needed practice at being together. We live near Tunbridge Wells, so we went to Brighton where nobody would know us for a week at a hotel. We told our families we were staying with old university friends. But we had this argument... No, actually I panicked and ran out. I was driving back home in the rain when... I crashed down here...’

‘Well that’s a sad story,’ Gary said, ‘but good news for us.’ He held the damning pictures up in front of Bethany’s tear-streaked face. ‘You wouldn’t want these spread around the internet or sent to your family, would you? Well, would you?’

‘No...’ Bethany admitted miserably.

‘And for the next week nobody is going to miss you, right’

‘Uhh... No... I suppose not...’

‘Which gives you plenty of time and motivation to entertain us properly...’

‘Payment for rescuing you and compensation for crashing in our quarry...’ Jay added, looking her naked body up and down meaningfully.

Bethany felt her stomach knotting up in terror. ‘No... Please don’t!’

You can't treat me like this... owww!'

Gary had slapped her cheek hard. 'We're treating you like this because you're obviously a spoilt rich bitch who doesn't know how lucky she is! You've got a hot woman who loves you, an expensive car and you live in Tunbridge Wells. Well try living in Pillsden Down! Rich townies have bought up all the good houses and have priced out the locals and then they only live in them for weekends and holidays. There's nothing for us anymore and no chance of going to university to read a soft subject like English. Everybody at the party last night was talking about having to find summer jobs, but its all minimum wage and zero hour crap. That's what we're going to start doing on Monday...'

He trailed off as a sudden thought appeared to strike him. He grabbed hold of Jay and pulled him aside and for a minute the two spoke together in low, urgent tones, while Bethany could only look on helplessly. Then they returned to Bethany smiling broadly. To our horror they were both unzipping their flies and freeing straining young erections.

'You're going to be our little goldmine, Bethany,' Gary told her. 'But first we've got to make sure your pit shaft is working properly...'

He pressed himself up against her bound body, forcing her thighs apart so her feet spread about the roots of the tree. Viciously he rammed his cock up inside her, making her whimper even as his chest ground against her sore, simmering breasts, stabbing the thistles bristling about them in even deeper and making her scream in pain and despair.

The force of his thrusts ground her bare buttocks against the trunk of the birch tree while her lower stomach bulged from within with his swollen cock. Bethany's head lolled from side to side despairingly, the cable digging into her throat, jerking with each thrust. She saw Jay standing watching his friend screw her. He had his hard penis out and was rubbing it in excited anticipation. There was no trace of sympathy on his face at her suffering, only carnal desire. They were two young men with a naked bound woman at their mercy. What did she expect?

With a triumphant grunt Gary came inside her and she saw the delight

spread across his face as his hot seed spurted up into her depths.

Hardly had he emptied himself before Jay was pulling him aside and taking his place. He took a moment to use a paper handkerchief to wipe Bethany's sore and dripping pussy slot clean and then he rammed his straining shaft up inside her.

He was even more vigorous than Gary; pummelling her with his cock and making her sob and gasp with the desperate intensity of his rutting frenzy. Tears began to roll down her cheeks and drip onto her heaving breasts, capped by her perversely swollen, burning, thistle lashed and spine-bristled nipples.

At least it was over quickly. With a snarl of delight, Jay also spurted his hot cum inside her.

After a moment he said huskily: 'It's even more fun when you know she hates it... doesn't stop her getting juicy, though...'

'And that's how it's going to work,' Gary agreed.

Jay pulled out of Bethany and she felt dribbles of his sperm and her juices trickle out of her and down the tree trunk. Her vagina ached and felt strangely empty.

Meanwhile Gary had picked up the broken off the flower head of his thistle cane. Now he parted her sticky pussy lips and thrust its short stem up between them so that its head nestled in her slot, looking as if was growing out of her vagina. Bethany's eyes bulged in agony as the spines pricked her swollen labia. But if she tried to close her thighs to squeeze it out the pressure on her plump pussy lips only dug the spines in deeper. Gary and Jay laughed as her utter despair and misery showed itself on her tear-streaked face.

'That's the look I want,' Gary said.

And he held up her phone with its camera lens pointing at her and snapped a picture.

Maria Hidalgo knew that their terrible row the previous evening had almost all been Bethany's fault. A sleepless night alone in a double bed had not changed her opinion about that. Nor, however, had it changed her feelings of intense love towards Bethany. Although they came from very different cultures Maria knew they belonged together. The problem was that Bethany's upbringing had been even more privileged and limiting than her own. They had kissed and made love in the privacy of their room, but when faced with defying convention in public and going down to dinner together Bethany had panicked. But despite conceding all this Maria still had her pride. If their relationship was to survive then Bethany must acknowledge her cowardly actions and be the first to call her to apologise, or else return to the hotel and do it in person.

And so that Sunday morning Maria sat in her hotel room staring at her phone and waiting anxiously, rehearsing all possible replies in her mind.

And then a text came through from Bethany's phone with an attached photograph, but it was not what Maria had been expecting.

Maria caught her breath as she saw the image of Bethany: shockingly naked and bound to a tree with her pretty breasts crossed by what looked like scarlet cane marks. Then she read the message that accompanied it and her stomach twisted up in fear.

Bethany's tits will get another beating and both your families will get copies of the pics she took of you two last night unless you send back a topless pic of yourself. Send only pic - no threats, no questions, no police. Obey and you'll see A. in a few hours. You have 10 minutes to reply.

For a minute Maria gazed at the message and picture, as if hoping somehow it would change into something less terrifying. But the image of Bethany was undeniably real and she had to force herself to consider it as calmly as possible. It looked as if Bethany had been kidnapped. Maria had thought such things did not happen in England. But if it was kidnapers, why demand such a picture from her in return instead of a ransom? What should she do? Her upbringing had left her with little trust in the police, even if the

British force were supposedly less corrupt and more competent than those in her own country, so she did not automatically consider informing them. Dare she tell their families? But how could she explain such a message to them and the secret history behind it? There was no way they could find out about them in such circumstances. Time would be wasted in explanations and recriminations and meanwhile Bethany would suffer...

Feeling sick but grimly determined, Maria began unbuttoning her blouse...

She was gnawing at her nails by the time the second message appeared.

Great pair of tits, Maria! That's saved Bethany's getting another thrashing. Are you still in your hotel? If yes send pic of you playing with your right nipple so its stands up.

What kind of game was this? But what else could she do. Taking a deep breath she began to pinch and tease her right nipple into erection, thinking of Bethany and hoping she was doing the right thing.

The replay came back: *Nice hard nip. Now pack and check out. Then buy a week's food and drink for two people, including toilet stuff. Nothing that needs cooking. Your choice but must include bananas. Also get two large dog collars with chain leashes, a camping lantern and two sleeping bags. Send pic of your bare bum to show you understand.*

This was madness. What did they want those things for? But she was in no position to argue. Biting her lip Maria set her phone camera on timer, arranged it on the side table and then turned round and lifted her skirt and pulled her pants down...

The reply came back promptly: *You've got a lovely arse, Maria! When you go out wear a short skirt with no knickers so you can show it off. When you have the stuff and you're in your car outside town, send a pic of your bare pussy and you'll get directions to Bethany...*

A little over two hours later Maria was sitting in her sporty red Kia Soul five-door in a quiet lane on the Downs above Brighton. The car had been a present from her father for graduating from university. Now it was loaded up not only with her hotel luggage but the supplies she had been ordered to purchase.

Shopping for the goods had been both a nerve-wracking and surreal experience. Fear for Bethany gnawed at her while all the time she had been acutely aware of her naked and exposed groin beneath her short denim skirt. She had no idea if she was being watched by her mystery caller to check she was following his instructions but she dared not take the risk. The image of Bethany's distraught face filled her thoughts and drove her on. Buying the pair of dog collars had been the worst. She was sure the pet shop assistant looked at her suspiciously even as her mind filled with dark speculations about what they were for.

Checking the road was deserted she rolled up her skirt and spread her thighs and held her phone between her knees facing her exposed groin...

The response came back inside five minutes.

Amazing pussy shot, Maria. Now go to a place called Pillsden Down...

Pillsden Down nestled in a fold in the rolling green downland hills. From some angles it appeared quite picturesque and yet it also gave Maria the impression that it was oddly lifeless. On the outskirts of the village she had passed a few luxury mansions in their own grounds sheltered behind high walls which contrasted with the meandering high street with its single pub and a couple of drab shops and a tiny church with an overgrown graveyard. Side roads gave glimpses of a couple of terraces of faded, utilitarian and far less picturesque social housing over half a century old. Everything was clean and there was no litter, but there was something missing.

But Maria had other things on her mind than the ambience of one small English village. As directed she carried on through it to a recessed

turning that opened onto an overgrown field enclosed by shaggy hedges. She parked and then, nerving herself, she hitched up her skirt again, spread her legs and snapped herself fingering her vulva, which was the image she had been instructed to send signalling she had arrived. Her pussy, stimulated by hours of unnatural exposure, responded with unexpected warmth, making her clitoris throb and swell, which only made her feel worse.

The reply came back: *Now put a banana up your cunt and Skype you masturbating on it. You know what'll happen to Bethany if you don't obey...*

Struggling to hold back her tears, Maria reached into the back and pulled a banana from the bunch in one of the shopping bags and pushed its end up into her pussy. I'm doing this for you, Bethany, she told herself. Then, holding the phone in front of her she began to pump it in and out of her vagina. It made an obscene squelching sound and she felt her cheeks burning in shame. This was terrible! How could they torment her like this? She was not sure how much more of these cruel games she could take...

The side door suddenly opened and a young dark haired man slipped into the passenger seat. He was holding Bethany's phone in one hand which was even now displaying her banana-filled pussy. He grinned at Maria's flushed face, exposed groin and the banana rammed into her wet cleft.

'This was just to make sure you came alone and were too busy to try any tricks,' he said as he took her phone from her and turned it off. 'You won't need this any more. No, don't say a word. If you want to see Bethany take the banana out of your pussy, peel it and then dip it back in and twist it about...'

Feeling her cheeks blazing in shame and her eyes filling with tears, Maria obeyed, working the soft pale prong of fruit about inside her. When the end of the banana was coated with her juices he said: 'Now eat it. Then dip the next bit and eat that. All of it...'

Almost gagging on the taste of banana mingled with her own pussy juices, Maria obeyed, forcing down the sticky mouthfuls until all that was left was its skin.

When she was finished he grinned at her approvingly. 'I can see why Bethany fancies you, Maria. You must love her a lot.'

'W...who are you?' she choked, struggling to keep her voice level. 'Where's Bethany?'

'I'm Gary and Bethany is not far away. Have you've got everything?'

'Yes, it's all there...'

'And you haven't told anybody about this? Because we can send those pictures to your families in a few seconds if you try any tricks...'

'No... I've told nobody... just like you said. Now let me see her! Please...'

'Then get back on the road and turn left...'

He directed her to a narrow, winding and half overgrown lane which passed a length of high, rusting and overgrown fence topped by barbed wire with a gateway in the middle which closed off the mouth of a hollow at the foot of the hillside. The gates were hung with stained and sun-bleached notices warning people in no uncertain terms to: *KEEP OUT!*

The young man sounded her car horn three times. Although they looked as if they were too rusted and overgrown to function, the gates squealed open and she drove through into an overgrown chalk quarry.

'Park there,' Gary said, pointing to a shaded spot to one side beneath the trees, while a young ginger haired man closed the gates behind her.

Maria clambered out of the car looking around for Bethany, but saw only the other young man grinning at her. He had a bamboo cane tied with a bit of string hung from his belt. A strip of a bicycle tyre rubber had been wired to its end.

'She did it all then,' he observed. 'She really must love her...'

Gary said: 'This is my friend Jay, Maria. He's been helping me look

after Bethany.'

'I get why you're into her,' Jay said brightly. 'What great tits she's got! And she's a fantastic screw!'

Maria shuddered, struggling not to break down completely. Oh God, what had they done to her? 'Please... no more games... let me see her...'

'In a minute,' Gary said. 'First have you got a pair of heels and black stockings with you? Like the sort Bethany was wearing last night?'

'What?' Maria gaped at him. 'Yes, but...'

'Don't argue if you want to see Bethany. Get them out...'

Maria opened up the back of her car and took out the stockings and heels from her bag.

'Now you're going to strip for us and then you can put those on...'

A cold hand seemed clench about her heart. 'No... please not that...'

'What else did you expect Maria? We've already seen the best bits and we know you're a lovely woman. After we'd tried out Bethany we had to have you. You're playing by our rules now... and you know what'll happen if you refuse... '

With a despairing groan and painfully aware of their hungry eyes upon her, Maria began pulling at her clothes. The boys took each item from her as she removed it until there was nothing left and she was totally exposed to their gaze.

'Oh, yes!' Jay exclaimed with approval, as they both walked around Maria's trembling naked body, examining her from every angle. She shuddered as she saw on bulges growing in the front of their jeans. But then as Gary said, what else did she expect? That was how young men were...

Maria had long lustrous dark hair tied back in a single plait, deep brown eyes, heavy bold dark eyebrows, a wide white smile and sensuous lips.

She had a neat compact body with broad but still shapely shoulders, a tight waist with a deep navel. Her buttocks were full, smooth and well rounded and she had strong thighs. Her breasts were a little paler than her clear olive-tinted skin and looked heavy for her height. They were capped by plump, prominent dark brown nipples. A strip of thick jet black curls between her thighs parted about a pouting dusky tongue of inner labia.

‘Hold still,’ Garry warned her.

The boys moved closer, rubbing their hands over her, tweaking her nipples and squeezing her buttocks and sliding their fingers between her thighs to sample the sticky wetness of her banana-scented pussy cleft. Maria clenched her fists and struggled to keep her hands down to her sides, knowing that she dare not resist them: not while they had Bethany and the threat of those damning photographs. And yet despite her revulsion she could not stop her nipples swelling at their touch or suppress the anticipatory tingle of sex in her loins. Her body knew what was to come. And what was worse the boys could see it!

‘Hey... she’s getting hot and juicy!’ Jay said, rubbing his fingers through her slot.

‘Maybe these Latin women can’t help themselves,’ Gary suggested.

If it was possible to die of shame then Maria would have done so at that moment. But she had to live for Bethany.

‘I’ve got to screw her now!’ Jay said impatiently.

‘Stick to the plan,’ Garry said.

‘Please... do what you want but I must see Bethany,’ Maria begged.

‘Put your shoes and stockings on first...’

With trembling fingers Maria pulled the stockings up to her thighs and then slipped her heels on.

Between them they led her across the quarry to a rough lean-to hut

built against its side. It was formed of old sheets of plywood, plastic and corrugated iron hung on a frame of old timbers and poles and it was so overgrown that had been quite invisible when she had first taken in the scene.

‘This used to be our camp when we were kids,’ Jay explained. ‘We never thought one day we’d have real live naked women chained up in it...’

They pushed open the crudely made door, which she saw now had a fresh-looking padlock and hasp fitted to it. The interior, which smelt of damp and mildew, was lit by what light penetrated the cloudy plastic sheets that served as windows, which had wooden battens nailed across them to serve as mullions. There were a couple of chairs and a rickety table that looked as if they had been salvaged from the tips outside, together with a couple of bed heads with torn and stained padding which rested against one wall. A shoulder bag and suitcase on wheels were stacked in one corner which Maria recognised as belonging to Bethany. But Maria had little time to take them in because beside them was Bethany herself.

She was naked except for black stockings and high heels and was huddled up on an old blanket. Her hands were folded behind her back and a long chain, padlocked about her neck, ran to a heavy iron spike hammered into the floor. A broad strip of silver repair tape was bound across her mouth.

As Maria, Gary and Jay entered the hut, Bethany’s eyes flickered open and then grew round in delight and despair. As she struggled to her feet Maria pulled away from the two men and ran to hug her. Maria found Bethany’s arms were chained behind her back in some way so she could not embrace her, but she was able to rip the tape off Bethany’s lips and they kissed passionately and desperately, their naked breasts mashing together.

‘I’m so sorry... so sorry!’ Bethany choked out in a broken torrent of words. ‘I crashed into the quarry last night and... and they found me and they made me tell them everything about us... and this is all my fault!’

‘It doesn’t matter as long as you’re safe...’ Maria replied, stroking her hair.

It was some time before they remembered they had an audience. And

they turned to Gary and Jay, tearful and blushing and trembling once again as fear returned. Both the men's crotches were bulging with desire.

‘There's nothing like watching two hot naked women making out to get you horny,’ Gary said. ‘Don't worry, you'll have plenty of time to kiss and make up later. Right now Maria's going to show us what she is made of...’

They took the old bed heads from the wall and laid them down in the middle of the hut. They were double bed width size. Only now did Maria see there were rows of metal staples hammered into the sides of the padded boards through which Gary and Jay now slotted lengths of garden bamboo which effectively joined the boards into one with their upper ends butted together. Now the pairs of wooden struts screwed to their backs, which had functioned to connect them to the fixings in the base of the bed, extended outwards from the top and bottom of the double width of padded boarding which lay between them. The ends of the struts had more staples hammered into them through which lengths of old rope had been threaded.

‘We built this while we were waiting for you to get here,’ Gary said proudly. ‘At night it'll be your bed but right now it's going to be a screw frame...’

Bethany whimpered while Maria's stomach screwed up in horror, but there was no escape. Even if she could get away they would still have Bethany to threaten. Since she had sent the first intimate picture of herself had she really expected anything else?

Numbly she let the boys take hold of her and lay her down on the twin padded headboards and stretch her arms and legs out to the ends of the struts where they bound the ropes about her wrists and ankles. For a moment they gazed down at her helpless spread-eagled body hungrily, their eyes flitting between her trembling olive breasts and dark cleft of her pussy as if savouring their sense of mastery over her. Then Jay unhooked the bamboo paddle from his belt and trailed it across Maria's stomach, making her shudder.

‘You... you can screw me if you want,’ Maria said desperately. ‘I

can't stop you, but you don't have to beat me...'

'But we want to beat you because it's fun to see lovely women like you cry,' Jay said. 'We found that out with Bethany this morning. And it makes you try harder to please us. Anyway, we gave Bethany's tits a good lashing before we screwed her, so it only fair that you get the same treatment...'

And then he began to swipe the home-made paddle across her breasts and belly and up into her open crotch. The pliant flap of tyre rubber smacked against her skin with sharp cracks. As her flesh dimpled and rippled under the force of the blows, Maria shrieked in pain and her eyes filled with tears. Her glossy, prominent breasts bounced left and right and up and down like rubber balls and her proud hard brown nipples were beaten flat only to pop back up again. Her navel pinched inwards as if desperately trying to hide from the blows. The curling paddle blade licked up about the mound of her pussy and ripped through its divide, searing into her straining clitoris and coming away wet with her juices. Her arms and legs strained as she jerked against her ropes and her buttocks clenched as her hips rose and then slapped down once again as she writhed beneath the onslaught. From chest to thighs her body burned.

Through her tears Maria realized that Gary was holding Bethany by her hair with one hand, keeping her face towards Maria. His other hand was cupped about her breasts. She was watching her lover's beating with mingled horror and helpless fascination, as if she could not tear her eyes away. How could they do this to them?

And then the beating stopped and the contrast between the relentless pain and mere simmering flesh felt almost like a balm. Maria blinked the tears from her eyes and saw Jay standing over her with his cock jutting out of his flies.

'Now beg me to screw you,' he said.

At that moment she did not have the strength to resist, nor the will to stop the shameful words pouring out of her mouth. 'Please screw me... please fuck me... yes... do it hard, please...'

Jay almost fell upon her, ramming his cock into her wet, tingling, gaping pussy cleft which swallowed it with desperate, craven delight even as his weight pressed down across her chest and flattened her stinging breasts and ground across her sore dark brown India-rubber nipples and she looked up into his triumphant, lust-filled face as it loomed above hers. He began to ride her body, his cock pounding into her vagina with brutal force, not caring about her pleasure. All that mattered was his satisfaction. She was his to do with as he liked. She and Bethany...

Gary was still holding her so that she had to watch Maria being screwed by a stranger. Her eyes were also filled with tears by now and the look on her face was indescribable. Could what they felt for each other survive this? It seemed like a betrayal of their love...

It only took a couple of minutes of frantic pumping before Jay grunted and spurted his sperm up into her pussy and then collapsed on Maria, resting on her soft sweaty body. She felt sick, soiled and used but he radiated masterful contentment.

Lazily Jay rose, pulling his dribbling shaft out of her. Then he looked at Bethany.

‘Lick her pussy clean,’ Jay commanded. ‘When it’s ready for Gary you tell him so properly...’

Trembling and dripping tears, Bethany went down on her knees and bent over Maria’s soiled pussy and began to lick up her juices and Jay’s sperm.

‘That’s it, nice deep,’ Jay said. ‘Get it all cleaned up...’

Maria shivered at the intimate touch of Bethany’s tongue on her most sensitive organ. It should have been a delight exchanged between lovers but now it was shameful humiliation for the amusement of their captors, who were grinning down at them in cruel delight.

Finally the Bethany raised her flushed and shiny face and said to Gary meekly:

‘She’s clean and ready for you to screw now, Master...’

How revolting it was to hear such servile words on the lips of her lover!

Gary patted Bethany’s head like a dog before he knelt between Maria’s thighs and rammed his cock into her waiting pussy. Meanwhile Jay took his turn holding Bethany’s hair and squeezing her breasts so that she watched Maria being screwed for a second time.

Gary took longer to climax than Jay and did not pump her quite as hard. But instead of easing her suffering it multiplied it. To her horror, Maria felt her body beginning to respond to his plunging cock. Her sheath was clenching tightly about it as her juices flowed freely. Jay had stirred her and now Gary was reaping the reward. Her revulsion apparently did little to temper her body’s primitive, lustful response to coupling. She had slept with men before she had realized she was a lesbian and it had never felt like this. But then she had never been beaten and tied up before or performed under the eyes of her lover. Jay and Gary were forcefully introducing her to a strange new world...

Gary came, filling her vagina for the second time with unwanted male sperm, and an electric shiver passed through Maria. Not a big orgasm but it was an orgasm and a frightening one. She saw Bethany looking at her pityingly and felt in some strange way that she had betrayed her. What was wrong with her? How could she react like this? It was all a terrible nightmare...

Gary pulled out of her, got up and tidied away his cock, grinning in delight. Jay let go of Bethany’s hair and she shuffled forward again and began to lick Maria clean for a second time. Could she tell she had cum, Maria wondered dizzily? But her lips were soothing. If only she was not being forced to lick a strange man’s sperm out of her...

‘Yeah... she’s good and hot!’ Garry said to Jay. ‘And look at the juice dripping out of her. People will pay to see her pussy doing that. We’re going to make a bomb out of these two!’

His strange words penetrated Maria's misery. 'W... what?' she croaked feebly. 'What do you mean "pay"?'

The two young men grinned down at her and Gary said: 'We need to earn money this summer and we want to have fun, and the two of you have very hot and saleable bodies. We know some people around here who'd pay for the chance of playing with you. So we're going to hire you out for screwing or anything else they want to do with you. Don't worry; you won't have to pretend to like it. In fact I think they'll enjoy it if you struggle a bit.'

Bethany lifted her head from Maria's groin, her cheeks shiny with sperm and Maria's juices and gaped at them in horror while Maria felt her heart grow cold. Not content with humiliating them personally, they were going to prostitute them to their whole village!

'You... can't get away with such a thing! Not in this country...'
Maria gasped.

They laughed at her naïveté.

'Yes we can. We persuaded Bethany to tell us all about your little secret lesbian holiday in Brighton and we realized that you can spend a week here just as well and nobody else would know the difference. So we're going to keep you until next Friday. Then you can go. After all, we don't want the police or your friends and families to start looking for you. They never have to know what really happened. Bethany could say she crashed her car here and was so ashamed she asked you to pick her up and not say anything. But if you tell on us afterwards we'll send the pictures of the two of you together to your families and you'll have a lot of explaining to do!'

Instinctively Maria strained against the ropes that bound her spread-eagled and exposed, but she could not get free. With growing horror she realized there was absolutely nothing to stop them doing what they planned.

Jay said: 'Now let's get the pair of you properly chained up and then we'll put you to work...'

They must have been busy making home-made restraints all the while

Maria had been doing their bidding remotely in Brighton and then travelling to Pillsden Down. They had assembled lengths of chain and more strips of bicycle tyre rubber and what she recognised as hose clips: long bands of pliable metal scored with a row of tooth marks and threaded into a loop and fastened by worm screws. Bethany's wrists were already secured behind her back by short length of chain through the end links of which the hose clips had been threaded and then closed and screwed tight, with strips of rubber under them to protect her skin and ensure they did not slip off. They fitted Maria with the same handcuffs except they bound her wrists before her. Then they linked her ankles with a slightly longer chain so that it formed the hobble. They moved Bethany's arms round in front of her and hobbled her ankles in a similar fashion. Then they pressed fresh strips of tape over their mouths.

'There's nobody round here who could hear you if you did start screaming for help,' Gary said as he taped Maria's mouth shut, 'but it'll teach you to keep quiet and it looks kind of kinky, you know?'

Maria shivered.

They unlock the long chain from Bethany's neck.

'Let's get the dog collars onto them and then they can unload the car,' Gary said.

They took hold of Maria and Bethany by the hair and pushed them out of the shack, making them shuffle along awkwardly across the quarry floor in their high heels. When they reached Maria's car they unpacked the goods she had bought until they found the pair of dog collars. They were the largest she had been able to find and were of heavy black leather with metal studs. They buckled them about their necks, clipped on the chain leashes and then stood back to admire the effect.

'Now they look like proper sex slaves,' Gary said.

He drew a phone from his pocket and they posed the two women in front of a bush and he snapped them from every angle, including close-ups of their woebegone faces and taped lips.

‘That’s the set we’re going to show to prospective clients,’ he said with satisfaction.

Maria and Bethany looked at each other in horror and despair. But there was absolutely nothing they could do to stop him. How many strange eyes were shortly going to be gazing at those humiliating images?

Jay and Gary set them unloading the car and carrying the contents back to the hut which they had to do a few items at a time working with their cuffed hands and hobbled feet and high heels. The boys enjoyed watching them shuffle to and fro awkwardly, their bare breasts and bottom flesh jiggling as they negotiated the rough ground with their loads. At their direction they brought Maria’s bags in as well and put them beside Bethany’s.

When they were done, Jay took up a pick and shovel that had been resting beside the hut and led them around the back to an earthy spot in the ground amongst the weeds.

‘We’re not going to muck around emptying a bucket of your pee and shit every day so you’re going to dig yourselves a latrine pit,’ he told them.

And so awkwardly with their cuffed hands they hacked away at the ground until they had excavated a fair sized hole. Gary took more pictures of them labouring.

‘Two hot sweaty chained women wearing nothing but stockings and high heels hard at work,’ he commented. ‘Pervy!’

When they were done the boys laid a couple of boards across the pit with a gap between them so they could sit on them to relieve themselves. They brought out toilet rolls and wipes and wrapped in a plastic bag to keep beside it.

Gary took his phone camera out again. ‘Now let’s have a picture of each of you using it,’ he told them.

Maria and Bethany hesitated, horrified by this fresh insult to their

dignity. Jay unhooked his spanking paddle and swiped it across their bare bottoms, making them yelp.

‘This is our quarry and we make the rules and they say that you do what we tell you without hesitating,’ he warned them.

Miserably the women took turns squatting over the latrine pit holding her thighs apart so that Gary could take pictures of streams of pee spurting from their clefts.

When they were done he said: ‘those are for our private collection, so we’ll have something to remember you by when you’re gone,’ he said. ‘But of course if you ever do tell on us we’ll send them to your families well.’

Maria and Bethany hung their heads in despair.

The boys led them back inside the lean-to. They removed their dog collars and replaced them with short lengths of chain like tight necklaces which were padlock to the end of the long chain Bethany had originally been fastened to. This gave them enough slack so they could reach most parts of the interior and the boys watched as they unpacked and arranged the provisions Maria had bought as well as they could.

When they were finished the lads made them kneel submissively on the headboard screwing platform with their knees wide and cuffed hands held up underneath their breasts, lifting them up as if in offering. Gary took more pictures of them and then he pulled the gagging tape from their lips.

‘From now on when you have to speak to us you do it properly and call us “Master”, right?’

Struggling to contain her revulsion, Maria lowered her eyes and said in time with Bethany: ‘Yes, Master.’

‘We’ll be hiring you out during daytime so you’ll sleep in here at night,’ he told them. ‘It’s not a hotel suite in Brighton but you’ve got sleeping bags and each other to keep warm so that’s something, right?’

‘Yes, Master...’

Jay checked his watch. ‘Now you’re setup were going to go off to get some customers for you tomorrow. But we’ll be back for a goodnight screw before it gets dark so you be ready to please us, do you understand?’

‘Yes, Master...’

Gary and Jay left, padlocking the door from the outside as they went.

As the lock clicked shut and they were alone for the first time since the previous evening, Bethany and Maria fell into each other’s arms, passing their chained wrists over each other’s heads, as if binding themselves together so they could hug each other properly and they kissed passionately and cried long and hard. For an unknown interval they said nothing, just rocking back and forth and trying to comfort each other with the intimate warmth of their naked bodies, letting all their pent up emotion flow out of them along with their tears.

Finally Bethany said in a tremulous voice: ‘I... don’t know if I can do this... what Gary and Jay want... being given to people to screw or whatever they want to do...’

Maria sniffed and wiped her eyes. She knew now that she had to be strong for both of them and so she said as firmly as she could: ‘You have to do it because we don’t have any choice. But at least as they said we don’t have to pretend to like it. Just let it happen and then respond however feels best. I don’t think they want a show of your British stiff upper lip bravery. Like these boys they will want to see us suffer and be humiliated. So we must just give them what they want... ‘

‘Can’t we get away... escape?’ Bethany wondered. She wriggled out of their long embrace and began tugging at the big chain that secured them to the iron spike hammered into the floor of the shack.

But despite both of them pulling on the chain the spike did not move. Then they examined their cuffs. The screws fastening the hose clip bands had recessed hex key heads and were far too tight to be turned by hand. They had

nothing they could use to operate them.

‘And even if we could escape they’d just send those pictures to our families,’ Maria pointed out. Are you ready for that? And to tell them why you crashed here and what happened to you afterwards?’

Bethany bit her lip. ‘You know I’m not! But why are you talking as though you’ve already made up your mind that there’s nothing we can do? I know it’s my fault but we can’t just... just give in and let them do what they like to us!’

Maria stroked Bethany’s hair to calm her as she said ruefully. ‘Because I don’t think there is anything we can do to stop them. In my country people have learned to be fatalistic and to make the best of things as they are, not as we hope them to be. We can’t buy our freedom except with our bodies. But at least these boys have a good reason to let us go when the week is up.’

‘Don’t call them “boys”! That makes it seem even dirtier.’

‘They are young men in age but they are acting like boys with wonderful new toys to play with: us. Having us chained up naked in their old childhood hideout is a game and I think they will get almost as much pleasure from having us to show off to their customers as they will in the money they make from doing so.’

‘But those “boys” are making us into prostitutes!’

‘No, its better that we think of ourselves as their sex slaves. That’s what they want us to be. That’s why we’re wearing these chains and they tell us to call them “Master”.’

‘How can that be better?’

‘Because a true slave has no choice in what’s she’s made to do or who she is made to serve and so it spares us the guilt and shame that is so often associated with prostitution. We must not feel guilty. We must think of ourselves as innocents and make sure the people who use us know that we

did not ask for this. We will be helpless victims, which may excite them even more or it may cause them to show us some sympathy.'

Bethany shuddered. 'It's still going to be terrible, isn't it?'

Maria kissed her again. 'Yes it is... But we'll survive it and be even stronger at the end. Now let's get ourselves cleaned up properly.'

'Just so we can be screwed again?'

'Not for them, for us. So we feel better. If we're going to be slaves at least we can be fresh and clean and fragrant ones...'

And so they unpacked their toiletries from their bags and combed their hair and wiped their faces, cleaned their teeth and repaired their make-up and sprayed on perfume.

'We must ask them for a hot water bottle and hose so we can make up a douche bag to wash ourselves out inside as well,' Maria said.

'Oh God...' Bethany groaned.

'We must be practical,' Maria said. 'And strong...'

They no longer had their watches or phones to tell the time so they could only guess from the changing light outside that it was about eight o'clock when Gary and Jay returned. As soon as they heard their voices approaching they hastily assumed their submissive display postures, with open legs and uplifted breasts.

'Remember we are their slaves,' Maria said to Bethany. 'Angering them will only increase our suffering so we might as well try to please them...'

The boys entered and grinned down at them in approval. They already seemed to be very pleased with themselves. Maria noticed that they were each now each carrying home-made bamboo and rubber spanking paddles.

‘You look pretty,’ Jay said.

‘We showed your pictures to a few people and they’re interested,’ Gary added. ‘We’ve still got a few details to work out but I think you’ll have a busy week ahead of you.’

The women bit their lips but said nothing.

‘So we’re going to have as much fun with you tonight before you’re too tired to give us a good time...’ Jay said.

With a length of old guttering pipe and couple of old plastic crates scavenged from the dump, together with ropes and repair tape they built a low bar which they set out across the screwing board and over which Maria and Bethany were made to kneel, resting their cuffed hands on the far side so that it butted against their hips and pressed up into their lower stomachs. Garry and Jay used their hex keys to unscrew their hobble chains and spread their lower legs so they were opened even wider, re-cuffing their inner ankles together while securing the outsides ones to the staples hammered into the sides of the screwing board. This posture presented their bare buttocks and the intimate cleft between their thighs for their young masters’ perusal. The boys had also brought plastic clothes pegs with stones taped to their ends which they pinched onto the women’s nipples. The weight of them dragged their breasts out into pendulous fleshy bells, one pair creamy pale and the other glossy olive. They whimpered as their nipples were stretched and pinched painfully.

Then their level of pain was doubled when their masters produced more pegs and stones and clipped them to their clitorises so that they dangled between their thighs. Bethany and Maria whimpered and hot tears pricked at the backs of their eyes.

‘Does that hurt?’ Gary asked them.

‘Yes Master, that hurts,’ they assured him.

‘Good, that means you’ll try harder to please us...’

How quickly they were learning to manipulate the motivations of their new slaves, Maria thought in despair.

The boys unhitched their spanking paddles and use them on their backsides, Gary beating Maria and Jay beating Bethany. The crisp smacks of rubber on resilient flesh echoed about the tiny shack. As they sobbed and jerked under the onslaught while their bottoms grew rosy, the flinches and jerks they made set the weighted pegs bobbing and swaying, tugging on their sensitive flesh. Their breasts heaved and trembled and their clitorises, swelling and throbbing under this cruel stimulation, began to stretch out in tiny pink tongues from the wet clefts of their pudenda's.

Maria could smell her own arousal and that of Bethany. It seemed they could not help being stimulated even in this cruel way. But then neither of them had ever been treated like this before. Of course there was something deeply and darkly erotic merely being in each other's naked presence which must have altered their normal responses. Looked at dispassionately the wetter they were the easier the inevitable coupling would be. But it was humiliating. It made them appear so eager... as the boys were quick to notice.

They stopped tanning their backsides from a moment and reached down and fingered their wet pussies, surprised at how hot and sticky they had become. Then they thrust stiff fingers deep inside them, making Maria and Bethany whimper in shame. But even if this intimacy was shameful and deeply humiliating it did not hurt physically too much and it allowed their burning bottoms to radiate their heat, so that there was a tinge of relief and gratitude in their moans.

'Looks like we've got a couple of hot sluts here,' Gary said, examining his wet hand. He reached down and held his sticky wet fingers under Maria's nose so she could smell her own juices.

'Are you enjoying this?'

'No Master... I can't help it... its because it hurts so much...'

'Do you want the pegs to come off?' Gary asked.

‘Yes... Master please take them off!’ they both sobbed.

‘The only way they come off is if we beat them off,’ Jay said. ‘Are you begging us to beat them off?’

‘Yes... yes master... please beat the pegs off our nipples and pussies!’

‘Even if it hurts?’

‘Yes... even if it hurts... Beat them please...’

The boys moved round to stand in front of them so they had to look up at their grinning faces and bulging jeans. They swung their paddles up between their braced arms to smack into the upper slopes of their dangling breasts, making them bounce crazily with the weighted pegs swaying on their ends like a bell clappers. But the boys were deliberately not hitting the pegs, just their breast flesh, redoubling their pain.

The women screamed: ‘Please beat them off our tits, Masters!’

Now the boys swiped the paddles into their swinging waited pegs, tearing them off their nipples with clicks and snaps. Then with the weight gone their breasts sprang back to their normal dimensions, sending a wave of relief through them.

‘Oh... thank you Masters... thank you,’ Maria and Bethany choked out brokenly.

‘Would you like your clit pegs remove now?’

‘Please, Master’s... yes...’ they sobbed, thrusting their bottoms out in invitation and spreading their thighs wider.

The boys moved back to their rears and swung the paddles up between their thighs. But again they smacked the lips of their sex mouths making the clitoral pegs jiggle and bounce even harder from their fleshy nubs. Under this terrible stimulation their juices began flowing down the pegs and dripping off their ends. Maria and Bethany’s screams mingled with the

slap of wet rubber on soft flesh.

‘Beat our clit pegs please!’ they cried.

The blows that finally ripped the clit pegs off almost made them faint. But then the terrible weight was gone and their throbbing clitorises snapped back up into their sheltering clefts and Maria and Bethany sagged, panting and dizzy with relief.

They hardly flinched as the boys took up their positions behind them, Gary clasp ing Maria’s hips and Jay taking command of Bethany. Their slots were so wet and engorged that the boys’ stiff cocks slid up easily inside them. Of course it was humiliating but it was not pain like they had just experienced. It was almost... pleasant.

Still confused by their beating they wanted to thank the shafts for taking the place the terrible pain and sending it away. So they squeezed on them and added to the sweet friction of their pumping thrusts that stoked the unnatural lusts already kindled within them by the pegs and their burning bottoms. The boys rammed into them harder setting their breasts swaying in time. Their pinched nipples were still tingling but their engorged hot breasts swung freely through the air.

They knew they were being ridden by young men using them only for their selfish pleasure, but as they had just been taught it could be far worse. At least they were kneeling on the padded boards and their weight was partly taken by the plastic drainpipe which bowed beneath them. And this time Gary and Jay were not in such a hurry. They were savouring their mastery of them, enjoying their presence within them. They were their sex slaves to do with as they wished...

And then suddenly it was too late to stop. As the boys came Maria and Bethany jerked and sobbed and screwed up their faces in shame and primitive delight and sprayed their juices back over their master’s young cocks.

Later, after they had been allowed to clean themselves up and relieve themselves in the latrine pit and the boys had gone, Maria and Bethany, cuffed, hobbled and collar chained once more, huddled in their sleeping bags which they had zipped together to form one. They snuggled up tight, trying to draw all the reassurance they could from each other's presence and not to let what had happened or what still lay ahead overwhelm them.

And then to Bethany's surprise Maria began to rub against her and kiss her passionately as if in prelude to love making.

‘What are you doing?’

‘You should know by now,’ Maria said with a tiny chuckle moving her lips down to Bethany's breasts.

‘How can you? After what they've done to us?’

‘I can exactly because of what they've done. They may have taken away our freedom in the daytime but not at night. Now we can still live for each other. If we can orgasm when they make us, then we can still do it for ourselves...’

Bethany felt her loins tingling and nipples swelling and pressed against her lover, returning her kisses, trying to recapture the excitement she had felt the first time they had made love: the first time she had ever been with a woman like that.

And then from somewhere outside the shack she heard an owl hooting, reminded her of where she was, and her illusion collapsed.

‘It's no good!’ she sobbed. ‘All I can think about is tomorrow...’

‘Then think about it...’

Maria rolled on top of Bethany and clasped her cuffed wrists and forced them down over her head. She pushed her legs wide with her knees and then began to rub her hips against Bethany's, rasping her thick black pussy bush through Bethany's thinner curls.

‘Let’s do this is if it was a naughty sex game we were fantasising about. Think about the chains and screwing and beating as our choices, our toys. We’ve got the whole night. There’s no rush. We’re not going anywhere...’

Bethany panted: ‘They beat us and screwed us and made us cum! I feel so dirty...’

‘So be dirty for me! Cum for me! While we’ve got each other they haven’t beaten us, not really...’

And then Bethany felt her loins suddenly knotting up and she bucked frantically against Maria. Their pussy slots seemed to suck against each other and she sobbed in delight as they came together in defiance of their shame and suffering and what tomorrow would bring.

TO BE CONTINUED...